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LIFE OF MOSCHELES.

VOL. II.

LIFE OF MOSCHELES,

WITH SELECTIONS FROM

HIS DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE,

BY

HIS WIFE.

23413

ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN

BY

A. D. COLERIDGE.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

1836.

Letters from Members of the Mendelssohn Family—Braham at St. James's Theatre—Malibran—Thalberg—De Beriot—John Parry—The Duke of Brunswick's Bouquet—Death of Malibran—Ole Bull—Holiday Occupations—Felix Mendelssohn's Betrothal—The Oratorio of "St. Paul" at Liverpool—Thalberg's Compositions—Schumann—Account with Cramer and Co.—Twelve Characteristic Studies . . . . . pp. 1—21

CHAPTER II.

1837.

Recitals for Pianoforte Music—Production of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—An Old Harpsichord—Revival of Old Masters—British Concerts—Popularity of Italian Music and Musicians—Thalberg's Second Season in London—Foreign Guests—Assaut de Pianos—Chopin—Remarks on Pianoforte Makers—Schröder-Devrient—Operatic Affairs—The Antient Concerts—The Beethoven Monument in Bonn—Holidays in Hamburg—Return to London . . . . . pp. 22—34

CHAPTER III.

1838.

Historical Concerts—The Trial Nights at the Philharmonic Concerts—Musical Pupils and Publishers — Influx of Foreign Artists—Johann Strauss's Music—Alfred de Vigny—Lady Morgan—Great Event of the Season—A Month at Hastings—Beethoven—Chamber Music—Flattering Offer from Weimar pp. 35—46

CHAPTER IV.

1839.

Ferdinand David—Successful Concert—Composers and Publishers —Bernhard Romberg—Musical Novelties—Prince Louis Napoleon—A New School of Playing—Paris—Chopin—Musical Entertainments—Impressions of Artists—Aimé Martin—Crémieux—Rachel—Plays, Operas, Actors, and Singers—Performance before the Court of St. Cloud—Chamber Music—Musical Education—Mendelssohn—Adams the Organist . pp. 47—61

CHAPTER V.

1840.

Letter to a Friend—Sir Gardner Wilkinson—Appointed Pianist to Prince Albert—Literary and Artistic Acquaintances—Liszt—Political Questions—Mendelssohn at Birmingham—Visit to Germany—Correspondence—Intercourse with Artists at Leipzig —Chorley—Prague—Moscheles' Mother—Reception at Concerts—Dionys Weber—Auf Wiedersehen—A Hit at Thiers—Works on Music—Letter from Mendelssohn . . pp. 62—85

CHAPTER VI.

1841.

The Philharmonic Society—Moscheles as Conductor—Generosity of Liszt—The Kemble Family—Madame Viardot—German and Italian Artists—Mendelssohn's "Lieder Ohne Worte"—Mendelssohn and Spohr—Rachel—Thorough Bass—Pianoforte Practice—Some Weeks in Boulogne—Musical Publications

pp. 86—95

CHAPTER VII.

1842.

The Bunsen Family—Performance before the King of Prussia—A Trying Time—Correspondence with Madame Moscheles—Rossini's "Stabat Mater"—Conversation with Neukomm—Family Trials—Rehearsal of Spohr's Symphony—Anton Rubinstein—Dedication of a Work to Prince Albert—Presentation to the Prince—Great Fire at Hamburg—Concert in aid of the Sufferers—Jullien's Concerts . . . . . pp. 96—106

CHAPTER VIII.

1843.

Operatic Arrangements—John Parry—Mrs. Shaw and Clara Novello at Exeter Hall—Hallé the Pianist—Inauguration of the Leipzig Conservatoire—Alexander Dreyschock—Sivori and Ernst—Spohr in London—Concert by Hullah's Pupils—Anecdote of Fontenelle—Music and Drawing—Heinrich Lehmann—Playing to the Blind in Paris—Visit to Halévy in Prison

pp. 107—115

CHAPTER IX.

1844.

New Year in Austria and England—Joachim—Teaching the Theory of Music—Mendelssohn in London—Golden Hours—Moscheles Visited by Nesselrode—Visit to Germany—Concert at Frankfort—Chairs for the Concert—Auerbach—Kaulbach—The Artist's Studio—King Louis—Musical Life and Doings in Vienna—Ernst Pauer—An Imposing Scene in Vienna—Court Concert—Leipzig . . . . . pp. 116—131

CHAPTER X.

1845.

Dresden—Intercourse with Musical Artists—The Leipzig Conservatoire—Proposed Appointment—Berlin—The Opera House—Jenny Lind—Article in a German Paper, and Reply—Bach's "Concertos"—Foreign Artists in London—Beethoven as a Conductor—Bonn—Musical Festival—Meyerbeer, Liszt, Chorley, Spohr—Inauguration of Beethoven's Statue—Tumultuous Banquet at the "Stern"—Paris . . . . . pp. 132—150

CHAPTER XI.

1846.

Leipzig Negotiations—The Appointment Accepted—Benedict's "Crusaders"—Farewell Concert—Marriage of Moscheles' eldest Daughter—Birmingham Musical Festival—Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—Remarkable Episode—Farewell to London—Reception in Leipzig—Professors of the Conservatoire—Congratulatory Dinner—Attraction at Leipzig—Evening with the Mendelssohns—Examination of Candidates for the Conservatoire . pp. 151—165

CHAPTER XII.

1847.

Life and Society in Leipzig—Mendelssohn's Birthday—A Forgetful Artist—Chopin's Music—Visit to London—Musical Notes—Jenny Lind—Meeting of Artists—Julius Rietz—Walks with Mendelssohn—Mendelssohn and Queen Victoria—Madame Frege—Illness and Death of Mendelssohn—Excitement in Leipzig—Funeral Ceremony in Leipzig and in Berlin—Mendelssohn's Correspondence . . . . . pp. 166—190

CHAPTER XIII.

1848—1849.

Commemorations of Mendelssohn—Concert in Aid of a Pension Fund—Performance of the "Elijah"—Political Agitation—Prague and Vienna—Nestroy the Actor in Leipzig—Change in Musical Taste—The Volunteer Guards—Anniversary of Mendelssohn's Death—A Mendelssohn Foundation—Mark of Royal Favour—Schumann—Mendelssohn's "Athalie"—Madame Dulcken—Lindley—Liszt's Playing—Visit to Prague—Musical Events . . . . . pp. 191—207

CHAPTER XIV.

1850—1851.

Moscheles and his Pupils—Schumann's "Genoveva"—Performance of some of Mendelssohn's Works—Visit to Berlin—The Silver Wedding—Paul David—Brendel—A Musical Quarrel—Bach Society—Joachim—Political Agitation in Germany—Occasional Criticisms—Pianoforte Players—Beethoven's "Mount of Olives"—Lohengrin—Summer Excursion—Reception in Weimar—David—Ferdinand Hiller . . . . . pp. 208—222

CHAPTER XV.

1852.

Madame Sontag—The Bach Society—St. Matthew's Passion—Otto Goldschmidt—Complaints about the Conservatoire—Moscheles and his Pupils—Silencing a Troublesome Neighbour—The Tannhäuser—Berlioz's Music—Moscheles as Player and Lecturer—Modern Pianists—A Magnificent Gift—Vacation in Saxon Switzerland . . . . . pp. 223—230

CHAPTER XVI.

1853.

The New Erard—The Bach Society—Franz von Holstein—Visit to Italy—Scene in a Church of the Tyrol—Zither and Vocal Concert—Residence at Venice—A Musical Adventure—Carl Werner—Serenade per Canale—Festa di San Rocco—Milan—The Musical Conservatoire—Fumagalli—The Teatro Radegonda—Lake of Como—Visit to Pasta—Zurich—A Musical Treasure—Liszt—Dr. Reclam—Braham's Compositions . . . . pp. 231—243

CHAPTER XVII.

1854—1855.

Madame Lind-Goldschmidt—Fritz Gernsheim—Musical Critics—Abortive Works—Asiatic Music—David—Music of the Future—Schindler and Ferdinand Hiller—Summer Holidays—Munich—The Theatre—Fräulein Seebach—Evening at the Schaffrath—Rauch—Pianos in the Exhibition—Egern—Rubinstein—Arabella Goddard—Public Appearances—Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" . . . . . pp. 244—256

CHAPTER XVIII

1856—1860.

Centenary of Mozart's Birth—Programme of the Concert—Julius Stockhausen—Ernst Pauer—Birds of Passage—Behr's Benefit—Louis Brassin—A Charming Present—Max Bruch—Arthur Sullivan—Jubilee of the Prague Conservatoire—Visit to Antwerp—Concours de Chant at Brussels—Schiller Festival—Intercourse with Liszt—Visit to Paris—Rossini pp. 257—280

CHAPTER XIX.

1861—1870.

Ovation to Concertmeister David—Sebastian Bach's Preludes—Visit to London—Mazzini—The Goldschmidts—Modern Music—Gounod's "Faust"—A Musical Treasure—Körner—Anniversary of the Battle of Leipzig—War between Austria and Prussia—Handel Festival in London—Wagner's "Meistersänger"—Visit to Belgrade—Illness—Strange Dream—Death of Moscheles pp. 281—301

A Complete Catalogue of Compositions by I. Moscheles pp. 302—311

Index of Names mentioned throughout the Work pp. 312—319

LIFE OF MOSCHELES.

CHAPTER I.

1836.

LETTERS FROM MEMBERS OF THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY—BRAHAM AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—MALIBRAN—THALBERG—DE BERIOT—JOHN PARRY—THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S BOUQUET—DEATH OF MALIBRAN—OLE BULL—HOLIDAY OCCUPATIONS—FELIX MENDELSSOHN'S BETROTHAL—THE ORATORIO OF ST. PAUL AT LIVERPOOL—THALBERG'S COMPOSITIONS—SCHUMANN—ACCOUNT WITH CRAMER AND CO.—TWELVE CHARACTERISTIC STUDIES.

WE read the following passages in a letter written by Moscheles in January. "As yet not a word from our friend Felix Mendelssohn; he has not recovered from the shock of his father's death, or he would certainly have written. What I do hear of him is anything but consolatory, they say he cannot work from feeling an indescribable void in the loss of one whom he regarded as the chief mainstay of his life; but such a state of things cannot last. I can well understand his grief when my mind goes back to the autumn days I spent with him in his old home. His father, old, weak, and almost blind, was a man gifted with such activity of mind and clearness of judgment that I could not only understand the deep reverence my

friend felt for him, but also share it with him. The following letters from other members of the Mendelssohn family testify to their sorrow. The first is from Mendelssohn's widow:—

"Berlin, 12th January, 1836.

"I know you have a deep sympathy with me, dear Mrs. Moscheles, prostrate as I am under this terrible and utterly unexpected blow, and I know that you will find some alleviation of your own sorrow in my honestly assuring you that the two days your excellent husband spent with us in October were among the brightest and most cheerful that gilded *his* declining days; nay, they left a remembrance which to the last gave him the deepest joy. Everything then seemed in harmony with his wishes, and events appeared to shape themselves as he would have thought best for his own happiness. He was deeply sensible and grateful for such blessings, and what a noble, gentle, beneficent spirit his was, day after day ripening, aspiring to higher aims! How thoughtful his observations the very last night he was with us, as he sat listening to our reading the 'Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard,' out of Rousseau's 'Emile.' How sweet, how cheerful our interview, before that last sleep, the sleep of death! I had never thought death possible in that painless, ethereal form. I could not realize the dread face. Without any foreshadowing of my sorrow, I found myself bereaved and in deepest misery. My children,

one and all, behave like angels, and I were ungrateful indeed, if, in my hour of agony, I were blind to the many blessings still left to me. Felix's struggle with the sorrow brought on him made me at first very troubled and anxious; when we are with him, tears seem to give him relief and courage for the battle of life before him. It is a good thing we should have him just now living near us; he has twice visited us since the event. Pray accept, my dear friend, my warmest thanks for all the kindness you showed to my dear one when he was in London; he always spoke of it with emotion and gratitude, at last, when the state of his eyes prevented him from working, he would repeatedly say: 'I don't feel in the least dull, I have seen in the course of my life much that is beautiful and interesting!' And his visits to London, and your friendship, he reckoned amongst his highest enjoyments. He never forgot any of his numerous friends, pray assure them all how deeply sensible I am of their kindness.

"L. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

We give an extract from a letter of Fanny Hensel, to the Moscheles; she was Mendelssohn's elder sister in point of years, but like a twin-sister in her tastes and susceptibility for art. After acknowledging, in language similar to that in her mother's letter, the care and attention paid to her father whilst he was in London, she continues: "Do you remember, dear Mrs. Moscheles, how Felix one autumn evening you spent

with us played the exquisite Adagio in F sharp major from one of Haydn's quartets? My father had a special love for Haydn's music, the movement was new to him, and so powerfully affected him that he wept as he listened, confessing afterwards that it impressed him as being so deeply sorrowful. Felix was much struck by this view, for although 'mesto' was marked, we had all been impressed rather the other way. My father's judgment in musical matters was often wonderfully acute, and singularly correct for one uninitiated in the technicalities of the art. For you, dear Mrs. Moscheles, he had the greatest esteem and affection. My anxiety about Felix is at an end, he has collected all his energies, and deep though his sorrow be, it is natural, and not of that distressing kind that deepened our sorrow and made us doubly solicitous on his account. The coming season and travelling will, I trust, completely restore him to that state of mind that he must recover, if he wishes to live up to his father's standard, as he never failed to do whilst they were together. Such intense sympathy as theirs is very rarely found in the world. I now bid you both heartily farewell.

"FANNY HENSEL."

Moscheles' sympathy and thoughts were far away with his afflicted friends, but the duties incidental to his position in England were paramount considerations, and he found it impossible to withdraw from the busy

vortex of London. Adverting to theatrical matters he says: "Braham has taken a lease of a small house, the St. James's Theatre, and had it decorated very tastefully in the Louis XIV. style. He has an excellent company, headed by Jenny Vertpré, and other well-known celebrities of the French stage; they attract the best society of London by their exquisite rendering of dramas which have already become popular in Paris." At a later period French operas were given, with the lovely Cinti and famous tenor Nourrit, who shone particularly in two pieces, "La Reine de Seize Ans" and "La Jeunesse de Charles II." Once at this theatre Moscheles joined Malibran and other stars in a concert, which began after the opera and lasted till midnight. Balfe produces with great success his first opera, "The Siege of Rochelle." "The music light, after the manner of the composer himself, but cheerful and pleasing like the author;" after this he writes for Malibran "The Maid of Artois." That versatile artiste, equally at home in the English, Italian, French, and Spanish languages, was engaged as an English prima donna at Drury Lane Theatre. "Did Balfe intend her to do battle with those incredibly difficult passages at the beginning, or were they improvised by her on the spur of the moment? I can't say; somehow or other the enchantress conjured them forth. I don't like her so well in Fidelio, and prefer our own unrivalled Schröder-Devrient in the part. Malibran's forte lies in passionate acting, which contrasts too violently

with the enduring womanly love of Fidelio, and why she brings two pistols into the prison, neither I nor any one else can understand."

Malibran's protracted stay in London led to a close intimacy with the Moscheles, at whose house she was a constant visitor. She was married to De Bériot. Her sparkling genius, sunny cheerfulness, and never-failing spirit and humour contrasted forcibly with his apathy, not to say coldness, more especially as the two artists were constantly seen and judged together. Other singers may captivate by their art, and gifted and amiable women by their manners and conversation, but Malibran had magic power to lead us captives, body and soul. In Moscheles' house she had every one at her feet, the children looked on her as their own property, she alone knew the right way to play with the doll's house, and none other but Malibran had a certain black silk bag of irresistible attraction to the little ones. The contents of this bag were not, however, the commonplace things—toys or sugar-plums—but a paint-box, paper, and brushes. She would come into the room, and the minute afterwards she would be down on the carpet with the children, letting them pull out everything, and then the picture-making began, and she would throw her whole energies into the work, and share the children's intense delight.

We quote from the diary of the 12th of June: "Sunday.—I began my day with setting Goethe's

'Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt' as a song for Malibran. We had great fun the other day, when she and De Bériot joined our early dinner. The conversation turned upon Gnecco's comic duet, which Malibran sang so frequently and charmingly with Lablache. Man and wife ridicule and abuse one another, caricaturing alternately each other's defects—when she came to the passage: 'La tua bocca è fatta apposta pel servizio della posta;' 'just like my mouth,' said Malibran, 'as broad as you please, and I'll just put this orange in, to prove it.' One must have known De Bériot to appreciate his amazement and agony at seeing his wife open her mouth wide, and discover two beautiful rows of teeth, behind which the orange disappears. Then she roared with laughter at her successful performance.

"She came at three o'clock; with her were Thalberg, Benedict, and Klingemann. We dined early, and immediately afterwards Malibran sat down to the piano, and 'sang for the children,' as she used to call it, the Rataplan and some of her father's Spanish songs; for want of a guitar accompaniment she used, whilst playing, every now and then to mark the rhythm on the board at the back of the keys. After singing with exquisite grace and charm a number of French and Italian romances of her own composition, she was relieved at the piano by Thalberg, who performed all manner of tricks on the instrument, snapping his fingers as an obligato to Viennese songs and waltzes.

I played afterwards with reversed hands, and with my fists, and none laughed louder than Malibran. At five o'clock, we drove to the Zoological Gardens, and pushed our way for an hour with the fashionables. When we had had enough of man and beast, we took one more turn in the Park, and directly we got home Malibran sat down to the piano and sang for an hour. At last, however, she called out to Thalberg: 'Venez jouer quelque chose, j'ai besoin de me reposer,' her repose consisting in finishing a most charming landscape, in water-colours (an art in which she was self-taught). Thalberg played by heart, and in a most masterly way, several of his 'Studies,' and fragments of a newly written Rondo, then my 'Studies,' 'Allegri di Bravura,' and 'G. minor Concerto.' We had supper afterwards; there again it was Malibran who kept us all going. She gave us the richest imitations of Sir George Smart, the singers Knyvett, Braham, Phillips, and Vaughan, who had sung with her at a concert given by the Duchess of C.; taking off the fat Duchess herself, as she condescendingly patronized 'her' artists, and winding up with the cracked voice and nasal tones of Lady ——, who inflicted 'Home, sweet Home' on the company. Suddenly her comic vein came to a full stop; then she gave in the thorough German style the scena from Freyschütz, with German words, and a whole series of German songs by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Weber, and my humble self; lastly, she took a turn with 'Don Juan,'

being familiar not only with the music of Zerlina, her own part, but knowing by heart every note in the opera, which she could play and sing from beginning to end. She went on playing and singing alternately until eleven o'clock, fresh to the last in voice and spirits. When she left us, we were all rapturous about her music, languages, painting; but what we liked best was her artlessness and amiability."

Moscheles composed for her a song with Klingemann's words, "Steigt der Mond auf" ("The moon rises.") She made him play to her constantly, knew several of his "Studies" by heart, and told us that her father made her practise them.

Moscheles, speaking in one of his letters of a concert at his own house, adds, "Malibran and De Bériot appeared at eleven o'clock, after our eighty guests had satisfied their musical appetite with English vocal music, solos by Lipinsky and Servais, and my own 'Concert Fantastique.' She looked weary, and, when she sang, one scarcely recognised Malibran, she was so voiceless. We only heard subsequently that she had been thrown from her horse when riding in the park. Although suffering no injury, she had not yet recovered from the violent shock. She was soon herself, however, and sang two 'Freyschütz' scenas in German, a comic English duet with John Parry, three Spanish, Italian, and French songs, winding up with the duet, 'Cadence du Diable,' for herself and De Bériot, in which she prefaces his daring and

marvellous violin passages with the words, 'Voyez comme le diable prélude.' The proper name of the piece is 'Le Songe de Tartini,' and the supposition being that the master has, in a dream, seen the devil, and heard him play the piece right through, every latitude is allowed for whims and eccentricities. When my wife showed some anxiety lest she should overexert herself, she replied, 'Ma chère, je chanterais pour vous jusqu'à extinction de voix.' It was interesting to watch her raptures in listening to a duet composed and played by Benedict and De Bériot; certain passages in the work seemed to me possibly to have emanated from her pen. I was called on at the end of the evening to improvise; and that the comic element might be properly represented, young John Parry amused us with his masterly parody of the scena in the Wolf's Glen in the 'Freyschütz.' With a sheet of music rolled up, with one end in his mouth and the other resting on the music-desk, he produced the deepest horn or trombone notes; his hands worked the keys, and his feet a tea-tray. There was the 'Wilde Jagd' complete. Thalberg had a bad finger, and couldn't play; but he and De Bériot stayed with us until three in the morning, gossiping and commenting on the events of the evening." On the 11th of May Moscheles is assisted by De Bériot at his concert given in the Italian Opera House. "I had an 'embarras de richesses;' besides the great star Malibran, there were Lablache, Grisi, and Clara Novello. I

played a concerto of Bach's that had never been heard in England, and my own 'C minor Concerto.' It was a tremendous success for all concerned. 'After a performance of the 'Maid of Artois,' in which Malibran performed marvellously,' we went to see her in her dressing-room. There she sat, surrounded by wreaths and an enormous bouquet in her hand. She talked and laughed with us, adding: 'Si vous vouliez me débarrasser de cette machine, c'est cet abominable Duc de Brunswick qui vient de me l'apporter,' and so saying, threw a colossal bouquet at me, which I caught. What must 'the abominable Duke' have thought, when, a few moments later, he saw me mount *my* carriage and carry off *his* bouquet? For so it happened at the entrance-door of Drury Lane Theatre." The exertions of the famous artiste were incessant; for, independent of her three operatic performances per week, she was repeatedly engaged for morning and evening concerts, and accepted all sorts of invitations to fashionable breakfasts, fêtes champêtres, and private parties. To attend three parties on the same evening was a matter of constant occurrence. "On the 16th of July," writes Moscheles, "before the De Bériots started on their journey, we spent an hour with Malibran, by appointment; we found her at the piano, and Costa standing by her. She sang us a comic song that she had just composed: A sick man weary of life invokes death; but when death, personified by a doctor, knocks at the door, he dismisses him with

scorn. She had set this subject so cleverly, and sang the music so humorously, that we could scarcely refrain from laughing; and yet we couldn't endure to lose a single note. After this, she wrote in my album a charming French romance; this she sang to us, and presented my wife with one of her original water-colour landscapes. At last we parted; they went to Brussels for a few days, and returned to Manchester for the music festival, where she sang so bewitchingly, on the 20th of September, that the audience boisterously called for an encore. Malibran, already in a very dangerous state, and one requiring absolute rest and cessation from work, summoned all her remaining energies; after repeating her song, and her inimitable shake on the high C, she fainted away and became unconscious. She was taken to the hotel; the doctor bled her, and she awoke to apparent consciousness; but alas! this only lasted till the 23rd of September, when she died." . . . . "Expressions of sorrow are inadequate, for such a loss as this penetrates the whole world of art, and plunges into grief the more confined circle of her friends. I felt impelled to clothe my sorrow in sound, and composed a fantasia on Malibran's death."

Thalberg, who in the year 1826 had parted from Moscheles as a pupil, now returned as a master. "I find his introduction of harp effects on the piano quite original," writes Moscheles. "His theme, which lies in the middle part, is brought out clearly in relief with an

accompaniment of complicated arpeggios which remind me of a harp. The audience is amazed. He himself remains immovably calm; his whole bearing, as he sits at the piano, is soldier-like; his lips are tightly compressed, and his coat buttoned closely. He told me he acquired this attitude of self-control by smoking a Turkish pipe whilst practising his pianoforte exercises; the length of the tube was so calculated as to keep him erect and motionless." We quote from a letter:—

"At 10 in the evening of the 2nd of May, we heard a knock at our door, and Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, stepped in; this was his first visit to us. In less than five minutes he had poured forth a torrent of talk, giving us his exalted opinion of himself, and rattling on in such an impetuous, eccentric fashion that we were completely dumbfoundered. Is this the genuine *feu sacré?* The description he gave of his own life (it has appeared in print) is so full of adventure that it threw Paganini completely into the shade, and we asked ourselves, when he was gone, whether his talent as a violin-player would do as much. His playing, no less than his demeanour, at his own concert, created a sensation. I shouldn't like to mention Spohr's name in connexion with his, nor that of other musicians, his inferiors in execution, for they will permanently be recognised as first-rate artists, when the impetuous Norwegian, pitted against them, is forced to succumb in the art arena. I must add," says Mrs. Moscheles,

" that Ole Bull, shortly before he announced his concert, stepped in to see us at our dinner hour, when Moscheles had just come home after a weary day's lesson-giving. I can't say he was a welcome guest, much less did we relish his request that Moscheles would play for him. Moscheles tried to get off, and for a time withstood manfully his tormentor, but consented at last. Such incidents are time-killers." " To-day," she says in another letter, " I will enumerate for you some of the strange contrasts we are subjected to. The other day we had a small party on purpose for the Lockharts, when my husband's respected friend and colleague, the famous Schnyder von Wartensee, turns up unexpectedly, and, as if he were not enough, in comes Sanklow the Polish Jew, in his robes; he is not attractive to the olfactory nerves, and whilst Moscheles is playing his trio with Lipinsky and Servais, he is all impatience for the last bar, that he may have his turn, and give us the benefit of his straw and wood fiddle, with its petty shakes and passages. He is not up to the mark of Gusikow, his compatriot and predecessor, on the poverty-stricken instrument. And how would you have liked a grand performance of Handel's oratorio, 'Solomon,' in Exeter Hall, and immediately afterwards the dance-music of a ball-room, where we were obliged, in spite of the unpleasant contrast, to look in for an hour or so, or we should have been thought rude? In London, no fête, ball, or evening party is thought successful

unless 'one has everybody,' therefore, that we might have 'everybody,' our friends the H.'s, who, as you know, are a good deal mixed up with Indian affairs, brought to our house, a few evenings since, his Excellency Prince Jam-hod-deen, the tawny son of Tippoo Saïb. On this evening, however, we had only a few select listeners, bent on enjoying with us the Kreutzer sonata with Lipinsky, and the Bach concerto, with quartet accompaniments. How the tawny prince must have longed for his Tam-tam! We find the parties at Lady ——'s very agreeable. She is a zealous pupil and admirer of Moscheles, engages the entire troupe of Italians at an immense cost, and fills her three splendid reception-rooms with the rank, fashion, and beauty of the day. When invited on such nights, we are given to understand that there is no design to make my husband play to a set of people who would only talk during an instrumental performance."

H. Herz introduced his seven-octave piano in the concert market, but the tone was declared to be thin, and his invention met with but faint praise. Broadwood, on the other hand, made his first essay with his bichord (semi-grand) piano, and proved the possibility of gaining a powerful tone through the medium of only two strings. These instruments attained most deservedly a large circulation, and Moscheles always delighted to play on them.

Moscheles, writing from Ramsgate, talks with

delight of shaking from his finger tips the dust of lesson-giving, and adds:—

"If my wife asks me the reason of my not utilizing my spare time for composing, I can only answer that my conscience will not allow me. After the harum-scarum of a London season, the mind and fingers become paralysed, and the former can only be healed by the latter, which means that I must play a great deal of the best music before I can allow myself to indulge in an idea of my own, or commit it to paper, otherwise it would be mere shallow hackneyed stuff. After escaping illness, the exhausted patient should take strengthening medicine, before he again resumes his professional calling." During the close of his visit to the seaside he writes a Greek war-song for Phillips, who, on receipt of it, replies, "I shall sing it at the Philharmonic, and everywhere else, and will answer for its success." Besides this he composes music for Uhland's beautiful poem, "Schäfers Sontagslied," and is so delighted with his holiday time that he gives it in one of his letters the epithet of "heavenly."

The happy news of Mendelssohn's being engaged to be married surprises him on his return to London. Four years before, on the 3rd of September, 1832, Mendelssohn had written to Mrs. Moscheles: "Klingemann still remains a knight of the order of bachelors, and so do I; thirty years hence we shall both want to get married, but then no girl will care to take us. When you burn the letter, cut this prophesy out, and

preserve it carefully, in thirty years it will be seen whether it was worthy of credit." On the 6th of October, Mrs. Moscheles receives the following letter, in a very different strain, from Mendelssohn's mother.

"Berlin, October 6th, 1836.

"DEAREST MRS. MOSCHELES,—You have probably already heard by report, which travels now-a-days so much more rapidly than people or railways and steamers, that Felix is engaged to be married. I cannot, however, deny myself the pleasure of personally communicating to you and your husband, Felix's excellent friend, the news which is a matter of such happiness to us all. You, an affectionate mother, can imagine how strange it seems to me, not to know either his bride elect, or any one of her numerous relations; nor can I recollect ever to have heard the name of the family. As a penalty for excessive liveliness, quite out of place, considering what an old lady I am, I shall be forced to wait a long time before I can see the fair unknown, who is already so precious to me. You know, however, how disinterested are a mother's feelings, and will form a correct estimate of the joy we all feel, for Felix himself seems so completely happy. There is, however, a bitter drop to this cup of joy, and the thought is constantly arising in my mind, had his dear father but lived to share our happiness! He desired such a blessing for Felix so earnestly, and yet scarcely ventured to hope for it. That sad event (his father's death) supplied Felix per-

haps with the strongest incentive for taking such a resolve. When he paid us his last Christmas visit, he was so inexpressibly wretched, so thoroughly heart-broken, so absorbed in silent suffering, so vacillating and purposeless even in his art schemes, that his sisters persuaded him he must turn over a new leaf, and give his mind a fresh start.

"His acquaintance with a young lady in Frankfort soon enabled him to shake off the thraldom of low spirits, and he is now happily betrothed to his Cécile; Madame Jeanrenaud, her mother, was a Miss Souchay, and is related to the Beneckes and Schunck.

"Malibran's death has shocked and grieved me exceedingly; Felix always reckoned her talents as amongst the greatest in our times. What a loss! As you may imagine, a mother's egotism too puts in its word, for she was to have sung in 'St. Paul,' at Liverpool, on the third of this month. You, and your dear husband, and our London friends will excuse him if he has not written for a long time; I too am not favoured with many letters just at present. Rebecca, who on returning from Eger, is paying a fortnight's visit to her brother, writes, as a justification, that he is in the midst of whirl and bustle, without a quiet moment to himself. Pray excuse him, and heap kindness on kindness by announcing his engagement, in his and my name, to our London friends.

"Your ever faithful and devoted,

"L. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

The happiness of Mendelssohn's friends on hearing of his engagement with Cécile Jeanrenaud was perfectly intelligible, for it soon became plain that he had found a mind in harmony with his own, a woman who understood him and knew how to value him as he deserved. At the same time he was to enjoy a great musical triumph in England, although he was not present to witness it; for the oratorio of "St. Paul" was given for the first time in Liverpool, and received with the greatest enthusiasm. Moscheles, who had undertaken the correction of the work for England, writes in his diary: "To my great delight, I am constantly busy with the magnificent 'St. Paul,' and often become completely absorbed in the work. Its chief qualities are, in my judgment, majesty, a noble simplicity, deep feeling, and an antique form. In this work he has given the most brilliant proofs of a mastery already generally recognised." In the quiet time of his autumn holiday Moscheles had begun to work at the "Characteristic Studies," and to send occasional contributions to musical periodicals. The song, "Whatever sweets we hope to find," the Terzet, "An Argument," &c., belong to these fugitive pieces.

"The proper ground for finger gymnastics," he writes in his diary, "is to be found in Thalberg's latest compositions; for 'mind' (Geist) give me Schumann. The Romanticism in his works is a thing so completely new, his genius so great, that

to weigh correctly the peculiar qualities and weaknesses of this new school I must go deeper and deeper into the study of his works. He sends me his sonata 'Florestan and Eusebius,' which has just been published, accompanied by the flattering remark that I am the only person who can review the work properly, and would I do it for the 'Neue Zeitschrift der Musik' in Leipzig."

This was done conscientiously and earnestly, and Schumann inserted the review in his "Gesammelte Schriften:" he also dedicated to Moscheles his "Concerto without Orchestra," which the latter zealously studied. He objected to the title as contradictory, and disagreed with Schumann's method of translating the musical signs—such as piano, forte, &c.—into German, as not being generally feasible, and whenever he discovered in one and the same piece both German and Italian terms employed, he found fault with the practice.

Taking a retrospective glance at his dealings with his publishers, Moscheles again complains that only his arrangements of operas and pieces of a similar calibre prove remunerative, whereas his larger and important works command inadequate terms, and the sum paid for the elaborate and conscientiously prepared edition of Beethoven's pianoforte works is actually no compensation for the time expended upon it. After some discussion Moscheles obtained better terms for his larger compositions, and agreed, in addition to

his already prepared arrangement of Balfe's operas, to edit a pianoforte version of Donizetti's "Belisario." He cannot suppress a sigh in his diary with reference to the latter. His chief work, however, was upon the twelve great characteristic "Studies." "They are not intended for pupils," he writes; "there are difficulties in them which only a master can overcome. Thalberg, Liszt, all such players will find their work cut out for them." "Juno," "The Dream," "The Bacchanal," were finished when the lovely "Nursery Tale" was begun, a harbinger of the coming event—the birth of a third daughter—a circumstance which occurred soon afterwards under very happy auspices.

CHAPTER II.

1837.

RECITALS FOR PIANOFORTE MUSIC—PRODUCTION OF BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY—AN OLD HARPSICHORD—REVIVAL OF OLD MASTERS—BRITISH CONCERTS—POPULARITY OF ITALIAN MUSIC AND MUSICIANS—THALBERG'S SECOND SEASON IN LONDON—FOREIGN GUESTS—ASSAUT DE PIANOS—CHOPIN—REMARKS ON PIANOFORTE MAKERS—SCHRÖDER-DEVRIENT—OPERATIC AFFAIRS—THE ANTIENT CONCERTS—THE BEETHOVEN MONUMENT IN BONN—HOLIDAYS IN HAMBURG—RETURN TO LONDON.

IN the course of the preceding winter many delightful evenings had been devoted to stringed quartets, which were repeated in the present year. Hitherto there had been no recitals for pianoforte music, and these were introduced by Moscheles. Many of his colleagues called this a venturous undertaking. Moscheles, however, held to his purpose, taking the precaution to interweave a little vocal music with the instrumental, so as to relieve the monotony which people warned him against. He was like the farmer in the fable, however, who was advised by some to ride himself, by others to put his son on the saddle. The newspapers were loud in their praises of the new scheme, but censured the introduction of vocal music, adding that it was an

interruption, and the one blot in an otherwise perfect entertainment. On three successive occasions Moscheles played some music of Scarlatti and his contemporaries on a harpsichord, built in the year 1771, and still in possession of Messrs. Broadwood. Externally the instrument was shaped like an old Viennese piano. When the cover was lifted, one saw a contrivance somewhat in the shape of a Venetian blind, which, like the shutter covering the swell part of the organ, was acted upon by the pedals—by using this, greater sonority was given to the tone, which, otherwise, was rather thin, and less agreeable. Moscheles gave much attention to the invention, and turned it to good account. The upper and lower keyboards of the instrument were evidently intended for the rendering of such passages of Scarlatti and other masters as on modern pianos require constant crossing of the hands; and one row of keys being connected with two, and the other with three strings, certain shades are produced in the quality of the sound.

Bach's D minor concerto, with quartet accompaniment, was now heard for the first time, and all agreed that a real feeling for music was fostered and promoted by an acquaintance with such masters; the papers expressed a hope that the crowded audience in Moscheles' three concerts would induce him to repeat them next winter, and introduce in his programmes even older composers than Sebastian Bach. A novelty

in England was to be seen in the "British Concerts," the introduction of which was well timed, for the fashionable world was so prejudiced in favour of the light and often shallow Italian music, that young native talent felt piqued, and ready to measure itself with the vapid productions of Italian rivals, in the event of a series of performances being given, in which none but English artists and English music should be heard. "Exclusiveness," remarks Moscheles, "is a constant hindrance to art-progress; in this case, there was such a frequent want of originality in the composition, and such inadequacy of performance, that the fashionable world remained loyal to their favourite Italians, and only third-rate people took any pride or delight in "native talent." One of the great successes of the season, however, in which all classes joined, was obtained by Litolff, who brought out the first concerto he had composed. "Here, anyhow, is originality," says Moscheles, "although rather unpolished, and his powers as an executant are undeniable; the storm of applause and enthusiasm was on this occasion perfectly justified."

The diary, as well as the letters of this winter, show how earnestly Moscheles, as a joint-director of the Philharmonic Concerts, again laboured to bring out Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which, in the year 1824, had been pronounced impossible, and failed in consequence. Great as were the obstacles thrown in his way by his colleagues, they at last resolved to

hand over to him the leadership in this purely venturous scheme; as for success, not a soul dreamt of such a thing. Now began a series of weeks of labour. Instead of one orchestral rehearsal Moscheles was allowed two, but that was all, and, consequently, he seized the opportunity of rehearsing every difficulty with each individual player. Every singer and instrumentalist knew his part; owing to Moscheles' accompaniment and explanations, each man had some knowledge of the colossal work before the time of the first orchestral rehearsal; the second he used for the acquirement of light, shade, and expression, and although much was wanting, and two solo-singers not perfectly up to their work, still the performance was brilliantly successful. Moscheles writes in high spirits to his relatives, and says, "You can imagine my excitement before and during the concert on the 17th of April. I don't speak of my work and labours, for by this accompanying article, out of the *Atlas*, you will see how they have been rewarded. I don't know who the critic is, but I send you this article, because it deals with the chief points of the performance shortly and concisely; all the newspapers are fairly in raptures with this colossal music, and unanimously insist on its remaining a fixture in the 'Répertoire,' and being performed, on a grander scale, either in Exeter Hall or at the Birmingham Festival. Suffice it to say that wealthy England has enriched herself by one additional treasure, and how I rejoiced that I have been per-

mitted to disinter it!" The weightiest part of the article lying before us consists in the remark that conductors who have not a thoroughly deep knowledge of the work itself, would labour in vain to make it understood, and that the performers themselves, if not penetrated with a sense of its beauties, would impose on the audience an intolerable ennui. Moscheles' peculiar capabilities and efforts are enumerated, and a due meed of praise is awarded both to singers and orchestral players.

In his second season in London, Thalberg enjoyed extraordinary success. His Fantasia on "God save the King" acquired a sort of political significance, as it was produced during the last days of King William IV.'s fatal illness—at Moscheles' own concert, on the 31st of May. Thalberg played, with him and Benedict, Bach's triple concerto—it was a regular triumph, and more enjoyed by the audience than Scarlatti's "Cats' Fugue," performed by Moscheles on the harpsichord; the "Characteristic Studies," the "Concert Pathétique," both novelties, were very well received.

In a letter from Moscheles to his relatives, the following passage occurs: "You might well suppose I was tired after the concert, but how could I be so? An exquisite performance was in readiness for me when I returned home—this was in honour of my birthday—nothing more or less than the 'Abt und Kaiser' dramatized, in which Felix appeared

mounted on a horse—I beg his pardon, a rocking-horse. . . . Everything else analogous, and to a father's eyes unsurpassable."

In a letter from Mrs. Moscheles, written in the month of May, we read:—

"Certainly 'Dame Music' is more than ever the guardian patroness of this house, and you will believe this when you hear of all that passes in it. Czerny from Vienna, Jacques Rosenhain, the brothers Ganz and Franchomme, Mühlenfeld from Rotterdam, Gerke from St. Petersburg, Concertmeister Möser from Berlin, with his wife and talented son, all are our welcome foreign guests. Thalberg and Benedict often join our circle as habitués. Every one wishes to exchange music with Moscheles—*i.e.*, the pianoforte players produce their new compositions, listen to his, and the instrumentalists have their solos accompanied, or take part with him in Sonatas and Trios. Besides this, Ries has the score of a new oratorio, 'Saul and David,' Neukomm an incredible amount of sacred and secular music; all this Moscheles reads through with them at the piano, and often says to me, "Thank Heaven, I have such good eyes, for Neukomm's delicately written small scores are a veritable eye-dust (*Augenpulver*), and I can prophesy no future life for the music itself. We are forced, alas! this year to do without our 'ace of trumps,' Felix Mendelssohn; instead of him, however, we have a third series of 'Lieder ohne Worte,' and a new series of 'Lieder' dedicated to Miss Julia

Jeanrenaud, and we revel in both. Only think, I had lately to fight a pitched battle with, and, to save his interests as an artist, against ——. He and his family can't speak a single word of English, and his son being about to give a concert, I had offered myself as translator of the advertisements, programmes, &c. But the worthy concert-giver brings me a regular German essay, reminding me more of a 'Café-chantant' than a Concert-room, and I decline the task of a faithful translation, being determined to omit all the laudatory epithets lavished on his son, a boy of ten. It was long before he consented, but out of regard for his position as an artist I remained firm. I must now tell you a good thing. At an evening party lately at our house, when half-a-dozen pianoforte-players were present, an awkward pause ensued; no one wished to be the first to play, every one, when asked, declared this one or the other must begin. My husband of course could have filled up the time by his own playing, but the great thing we wanted was to make the foreign artists and English amateurs acquainted with one another. What was to be done? In my difficulty, I proposed to write down on paper all the names of the gentlemen, and throw them into a hat, if they would promise to play in the order in which they were drawn. This was agreed to, and we had a regular 'Assaut de Pianos.' Luckily the presence of Mrs. Shaw, with her fine alto voice, and Miss Masson, as well as Balfe, with his tenor, enabled us to give our friends

some vocal music as well. Chopin, who spent a few days in London, was the only one of the foreign artists who did not go out, and wished no one to visit him, for the effort of talking told on his consumptive frame. He heard a few concerts and disappeared."

"I wrote to you lately about pianoforte-players" (we are quoting from another letter), "to-day, therefore, you shall have a chapter on pianoforte-makers; I shall call them only birds of passage this season, for 'birds of prey' would certainly be too strong an expression. And yet I see P.'s vinegar face, whenever at our house or at concerts he hears Moscheles upon an Erard or Clementi, and can fancy him muttering to himself, as he hears the Erard: 'Anch' io sono pittore,' or the Clementi: 'We are far ahead of that,' or the Broadwood, upon which Moscheles occasionally plays: 'How can one prefer those to a P.?' G. too, who came here with Czerny, wanted to hear every instrument, to visit all the pianoforte-makers, and finds the touch of this instrument too heavy, the tone of another too muffled, and will allow his pianos alone to be brilliant. We have, too, an inventor of a method for the art of tuning pianofortes; last year it was a Crefeldman, this year a Parisian, Monsieur le Père, but in spite of his assurances that it is so easy a matter to tune a piano half a tone higher or lower 'que vous le feriez faire par votre domestique, ou votre femme-de-chambre,' the thing didn't turn out practical. I could name many more,

but it would weary you. Every one consults his own interests, but all agree in asking my poor husband for verbal introductions and written certificates to contain nothing but praise. 'And one can't help having a conscience,' he very correctly observes. 'One would not like to pay such equivocal compliments as the great M. has done occasionally; those who are commended are enchanted, but the recipient, if he is wide awake, knows how to interpret such stereotyped overwrought phraseology."

Schröder-Devrient appeared again; her Fidelio was incomparable as ever, her Norma, however, not up to Pasta's mark. The German Opera was obliged to close for want of support. "Love in the City," an opera by W., was given once in the English Opera House and then withdrawn. Puzzi, the fashionable horn-player, brought to London an opera-buffa company, in which Ronconi, who afterwards became so famous, appeared; he, however, was the only star.

The Royal Opera House in the Haymarket had the great vocalists we have already mentioned; but the "Puritani," and such operas, were given so repeatedly that an amusing article appeared in the *Atlas*, headed "On Operatic Affairs." Director and company were treated as evil-doers, and subjected to a severe cross-examination. For instance, questions are asked of Grisi: "How often this year has she sung 'Son vergin vezzosa' (her cavatina out of 'Puritani')? Has she sung it morning, afternoon, and evening, waking and sleep-

ing?" And on her answering in the affirmative, the cross examiner proceeds: "Does she like that music?"—"Not particularly." "Why does she sing it then?"—"Because she has for three years electrified the public; and the effect is as strong to-day as three years ago." "But isn't it better to please than to astonish?"—"Oh yes; but the public is only able to gape with astonishment because it lacks intelligence." Then comes Lablache's turn, and he is made to say: "John Bull loves him for his powerful voice. John Bull cares for nothing but loud bellowing and roaring, and such old hackneyed things as have been thoroughly drummed into his ears—that's enough to kill every good singer." Rubini, on the other hand, admits that he "enjoys singing the same things over and over again; that the composer may give him one note, but receives fifty in return; that Bellini, Donizetti, and Mercadante have become immortal by means of 'the broderie' lavished on their music by him and his colleague David, men whose singing can melt hearts of stone." "And what of Mozart?" is next asked. "Rubini knows him, and is obliged to sing his music occasionally. 'But, to make a hit, give me other operas.'"

The bitter truth underlying the humorous form of this article may thus be summed up: Mozart, when sung by Italians, really lacked warmth; performers and audience were equally indifferent, and not once in the evening do the glorious voices show to advantage.

In the year 1776 the "Antient Concerts" had been organized by the Earl of Sandwich, and during Moscheles' residence in England, from 1820 to 1836, they alternated with the fortnightly Philharmonic Concerts, each society giving yearly a series of eight. The intention was to bring out the very oldest music, English, Italian, German, and French; to use for this purpose old instruments which had slumbered for years in cabinets of antiquities, and thus to mark the progress of modern days by showing the improvements on old inventions. A 'viol di gamba,' 'viol d'amore,' &c., were heard amongst other instruments. During these concerts the music was sometimes interrupted by the loud observations of the Duke of ——. "In spite of his fondness for music," says Moscheles, "he puts no restraint on himself; the subscribers are quite aware of the inevitable drawback; if a stranger happens to say, 'What noise is that?' he is simply told, 'Oh, it's only the Duke,' and that's enough. His abrupt sentences burst in like beats on a drum that is out of time with the orchestra." This year Moscheles introduced as a novelty at the "Antient Concerts," Bach's "D minor Concerto," which could not fail to be received with great enthusiasm. Lord B., one of the directors of these "Antient Concerts," summoned the artists to a consultation and meeting, with reference to the Beethoven monument in Bonn. He wished England to raise a splendid subscription, to be realized from a grand performance of Beethoven's compositions.

The noble lord, however, was opposed by every one. It was said in one newspaper, "that the Germans never contributed a shilling to the monuments of illustrious Englishmen." In another Lord B. was reproved for never troubling himself about German music, and only caring really for the shallowest works of the Italian masters. At one of the meetings, Moscheles gave his decided vote against Lord B. 's proposition. "For," he said, "we are already in July, and besides, owing to the King's death, many a concert has been a failure." His opinion, however, although backed by all the other artists, was not allowed to prevail, and a concert was given on the 20th of July to empty benches. Happily, some subscriptions raised by Beethoven's admirers defrayed the costs of the concert; but the exaggerated promises made by Lord B. to the Bonn Committee evaporated in a letter of apology to Baron Schlegel.

The nine weeks' holidays were again spent very happily amongst Moscheles' Hamburg relatives at Flottbeck, one of the prettiest spots on the banks of the Elbe. Two "Studies" were composed there, and Moscheles, during his walks in the park, thought out the preface and characteristic marks and directions affixed to the twelve grand "Studies" which were published in the course of the winter. Moscheles sent the E flat fugue which is in these Studies to Schumann, with whom he frequently corresponded. It was a matter of regret to the

Moscheles that Mendelssohn was in London during their absence, and afterwards in Birmingham, where he conducted at the Festival his oratorio of "St. Paul," with what success is well known.

Returning in autumn to the half-deserted streets of London, Moscheles found Neukomm, Benedict, and Thalberg still there; these artists, as well as his friend Klingemann, were constant visitors; the house, as in all former years, was a musical centre, one evening every week being devoted to chamber music. Moscheles' chief occupation was reading pieces of ancient and modern music; for in the early part of the year, 1838, he intended giving a series of historical concerts, and amongst so many art-treasures much had to be examined before he made the final selection.

CHAPTER III.

1838.

HISTORICAL CONCERTS—THE TRIAL NIGHTS AT THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS — MUSICAL PUPILS AND PUBLISHERS — INFLUX OF FOREIGN ARTISTS—JOHANN STRAUSS'S MUSIC—ALFRED DE VIGNY —LADY MORGAN—GREAT EVENT OF THE SEASON—A MONTH AT HASTINGS—BEETHOVEN—CHAMBER MUSIC—FLATTERING OFFER FROM WEIMAR.

"MY fingers are in proper order," he writes on the 1st of January in his diary, "and the programmes for my coming concerts are already made. I have burrowed again and again into the ash-covered treasures of the musical Pompeii, and brought many grand things to light. Beethoven is great—whom should I call greater?—but as the public is for ever listening to his music, alternating with modern pieces written merely for display, I intend to introduce, first of all, those composers who gave the impetus to Beethoven's eagle flight. To have a proper appreciation of the art of our own day, we should not forget its past history; although I have begun with the old masters, I intend to lead my audience gradually up to our own time, and then they can compare and draw

their own conclusions." After the second performance, he says: "The success of these concerts certainly proves that the public is capable of receiving true impressions of the really beautiful, that to rivet their attention, one has no need to worship at the shrine of fashion; my audiences rejoiced with me over these old specimens, whole and entire, such as I gave them; as dessert, Lindley and I indulged them in Beethoven's variations on a theme by Handel." The newspapers were loud in their praises of the undertaking, and improve the occasion to hurl anathemas at the Italian 'swindle,' and point to Moscheles as the representative of a higher order of musical development; they all eulogize warmly his new characteristic "Studies," some of which he played on these occasions. "Why did he not play all the twelve?" they say; "people wish to hear them all, and repeatedly; Moscheles should not carry his modesty too far," &c. Mrs. Moscheles writes: "The Duke of Cambridge quite took the lead at these concerts, he often asked for an encore, and the audience backed him in spite of the lengthy programmes. He is so kind to my husband, and after every concert asks him: 'Pray when is the next? I must make a memorandum not to forget.' This winter there are classical quartet concerts, wind-instrument concerts, British concerts—in short, music without end." In February Moscheles, as one of the conductors of the Philharmonic Concerts, had to be present at the two "trial nights," of new compositions;

these he called "very unsatisfactory." "Some German and some English symphonies and overtures have no vitality; an orchestral Fantasia, with a printed explanatory programme, containing 'Conspiracy, Revolution, and Deliverance,' is fit for a melodrama in a suburban theatre; one symphony and a couple of overtures are better, but nothing much to speak of; not one of them found a place in the programme of the eight concerts given this year, for the Directors rather than risking a fiasco preferred adhering to the classical masters."

The Philharmonic Society opened this year's series of concerts with a funeral march in honour of their member, Ferdinand Ries, who had lately died. There were several novelties in the way of pianoforte compositions. Mrs. Anderson played Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, which was greeted, and justly, with great enthusiasm. Madame Dulcken was well received in Hummel's posthumous Concerto in F major, Moscheles played his own "Sonate Pathétique," a work which, in spite of the general sympathy of the public and the press, provoked one angry article, in which the writer took him to task for again conducting a performance of the Ninth Symphony, and parodied a short address which Moscheles made to the band on that occasion. The circumstance is only worth recording, inasmuch as it brought into relief the calmness and equanimity of Moscheles' character, whenever he became the victim of such petty annoyances.

The hostile pages, let us add, had a short life, and the Ninth Symphony rewarded the Directors with fresh expressions of thanks and recognition on the part of the public; he found an ample reward in the accomplishment of so great a task, contrasting as it did with the yoke of lessons, and the exacting caprice of fashion, which necessitated those inevitable piano arrangements for the use of his pupils. Occasionally, when some importunate publisher would press on him some sensational title, we find remarks in the diary like the following: "The man positively drives me wild. He insists on dictating to me laws about title pages, making alterations without asking my leave. I don't allow this, he has no right to do so."

Frequently, too, does he complain of the multifarious duties, many so "unartistic," of the professional man in London; he regrets also that he has so little time for epistolary intercourse with his musical friends. Mrs. Moscheles writes in May: "My husband says it is far better you should accustom yourselves to my letters, even when dealing with musical matters, for we hear music together. He tells me exactly what he thinks of everything, so that, although it is second-hand, you have a minute and ungarbled account, and more in detail. He cannot write, so long as, independent of his own business, he must be the 'Deus ex machinâ' who is to conjure up honour and appreciation for foreign artists. And how are they to get ways and means when their artistic means

and ways are so slender? As in the case of H.'s son. Heaven keep our boy from becoming such a nullity, and trading on his father's name! The poor fellow gave a concert, and he excited nought but compassion. Once more we have numbers of strangers here, Madame Oury, *née* Belleville, with her husband, the violinist; Kapellmeister Bott, from Oldenburg, an excellent musician, and his daughter, a pianiste; besides these, two Poles, one a pianoforte, the other a violin player, the latter decked in a superlatively white waistcoat, watch-chain, and with other mighty pretensions besides; two worthy Hanoverians, the flute-player Heinemeyer, and Hausmann the cellist; Müller, the double bass player, whose variations on the lovely 'Alexis' are an infliction; Braum, the hautboy player, and a whole family of trumpeters, the Distins; just imagine, a father and four sons, all trumpeting together; rather too much of a good thing. These artists are all more or less excellent, and from their repeated visits to our island will appropriate much of its gold dust; but as the competition is immense, the speedy success they expect for their undertakings is an impossibility, and we often find ourselves in the unpleasant position of helping less than they expect. Every one comes in and goes out of the house without any ceremony, so I call it the artists' kaleidoscope, which brings us daily new combinations, sometimes in glaring and obtrusive, at others in soft and sympathetic tones. Of course

Thalberg is again high up in the world of pianists. Herz, Rosenhain, and Döhler have also their public, and belong to the brilliant stars of my kaleidoscope; when on a sudden is discovered Johann Strauss, then it is no longer a kaleidoscope, but Oberon's horn; where he fiddles, all dance—dance they must. In the concerts which he gives with his small orchestra, people dance as they sit; at Almack's, the most fashionable of all the subscription balls, aristocratical little feet hop to his tunes, and we too the other night at a party had the good fortune to dance to his fiddling, and, old married folk as we are, felt ourselves young again. He himself dances 'corps et âme,' whilst he plays, not with his feet, but with his fiddle, which is continually going up and down, whilst the whole man marks the accent of every bar; he is a good-tempered Viennese, not of the refined type of a drawing-room man, but amusing and always cheerful; one has had quite enough of the melancholy specimens. We are always delighted to make the acquaintance of a literary celebrity, as for instance Alfred de Vigny, the arch-enemy of George Sand. . . .

"Sir Charles and Lady Morgan had been very kind to my husband when he was in Ireland. He had told me already a great deal about them, and lately introduced me to the famous authoress. I am quite aware that it is to her sincere respect for my husband's talent that I am indebted for her kindness and friendliness shown towards myself. Her eyes still sparkle with

fire in spite of her sixty years. She must have been very beautiful, and her liveliness is of the genuine Irish sort."

Barnett wrote a new opera, "The Mountain Sylph," and was still a popular composer. Benedict produced "The Gipsy's Warning," Lord Burghersh, "Il Torneo," and "Lucia di Lammermoor" was still in the ascendant, the people never tiring of Rubini's "Fra poco." The warbling of the lovely Cinti enchanted the public, and Fanny Elsler, the essence of all grace, made a furore. The great event of the season, however, was the Coronation of Queen Victoria. Sir George Smart put Moscheles into a surplice, and placed him as a bass singer in Westminster Abbey, that he might witness the splendid ceremony, for tickets were not be had for love or money. We quote from the diary: "What an imposing sight, the gorgeously decorated temple, crowded with splendidly dressed women, and what an impression was created by the sight of the youthful Queen in her robes, surrounded by all the grandees in her kingdom! Everything was imposing, but most of all Handel's chorus, 'Zadock the Priest,' and his 'Hallelujah,' which moved one almost to tears; it was a deeply interesting moment when the venerable Archbishop of York placed the Crown upon that virgin brow. We were rather roughly recalled from our poetical dream to the work-a-day world by W. K.'s Coronation Anthem—new and yet old-fashioned—

composed expressly for this part of the ceremony; the materials were borrowed; it was as a composition grammatically correct, but utterly uninteresting." Mrs. Moscheles copies this extract from the diary for her relatives, and adds, "Before Moscheles drove to the Abbey, he took me, my daughter, and niece to Lady A.'s. We were invited to be there not later than nine in the morning, so as to avoid the crush, and there we were well taken care of. The house, as you know, is in Piccadilly, almost opposite Constitution Hill. The A.'s had had a set of benches erected in the shape of an amphitheatre, reaching from the drawing-room door down to the street. The seats were covered with scarlet cloth, and from our point of vantage we could see on the left the whole length of Piccadilly, along which the Coronation Procession passed, coming and going, and to the right, into the Park beyond. There was a numerous and fashionable company assembled, so that the time passed quickly, and Lady A. had provided an excellent cold collation for her friends; I needn't tell you how choice it was. Shortly after nine o'clock the streets began to fill with a surging crowd, all London was out in the streets, mothers with babies in their arms, fathers holding up their little ones to get a view, boys climbing on lamps and railings; such a medley and crowd as you can scarcely realize. I may further add that the gold State-coach, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, is a splendid specimen of mediæval furniture; that the young girl of eighteen, England's

Queen, looked very pretty, and that the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland, who sat opposite her, is a really noble and majestic beauty."

August and the first half of September were a pleasant holiday time, spent partly with some dear friends in Sussex. Moscheles writes: "I have found a good organ in the church here, and the other day, at a funeral, I played the people out of church with Handel's 'Dead March.' I am puzzled to know what the farmers, rustics, and gravediggers think of my playing." After a month spent in Hastings, he writes in the middle of September: "Our bright holidays are at an end, and 'sweet home' sounds once more comfortable; to-day, however, the sky has caught a cold, and the rain pours in such torrents that it almost invites men to drown themselves; to escape the invitation I shall hold fast like Haydn, 'an meinem Spinettl' (by my piano). I play all the new works of the four modern heroes, Thalberg, Chopin, Henselt, and Liszt, and find that their chief effects lie in passages requiring a large grasp and stretch of finger, such as the peculiar build of their hands enables them to execute; I grasp less, but then I am not of a grasping school. With all my admiration for Beethoven I cannot forget Mozart, Cramer, and Hummel. Have they not written much that is noble, with which I have been familiar from early years? Just now the new manner finds more favour, and I endeavour to pursue the middle course between the two

schools, by never shrinking from any difficulty, never despising the new effects, and withal retaining the best elements of the old traditions. . . . The 'Pastoral Concerto' I am writing just at present, has the shorter modern forms of three connected movements, and is more light and lively than my last concertos; I don't want to repeat myself in my own manner. My lessons, about which you ask me, are just enough this autumn to pay my tradesmen's bills." We quote a passage from another letter: "I recommend you a small pamphlet by Ries and Wegeler upon Beethoven, it has just been published at Coblentz by Bädeker; and gives one an insight into the wonderful life and works of Beethoven, I consider every part of it authentic. What a pity it is that his last letters are not complete, for they end with those written to Ries, after which his correspondence with me began. I must call your attention to the fiftieth page, where Beethoven says that he has dedicated his last symphony with choruses to the King of Prussia, and has sent him the manuscript. For all that, at each of the three performances of the Ninth Symphony, which I have conducted this year, I have had a score before me corrected by Beethoven's own hand, and the title also in his handwriting runs thus: 'Ninth Symphony, composed for the Philharmonic Society in London, by Beethoven.'"

In another letter he writes: "We intend having Chamber Music every Saturday, and Emily will help

us; our chief pillar of strength will be that painstaking Cellist Hausmann. On the very first evening Emily played the first and second movement of Mozart's 'Quintet in E flat, major;' she has studied it thoroughly in three days, and certainly is very gifted by nature." Moscheles himself plays Beethoven's grand Sonata Op. 102, and says: "I am not quite on good terms with that very learned fugue; in my judgment Beethoven's 'genius' ranks higher than his learning." Later on he plays Schubert's new Trios in E and B flat, "with their admirable construction and beautiful thoughts, only occasionally a trifle too diffuse." On one occasion we read in the diary: "Yesterday, our Saturday soirée introduced us to some less interesting Ensembles, but for all that, we must go through all the novelties, invariably, however, interspersing them with classical works." There were also two delightful Mendelssohn Saturdays, one for the whole of "St. Paul," the other for pianoforte music. Moscheles writes: "I tried my Pastoral Concerto; it pleased my friends, but occasionally doubts arise in my mind as to whether my mode of composing on fixed principles, does not spoil that easy flow and freshness which in my early youth was so attractive, and yet I am glad to show the musical world my greater earnestness and deeper aims, however short my present success may be of what I might wish."

In the course of this winter Moscheles wrote his

Study in A, 6-8 time, and the song "Liebesfrühling." Progress was made with the edition of Beethoven's works, and proof-sheets corrected of Mendelssohn's "Andante and Presto in B Major and B Minor," and of Liszt's new "Studies." We read: "I declined the honour of being a director of the Philharmonic for next season: for what can I do amongst seven? I, a passionate musical reformer, stand always alone; it ends always with my being made responsible for what I consider the mistakes of others." Hummel was dead, and Moscheles had the flattering offer made him to fill his place at Weimar. He hesitated for a moment, but preferred the freedom of his position in London to the restraints of a court and theatre, although he was very devoted to the Grand-Ducal family, and convinced of their kind feelings towards him.

CHAPTER IV.

1839.

FERDINAND DAVID—SUCCESSFUL CONCERT—COMPOSERS AND PUBLISHERS—BERNHARD ROMBERG—MUSICAL NOVELTIES—PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON—A NEW SCHOOL OF PLAYING—PARIS—CHOPIN—MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS—IMPRESSIONS OF ARTISTS—AIMÉ MARTIN—CREMIEUX—RACHEL—PLAYS, OPERAS, ACTORS, AND SINGERS—PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE COURT OF ST. CLOUD—CHAMBER MUSIC—MUSICAL EDUCATION—MENDELSSOHN—ADAMS THE ORGANIST.

THE Moscheles passed a very cheerful time in January with their friends the Flemings at their country seat in Hampshire. The winter was spent as usual; and as early as March he writes: "I am already very busy, and must swim with the tide."

The visit of Ferdinand David from Leipzig was a great delight to the Moscheles. This worthy pupil of Spohr played his master's music in a grand and noble style, his own bravuras with faultless power of execution, and his quartet playing at Mori's and Blagrove's soirées delighted every one with any genuine artistic taste; before he came, such a perfect *ensemble* had never been realized. David and Moscheles appeared together at the second Philharmonic Concert, David with a Concerto of his own, and Moscheles with his

new "Pastoral Concerto." On this his first appearance, David gained the high position which he always retained, and the reception given to Moscheles' new concerto was most favourable. From that time the two artists frequently played together "At the house of Sir W. Curtis, the great amateur violoncello player; at Madame Dulcken's concert given in Sir William's drawing-room; at ——, where, before the echo of our 'Kreutzer Sonata' had died away, we heard the lively strains of a quadrille; and finally in our own house, in the presence of, and with other artists; it is there after all we enjoy music most."

Mrs. Moscheles writes: "To-day I must tell you that Moscheles intends giving his concert jointly with David, who was quite ready merely to assist as a friend; but Moscheles preferred to share the undertaking with him, for by that act he would prove to the public in what high esteem he held his brother-artist. In him he has found a powerful colleague of the German school, and one he is proud to introduce to the English public." In a subsequent letter she says: "This letter is a concert despatch. It is over, and gloriously over. The room was excellently filled without the aid of Italian singers; the Russian Grand Duke took two tickets; Prince Napoleon was in the stalls." Moscheles played his new composition, the "Pastoral Concerto," dedicated to Mendelssohn; it was received with great applause.

"German and French artists," writes Moscheles, "the latter with faultless gloves, meet at our house with English friends, music forming a bridge of communication between the different nationalities. If I could but link together composers and publishers! Just now, for instance, I am annoyed at being unable to bring about the publication of Bernhard Romberg's 'Violoncello School.' The fashionable wares of his rivals are now the order of the day, and yet the work of this excellent man is of great value for the students of that difficult instrument. Talking of difficulties, Thalberg again astonished me at his concert; he is a perfect Jupiter in power and bravura, and in his new 'Studies' he has achieved the labours of Hercules. Mendelssohn, with whom I correspond upon the subject of all musical novelties in our days, shares my opinion. He and I are greatly delighted with Bennett's overture to the 'Naïades,' and the public greets it with enthusiasm."

This overture is so highly appreciated in Germany that to this day it retains its place in the programmes of the Gewandhaus and other concerts.

Mrs. Moscheles says in a letter: "We frequently meet Prince Louis Napoleon at large evening parties, and are naturally interested in seeing the lion of the season. He talked in a very friendly way to Moscheles of years gone by, when his mother, the Queen Hortense, took such delight in his playing, adding that he could never forget the impression he had received

as a boy. He was very polite and agreeable to me, but I was not struck particularly with anything he said; generally speaking, on such occasions as these he remains in some quiet corner of the room, as though he preferred looking-on to talking." We find another meeting recorded: "Our friend Löwenstern has brought back from his travels all sorts of remarkable things, and when by invitation I took the children to visit his new museum, we met Prince Louis Napoleon there; not a soul was there besides. Again he admired in silence, examined the beautiful armour with the airs of a connoisseur, and was, as on the former occasion, very obliging; we had no opportunity of a regular conversation."

During this summer the subject of Moscheles' ceasing to play in public was often discussed. Hitherto he had basked in the sunshine of admiration, and the success of his performances was beyond dispute. "How delightful it would be to retire in the full tide of popular favour, in full consciousness of powers; to leave the field open to others, and thus to escape being made the butt of such remarks as: 'So-and-so plays still very beautifully, although he is no longer what he was ten years ago; he has lost his vigour, his improvisation is no longer what it used to be,' &c. It is the old story of a beauty famous in her day, but now faded, who ought to give place to her more youthful rivals. I think of Clementi, who has bequeathed to Art and her disciples an imperishable treasure, and

who gave up playing whilst his juniors in the profession flourished by the adoption of his method, only slightly modifying it and using it as the basis of a new school. The leading features of this school are the cultivation of amazing powers of execution, overwrought sentimentality, and the production of piquant effects by the most rapid changes from the soft to the loud pedal, or by rhythms and modulations, which, if not to be completely repudiated, are only allowable on the rarest occasions. It is quite natural that I should not ally myself to this modern faction; a great deal they do, I would not, their power I could not imitate, although in my own school of playing I feel in full vigour without any trace of age or want of nerve. In my school such a prodigal display of mechanical power was a thing unknown. For the future, should the world take less interest in my performances as an executant, my desire will be the more ardent to cultivate music in accordance with my own taste and convictions. As to how and what I shall compose, this too is veiled in the future. Hitherto I have introduced my works to the public by the medium of my own pianoforte playing; will the musical world when I retire continue to take interest in them? 'Nous verrons.'"

In the course of the summer his father-in-law suggests his doubling the price of his lessons, in order to diminish their number, but he replies: "I can't make up my mind to such a step, for people might well accuse

me of selfishness, and that too in a country to which I am very mainly indebted for my present position."

The family enjoyed their stay at Boulogne before going to Paris for two months, and forgetting for awhile public concerts and professional duties, made themselves acquainted with the environs of Paris, and explored the Louvre, Luxembourg, and other galleries. Such things of course delighted him, but we find Moscheles always glad to turn to musicians for his real interest, and one of his letters shows us he was about to gratify his long-harboured wish of making Chopin's acquaintance. "We are living here in the fullest enjoyment of our freedom and independence, and at Leo's, where I love to make music, I first met his friend Chopin, who had just returned from the country. His appearance is completely identified with his music—they are both delicate and sentimental (schwärmerisch). He played to me in compliance with my request, and I now for the first time understand his music, and all the raptures of the lady world become intelligible. The *ad libitum* playing, which in the hands of other interpreters of his music degenerates into a constant uncertainty of rhythm, is with him an element of exquisite originality; the hard inartistic modulations, so like those of a *dilettante*—which I never can manage when playing Chopin's music—cease to shock me, for he glides over them almost imperceptibly with his elfish fingers. His [redacted]ing being a mere

breath, he requires no powerful forte to produce the desired contrasts; the consequence is that one never misses the orchestral effects that the German school demands of a pianoforte player, but is carried away as by some singer who troubles himself very little about the accompaniment, and follows his own impulses. Enough; he is perfectly unique in the world of pianoforte-players. He professes a great attachment for my music, and at all events knows it perfectly. He played me some of his Studies, and his latest work, 'Preludes;' I played in return several things of my own." Who would have believed that Chopin, with all his sentimentality, had also a comic vein? And yet amongst repeated notices about the playing and listening to music in artist and amateur circles, we read the following: "Chopin was lively, cheerful, nay, extremely funny in his imitations of Pixis, Liszt, and a humpbacked pianoforte connoisseur." Again: "To-day he was quite a different Chopin from the Chopin last week. I visited him by appointment with Charlotte and Emily, who are his enthusiastic admirers; they were profoundly impressed with the Prelude in A flat major in 6-8 time, with the perpetually recurring A flat resembling the pedal bass of an organ. Chopin's excellent pupil Gutmann played his manuscript Scherzo in C sharp minor, Chopin himself his manuscript Sonata in B flat minor, with the Funeral March." On another occasion Moscheles plays his own Trio and Mendelssohn's D minor Con-

certo, which to his annoyance is "not understood." Beethoven, Weber, his own "Studies," his Irish Fantasia, and Mozart's Fugue in F minor, with Cramer (who is living at the time in Paris), and Moscheles' Sonata in E flat major, for four hands, are never-failing items in the programmes of these musical entertainments. Stephen Heller is called in the diary "an interesting and pleasant young artist," Bertini's "Studies" "admirable for practice, but diffuse in form." "Thalberg is here, and after crowded concerts receives as much blame as praise; but when one of the wise reviewers goes so far as to compare him with Van Amburgh the lion-tamer, one can only laugh." Moscheles says in one of his letters: "I have now come to the end of my round of visits to artists, and have received very varied impressions. Berlioz, whose acquaintance I was anxious to make, was very cold and unsympathizing. His exquisitely-penned score of 'Romeo and Juliet' lay upon the table; I turned over some of the pages, but found the work so complicated, and the noise (at my very first glance) so overwhelming, that I cannot venture as yet to give any judgment on the music. One thing, however, is certain—that there must be new effects in it. At the house of Auber, who received me in the most friendly way, I was greatly interested by seeing the square piano on which he has composed his operas. He made me play on his Erard as well, and Zimmermann, the professor of the Conservatoire, happened to come in, between

them they kept me at the piano some time. Cherubini, usually not the most courteous of men, was very friendly; we had a good hour's earnest conversation on art matters. He said that, with the exception of his Directorship at the Conservatoire, he had nothing more to do with music; he couldn't write another note, he wasn't strong enough to hear and enjoy musical impressions. I think I might have assured him without flattery that he belongs to the few who even in their lifetime have already earned immortality. Heine I found the genius I have ever known him to be. As for my poor Lafont, I saw him lying in his coffin whilst the funeral service was being held in the Church of St. Roch; the music was Cherubini's, but without organ accompaniment, to my taste an indispensable adjunct.

"We were delighted to make the acquaintance of Aimé Martin, the writer; his work 'Sur l'Éducation du Genre Humain par les Mères de Famille,' had been long known to us, and we found the author's conversation as entertaining and instructive as the book itself. Crémieux is charming also, but in another style. As an advocate he speaks with ease and fluency; as a man he is highly intellectual, fond of art and artists. He calls the great Rachel his adopted daughter, although her parents are still alive; poor thing, she is just recovering from a severe illness, and consequently we unfortunate people cannot get a glimpse of her. A bachelor party at Meyerbeer's yesterday was very interesting.

Halévy, Duponchel, Duprez, Habeneck, and Küstner, the Intendant of the Munich theatres, were there. Habeneck and I entertained each other at dinner by talking about the Conservatoire and the Philharmonic, as two ministers of different States discuss their politics. He wanted me to send him something of my own for his orchestra. I promised him my overture to the 'Joan of Arc.' He offered to come to-morrow and hear me play. Meyerbeer acted as my friend on all occasions; he said aloud at dinner that I was the only one who could play Beethoven perfectly."

Of course the Moscheles, during their stay at Paris, were in the way of every theatrical novelty, and actors and artists are constantly discussed in letters. "Arnold's comic acting," says Mrs. Moscheles, "is very amusing; but the piece, 'Passé Minuit,' is too realistic to my taste. The new opera, 'La Jacquerie,' is said to be nicknamed by Auber 'An Opera in D,' from the fact of that key being so prominently used throughout the work." "Guido and Ginêvre," by Halévy, Moscheles calls "excellent, well-written music;" but he cannot feel any enthusiasm for it. After seeing "Robert le Diable," a great part of which Moscheles admired and praised, Mrs. Moscheles writes: "Can you understand how people can set such horrors to music? The one writes about the plague; the other worse. I am no saint; but organ-playing and church music are not of place in a theatre. And when the graves open, and the dead n[redacted] can't help shud-

dering." "And I ditto," adds Moscheles, "when deafened by such a mass of horns, bassoons, and ophicleides that they drown the rest of the orchestra, and make a buzzing in my ears, much as I honour and respect Meyerbeer's great talent. The chorus was much too weak to struggle against these orchestral masses. The scenery, even including that of the nuns, fell short of my expectations. Mario and Dorus Gras were admirable; the rest only second-rate. Halévy's 'Sheriff' is a clever piece of mosaic, but not so neatly joined." Again: "Doesn't one see and hear every mortal thing in Paris? We, for instance, heard the 'Huguenots' for the first time; it is a great, nay, Meyerbeer's greatest work, and it produced a powerful effect upon me. Rossini's 'Barber of Seville,' with Pauline Garcia, Rubini, and Tamburini, is also not to be despised; for the extraordinary vocal powers of these three artists cannot fail to excite wonder. Duprez is an admirable Tell. Bouffé at the Gymnase, Déjazet at the Palais Royal, and Sanson and Mars at the Théâtre Français, give us enjoyments we would fain share with you! To-day I got a note from Count Perthuis, Adjutant to King Louis Philippe. The Count has often heard Chopin and myself play my 'E flat major Sonata.' I expect he has talked a good deal about it at Court, 'for,' he writes, 'the Royal Family wish to have the great treat I lately enjoyed.'" Accordingly Chopin and Moscheles were both commanded to go to St. Cloud. Moscheles writes on the 30th of October: "On the

day when Kalkbrenner called I said, 'To-day I shall play on a piano of yours at St. Cloud.' He jumped up from his chair and declared that not a moment was to be lost; he must see if the instrument was in the best order. He also told me that the Duchess of Orleans, having taken lessons from him in playing and composition, knew perfectly well how to appreciate good music. At nine o'clock Chopin and I were called for by P. and his charming wife. We all four went off in a pelting storm of rain, and felt more comfortable when we entered the warm and brilliantly lighted palace. We passed through some splendid apartments, to a 'salon carré,' where only the Royal Family was assembled; the Queen at a round table, with an elegant work-basket before her (I wonder whether she was knitting a purse for me?). Next to her were Madame Adélaïde, the Duchess of Orleans, and the ladies of the Court. They one and all treated us kindly, as if we were old acquaintances. The Queen, as well as Madame Adélaïde, declared that they still remembered with gratitude the delight I gave them at the Tuileries. The King came up to me to say the same thing, adding, he supposed an interval of between fifteen and sixteen years had elapsed since that time. I said he was quite correct, but thought all the while of the poor Count d'Artois, who had then been present. The Queen then asked if the instrument—a Pleyel—was placed as we liked it; was the lighting what we wanted? if the chairs we[redacted]t height, &c.; and

was as anxious for our comfort as a Citizen Queen might well be. First of all Chopin played a 'mélange of Nocturnos and Études,' and was extolled and admired as an old Court favourite. I followed with some old and new 'Studies,' and was honoured with similar applause. We then sat down together at the instrument, he again playing the bass, a thing he always insists on. The small audience now listened intently to my 'E flat major Sonata,' which was interrupted by such exclamations as 'divin! délicieux!' After the Andante the Queen whispered to one of her suite: 'Ne serait-il pas indiscret de le leur redemander?' which was tantamount to a command; so we played it again with increased *abandon*, and in the Finale gave ourselves up to a 'musical delirium.'

"Chopin's enthusiasm throughout the whole performance of the piece must, I think, have kindled that of his hearers, who overwhelmed us both with compliments equally divided. Chopin played another solo as charmingly as before, and met with the same reception. I then improvised on some of Mozart's sweetest airs, and finally dashed away at the 'Zauberflöte' overture. Better than all the words of praise which flow so glibly from the lips of princes, was the king's close attention during the entire evening. Chopin and I revelled like brothers in the triumph achieved by the individual talent of each, there was no tinge of jealousy on either side. At last, after being allowed to enjoy some refreshments,

we left the palace at 11.30, this time only under a shower of compliments, for the rain had ceased, and we had a clear night." Naturally after this time Chopin and Moscheles were called on almost daily in musical circles to repeat the Sonata, which came at last to be called and only known by the name of "La Sonate." Shortly after this Moscheles is asked privately whether the *légion d'honneur*, or any other mark of royal favour, would be valued as a reward for his playing at St. Cloud. He prefers something else to the order so lavishly bestowed, and receives a valuable dressing-case, on which are engraved the words "Donné par le Roi Louis-Philippe."

When the Moscheles return to London, chamber music on Saturdays is again revived; he works on the "Méthode des Méthodes," to be published with Fétis, and writes the "Lieder": "Mit Gott" and "Liebeslauschen."

In answer to a question, whether constant pianoforte studies under a teacher are beneficial, after a certain pitch of excellence has been attained by cultivation, he says: "Any one who has heard and studied a great deal that is good, ought to need no teacher to spur him on. The student should always bear in mind the greatest models and emulate them, playing a great deal with accompaniment; he should become more and more familiar with masterpieces, and enter earnestly into a sense of their beauties: thus the gradual develo[illegible]e pupil attains,

will place him above the common run of amateurs." This year there was an improvement at the Philharmonic, for the directors determined at a meeting to put a stop to the mischief of admitting a large audience to rehearsals. "We had however a violent debate," says Moscheles, "before we carried our point."

With regard to Handel's "Solomon," he writes: "That glorious work could not be spoiled by the organ being below pitch, painful as it was. Clara Novello, Phillips, and the other singers were admirable." "Mendelssohn," writes Mrs. Moscheles, "has not merely written a letter, but copied into it a new, and of course exquisite Lied, set to old German words: 'Es ist in dem Wald gesungen.' Nobody like him for kindness and real friendship. At present the song is sung constantly in the 'room,' not in the 'wood;' and each time it seems prettier than the last. Last week we heard the two new organs built by Gray, one for Belfast, the other for Exeter Hall, and Moscheles admires exceedingly the finished execution and extempore playing of Adams the organist, who tried them. On the last night of the old year we had charades, &c.; the musical friends taking the chief parts: Thalberg, grave and solemn at the piano, is up to any fun away from it. Benedict, the hard-worked, enters into the mirth of the masqueraders; last, not least, Moscheles enlivens the scene with his gymnastics on the piano."

CHAPTER V.

1840.

LETTER TO A FRIEND—SIR GARDNER WILKINSON—APPOINTED PIANIST TO PRINCE ALBERT—LITERARY AND ARTISTIC ACQUAINTANCES—LISZT—POLITICAL QUESTIONS—MENDELSSOHN AT BIRMINGHAM—VISIT TO GERMANY—CORRESPONDENCE—INTERCOURSE WITH ARTISTS AT LEIPZIG—CHORLEY—PRAGUE—MOSCHELES' MOTHER—RECEPTION AT CONCERTS—DIONYS WEBER—AUF WIEDERSEHEN—A HIT AT THIERS—WORKS ON MUSIC—LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN.

THE first letter now before us is to Frau von Lewinger, one of the oldest of Moscheles' friends:—

"London, 8th January, 1840.

"DEAREST FRAU VON LEWINGER,—You must allow your old friend Moscheles to have a little chat with you, and question you to find out what you are about, and if you still love him. I fear that, judging by my scanty letters, I must have sunk considerably in the scale of your good opinion, and I can only hope to find the old indulgence. . . . The gifted Thalberg is brilliantly successful, and is now on his way to Scotland. It interests me to watch the younger artists making their career, as I now begin to play the part of a quiet l[redacted]d to follow my

art-vocations with an ever-increasing devotion, but still in greater privacy than before. Accordingly I hold a weekly meeting of friends and artists at my own house, where none but the most select music is performed. My eldest daughter, now twelve years old, contributes her mite, and develops a solid power of execution on the pianoforte. I delight in giving my children a thorough education, without having the ambition of seeing them pass for prodigies. Besides that, I don't wish them to make music their profession." . . . . "Thalberg intends to go to America. The clashing here with Liszt is, I suppose, too much for him."

At this time Moscheles received his appointment as pianist to Prince Albert, but it was little more than nominal, for, much as he would have liked to have had close artistic relations with that music-loving Prince, he was never called on to examine any of the Prince's compositions. As we have already mentioned, pianoforte-playing in public became more distasteful to him, but, in spite of his resolution, he did not like to refuse the often repeated invitation of the directors to play at the Philharmonic, where he again enjoyed a triumph. Amongst Moscheles' literary acquaintance at this period were Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Grote, the famous historian, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Jameson, and others; of musical celebrities, we read the names of Döhler, Litolff, Liszt—the latter never looked on as a rival, but as a friend of the

family. How sincerely Moscheles appreciated Liszt, will be seen from the following letter :—

"At one of the Philharmonic Concerts, he played three of my 'Studies' quite admirably. Faultless in the way of execution, but by his powers he has completely metamorphosed these pieces ; they have become more his Studies than mine. With all that they please me, and I shouldn't like to hear them played in any other way by him. The Paganini Studies, too, were uncommonly interesting to me. He does anything he chooses, and does it admirably, and those hands raised aloft in the air come down but seldom, wonderfully seldom, upon a wrong key." "His conversation is always brilliant," adds Mrs. Moscheles ; "it is occasionally dashed with satire, or spiced with humour." "The other day he brought me his portrait, with his 'hommages respectueux' written underneath, and, what was the best 'hommage' of all, he sat down to the piano and played me the 'Erl-King,' the 'Ave Maria,' and a charming Hungarian piece. He now intends making an excursion to Baden-Baden, after that a tour of the English provinces with Cramer (at 500*l.* a month), and then to go to St. Petersburg for recreation."

Moscheles writes: "We have now to tell you of a Russian episode in our mad harum-scarum life in the height of the season. It is merely this; that Lwoff, recommended to me by Mendelssohn, is distinguished as a violin-player, and is a downright good musician.

I delight in making music with him before other enthusiastic Russian amateurs now in London. Yesterday, I am sorry to say, a letter came from Mendelssohn to Charlotte, in which he represents himself as tired and weak, adding that possibly he will be obliged by his doctor's advice to give up the Birmingham Music Festival. This question will not be settled until he returns from Schwerin; so we still hope, in spite of his letter, which is a Job's comforter."

During the summer holidays Moscheles, by request of Mr. Murray the publisher, put together his recollections of Beethoven.

Anxiety on Mendelssohn's account is at last relieved by a letter from Felix himself, announcing his intended arrival in September. Before he came there was a private rehearsal of his "Lobgesang" at the Hanover Square Rooms. Moscheles writes on the subject thus: "I am greatly charmed with his composition, and as Knyvett, the conductor, and F. Cramer knew of my thorough knowledge of the work, they asked me to sit close to the organist, in the centre of the orchestra, that they might consult me about the Tempi. I was like a general sitting in his tent and issuing orders for operations on the field of battle; at the same time, I carefully guarded against any appearance of wishing to usurp the duty of the regularly appointed conductor. In spite of this, the *Morning Post* says that the rehearsal was conducted by me and Knyvett."

We see by the following letter that Moscheles interested himself in the political questions of the day: "Let me begin with Prince Louis Napoleon. I pity him, for I know him personally as a polite, well-educated young man. Certainly one would not have predicated of him that he ever meditated the scheme that has now proved abortive. Dark clouds are still lowering on the political horizon, although in my judgment they do not immediately threaten. I have been trying zealously to make out the cause of discord between the opposing states; between ourselves, I think Mohammed Ali unfairly treated. I don't believe that the Allies will allow England to be involved in a war with them merely on the ground of France being excluded from the treaty. Let the worst come, the Continent will not be so shut out from England as to prevent Prince Albert's pianist from travelling unmolested to and fro between the two countries; consequently we are always thinking of our trip to Boulogne. To-day we are impatiently expecting Mendelssohn; on Saturday he is to have a rehearsal in Birmingham."

On the 20th of September Moscheles and his friend, who had safely arrived, go to Birmingham together; Mrs. Moscheles, who is to follow next day, receives the following letter from her husband:—

"Take fresh courage when you read these lines, and fly to Birmingham as fast as we did. My conversation with Mendelssohn was lively as it was interesting;

you often were the subject, and our thoughts were constantly of you. I put up at once at the comfortable Stork Hotel, and dined with Mendelssohn and Ayrton at the house of Mr. Moore—one of the Festival committee—where Mendelssohn is staying. I wrote in his bedroom, from whence we were called away to dinner, and now, instead of taking my siesta, I resume my pen, to tell you that the choral rehearsal is to be this evening. Before it begins I am to go with Mendelssohn to the Music Hall, where he is going to play on the organ. I will receive you at the station." Mendelssohn writes:—

"I must be allowed to smuggle in my greetings; and say how delightful and kind and affectionate he was to me during our journey hither; how the hours flew by as if they were minutes, and how I am for ever thinking what one could do in return for such real kindness. Such a return, however, I cannot find, not even in writing; but all the more in my heart. To our happy meeting to-morrow! My best love to the children.

"Ever yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

At the same time Mrs. Moscheles writes:—

"Our dear Mendelssohn—I can call him by no other name—arrived at 4 P.M. on the 8th. At seven o'clock he was with us; the same hearty, cheerful, delightful old friend as ever. In a word, he is a model man.

At dinner, and the whole evening, we talked over memories of bygone happy hours; then he drew Moscheles to the piano and made him play all his favourite 'Studies;' and as each is a favourite, and kindled him to fresh enthusiasm, it was not before midnight that he paid any heed to my third summons to be off to bed and rest. On Saturday he was again with us between four and five o'clock, and Moscheles being called away to a pupil, he and I were left for an hour alone together. He played with Emily his overture to the 'Fingal's Cave,' and was greatly pleased with her performance, and with her own little compositions. Chorley and Klingemann came to dinner, and in the evening little Felix enjoyed such a game of romps with his famous godpapa that the whole house trembled. Who would have thought that the same man who romped about with a tiny boy could extemporize as he does? For the two M.'s improvise together on themes from each other's works; when I call this 'glorious,' 'fine,' 'remarkable,' &c., the epithets all fall short of true description. I hadn't heard them play together for seven years, and my impression was, it was worth the trouble of waiting seven years for. On Sunday at nine o'clock Mendelssohn was again with us; he and Moscheles started, and the children and I accompanied him and papa to the railway station, for Birmingham, and I followed next day. Early on Tuesday morning we strolled down to the Music Hall, and Mendelssohn sat by us until he got up

to play the organ. He played a fugue of Bach's in a most masterly way; besides this we had 'Israel in Egypt,' and the inevitable 'Miscellaneous Selection.' We did not go to the evening concert, but sat at home chatting with Mendelssohn, who had much to tell us about his wife. The portrait he showed us makes her very pretty, and, according to him, she must be an angel."

On the 23rd of September Moscheles writes: "Mendelssohn's appearance here has given me fresh enjoyment of life. After my own family, he ranks next in my affections. I see him in various characters, as a brother, son, lover; but chiefly as a fiery musical enthusiast, who appears but dimly conscious to what a height he has already attained. He knows so well how to adapt himself to this commonplace world, although his genius soars so high above it. Whilst Birmingham prided herself on bringing out his newest work, he still found time to make a pen-and-ink drawing of Birmingham for our children. We have a view of the town with its chimneys, warehouses, Town Hall, and the railway carriage in which he and I sat—the perspective is throughout remarkably good, and there are some witty explanations added. In the evening I walked home with him; our chat was so delightful that he insisted on walking back with me two good English miles, but I would only allow him to go part of the way. The night was coldish; he had only just recovered from an illness,

and with so much work before him, I knew he wanted rest. Yesterday at an early hour the Town Hall again looked very imposing. The second part of the performance was devoted to Mendelssohn; he was heartily received with ringing cheers, but seemed all anxiety to make his bow to the public, and get the thing over. Of course this was sheer modesty. His conducting of the band in this performance of the 'Lobgesang' effected a marvellous unity and precision, and one of the chorales of this glorious work told so powerfully that the whole audience rose involuntarily from their seats—a custom usually confined in England to the performance of the Hallelujah Chorus. At three o'clock in the afternoon, when the hall was emptied, Mendelssohn, fresh as ever, played for three-quarters of an hour upon the organ before a select circle, as though his day were but just beginning. The same evening we heard, first of all, in the theatre, one act of the 'Gazza Ladra,' with Caradori and Lablache, then Mendelssohn's 'G Minor Concerto,' played by himself with wonderful fire and delicacy, and last of all, Lablache, who had joined the party, gave his irresistible comic scene from the 'Prova d'un Opera Seria.' What a musical maw the English must have, to be able to digest such a quantity in one day!

"To-day at an early hour we leave Birmingham. Charlotte has started the idea of my accompanying Mendelssohn to Germany to see my mother, who is in ill health. Mendelssohn will remain in London

until I have installed my own family in some country place."

Before leaving they ask Chorley to join them in their journey, and as a parting gift to Mrs. Moscheles, Mendelssohn fills a whole sheet of her album with pen-and-ink sketches. Chorley illustrates these with doggrel verses. Moscheles adds some parting words, and at midnight the Dover mail-coach rolls away with the three travellers. Unfortunately there is a fourth seat occupied by a stranger, happily asleep. One of the friends remarks, "What shall we do with him when he wakes up?" "Kill him, that's the only way," says another. At that moment the sleeper stirs. Of course the speakers are alarmed, fearing they have been overheard; but Moscheles, with that admirable presence of mind peculiar to him, breaks in with the following words in English, "And afterwards she said she never would have that man for a husband," a sentence which from that moment became a proverb amongst the party. Mendelssohn, like the people in Homer, "laughs through tears," and the fit becomes contagious. What must the man, still half asleep, have thought of his companions?

When the three friends, after a roughish eight hours' passage to Ostend, are sitting in Moscheles' warm bedroom, it is his first business to write to his wife. Chorley supplements the letter with a few words; Mendelssohn again makes a pen-and-ink

sketch, a steamer rolling about in a stormy sea, and underneath the words:—

"Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen."—SCHILLER.

"Es giebt Augenblicke im Menschenleben."—GOETHE.

"Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick."—BYRON.

"But," says Mendelssohn, "all three of us are sitting very comfortably around the fire in Moscheles' room, and think of you."

They proceed in Mendelssohn's carriage with post-horses, and Moscheles writes from Liége:—

"Sunday Evening, 4th October, 1840.
"Hôtel du Pavillon Anglais.

"We had an excellent journey with sunny weather to help us, and I had much confidential talk with Mendelssohn. We have communicated to one another many details of our courtship days, as to the where and how we came to pop the question, ending by declaring that we were thoroughly satisfied with our choices. He reckons on my staying eight days with them in Leipzig."

"Same Evening, Eight o'clock.

"We wanted to sleep at Aix, but are obliged to stay here, as the axle of the carriage is broken. He is inconsolable, particularly on our account, although we tried to put him in spirits. He was expecting letters here from his wife, and as I had unfortunately none to expect from mine, I ran to the door to fetch his letters, making believe it was for myself. The

letter I brought him restored him his natural good humour. At dinner, Chorley proposed, in champagne, the healths of the Frau Professorin and Frau Doctorin; and then Mendelssohn and I read in the Café of the abdication of the King of Holland, Napier's taking of Beyrout (I fear it's a bad business for Mehemet Ali, now seventy-one years old), and Louis Napoleon's defence by Berryer, and here I begin to nod."

"Aix-la-Chapelle, Monday, 5th October, 1840.
"Eleven at Night.

"Not having chatted with you all day, let me do so before I go to bed. This is my third letter. Whilst waiting for Mendelssohn's carriage, we found time to see some churches. The journey was a satisfactory one, and here we have had no end of friendly meetings, first with the Mayers, whose geniality delighted Mendelssohn as well as myself; then Ole Bull and Eicke, the singer, joined us: afterwards in came a long gaunt figure of the Don Quixote kind, and embraced me—it was Schindler. He greeted Mendelssohn, who returned the salutation, although, as I saw, with some mental reserve. I purposely did not introduce him to Chorley, and only gave him a secret hint that he had the biographer before him. To Schindler I said that the Englishman was our common friend. Ole Bull bored Mendelssohn to death on the subject of G. Schelling, who had attacked him fiercely in print. Schindler emphatically annihilated music and musicians of the

present day. Mayer fondly recalled old days, and there sat Chorley looking on, biting his handkerchief, and getting materials for the *Athenæum.*"

The travellers go by way of Cologne and Frankfort to Leipzig; there Moscheles writes to his wife: "We arrived late last night, and I have a great deal to tell you. Felix, in the room next to me, is teaching his little boy to sing. I have been very heartily received in his house, his wife is very charming, very unassuming, and child-like, but not in my judgment a perfect beauty, because she is a blonde. Her mouth and nose are like Sontag's, her way of speaking is pleasing and simple, her German is 'Frankforty,' therefore not pure; she said naïvely at dinner: 'I speak too slowly for my Felix, and he so quickly that I don't always understand him.' She is so simple in her ways that she often got up to hand us something. I told her I hoped you and she would become intimate, and she echoed the wish; meanwhile you are often the subject of our conversation.

"At this morning's rehearsal I was received with open arms by the Concert Directors as well as David, Schumann, and his wife. They, as well as Mendelssohn, keep on saying 'Do stay and play;' but I am undecided. I intend, however, to be as fresh and lively as Mendelssohn, who jumps about with his children. Dear children, I can only kiss you in imagination, but when I return, I shall have a pretty story to tell you. Dear Clara! Adieu!

"The Mendelssohns send affectionate messages."

"Leipzig, Monday, 12th October, 1840.
"Eleven o'clock at Night.

"A little about myself. Yesterday afternoon I was a long time alone with Mendelssohn, who played me some numbers which had been intended for 'St. Paul,' but which were never performed or printed. They are admirable, only treated in a more dramatic way, and therefore perhaps more adapted for isolated pieces in the concert-room than to be heard in connexion with the oratorio itself. He played me also some charming MS. 'Lieder ohne Worte.' At 2.30 we dined at David's, where we met Cécile's sister, Madame Schunck, and her husband; she is a bright, clever woman. Madame David too was a new and very agreeable acquaintance; her manners are very refined. David played us after dinner his new violin 'Concerto in D major,' which is certain to create a general sensation; Mendelssohn accompanied, then I had to extemporize, and I hope tolerably well. At 6.30 we went to the Gewandhaus, which was already filled to overflowing. I was in the orchestra with Mendelssohn who was received with acclamations, well warranted by the performance of the Euryanthe Overture and Beethoven's B flat Symphony. His influence over the band gave it the fire, tenderness, and requisite 'nuances.' I was in ecstasies. Fancy the concert over at eight o'clock! It rained heavily, and no cabs to be had at Leipzig! When once home we found the warm room and tea most comfortable;

then Mendelssohn sang me some of his recently published songs, which I shall bring with me, and said: 'Cécile, you must venture on singing a little Lied to Moscheles, and let him accompany you.' She made the same excuses that certain people always do, and then sang the old German Lied

and two others; her voice is small, but her intonation correct.

"Monday.—I called on Schumann and Rochlitz; Madame Schumann played me a fugue of Bach's. I stayed a long time at Hofrath Rochlitz's. The Directors came, wanting me to play a week hence, but I refused.

"Tuesday, Midnight.—The Mendelssohns gave an evening party, when David's quartet playing was admirable. I played my 'E major Concerto' and 'Studies.' To end up, Felix called for my repertoire of tricks on the piano, and we extemporized together as a finale, a production quite as good as our last effort in London. Now G-o-o-d Night."

On the 11th of October Chorley gives Mrs. Moscheles a long account of all the doings at Leipzig, and Mendelssohn adds: "Dear Mrs. Moscheles, a thousand, thousand thanks for the plan of your own and no one else's devising, and to which we are now indebted for such delightful, such glorious days. Would that you were present! for your absence is a

radical fault, only too obvious to every one of us here; I wish I had insisted on carrying off your wardrobe myself; we are so happy and cheerful here altogether; still I fancy I often see how Moscheles longs for quite another part of the world. How gloriously he played again yesterday, enchanting us all. 'Had you been present,' that is the old song with the old burden. Cécile wants to write to you herself. A thousand loves to the children, and yourself.

"From yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

Moscheles adds a postscript: "'For the last two days we have had the most glorious summer weather, but the vintage, they tell me, will be very bad. Mendelssohn's Carl, as usual, is in my room whilst I dress myself; he is an excellent, lively, clever boy, and helps to compensate me for my absent pair of juveniles, Felix and Clara. His ear for music is the most subtle I have ever observed in a child. He sings the following Prussian Posthorn signal as a duet with his father:

"Leipzig, 18th October, 1840.
"(A day worthy to be remembered.)

"Chorley, being unwell, had to stay in his hotel, and Mendelssohn in his kindness sent him an Erard piano, upon which he played for him Schubert's 'Grand Symphony' and my 'Grand Sonata.' Mendelssohn and I had again some glorious hours at the piano. Yesterday we were together at Schumanns', who gave a party in their own house. Madame Schumann played my 'Trio' and Mendelssohn's in a consummate way; David accompanied, and as a finale I was made to play some 'Studies.' Fräulein List sang some 'Lieder' in a pretty, cultivated style. On Friday a gigantic dinner at Kistner's . . . . In the evening with Schleinitz at Mendelssohn's; we passed most of our time at the piano, and rummaging amongst old and new manuscripts.

"The Directors have been to me repeatedly, to persuade me to play on the 22nd; Mendelssohn did the same; I remained firm. 'Possibly,' said I, 'I may be here again for the concert on the 29th, and shall write about it from Prague.' I will not plague you with a volley of questions, for I know that you write to me of everything that is agreeable to you—don't spare me should you have to write to me of anything disagreeable; I will bear it manfully. . . . . Yesterday evening, at a party given by David, Mendelssohn's Octet was admirably played, and I tried my Septet."

The following card of invitation accompanied this letter:—

Mrs. Moscheles
is invited to a Musical Party on Monday the 19th inst., at 6 o'clock precisely, in the Concert-room of the Gewandhaus by

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy,

to hear there his "42nd Psalm," with Orchestra and full Chorus, as well as the overture to the "Hebrides" and that to "Joan of Arc." The veteran pianoforte-player (as Fink calls him in the *Musik-Zeitung*) Moscheles, will play his G minor Concerto and Bach's Triple Concerto with Madame Schumann and Dr. F. Mendelssohn; some Characteristic Studies will also be heard.

This card you will be asked to show on entering the door of the Concert room.

[If the card be not produced, Prof. Moscheles is to be sent back to London, in order to meet with that applause which here can only be incomplete.]

Please answer by return of post.

Moscheles writes from Prague:—

"Prague, 21st October, 1840, Ten A.M.
"(One hour after arrival.)

"Hurrah! I have seen all,—my mother better than I expected." . . . . "And now a few words about Leipzig. At the Fête in the Gewandhaus, given me by Mendelssohn, there were about three hundred connoisseurs invited, who surrounded the three Härtel pianos, the room was brilliantly lighted, there was a

full orchestra and chorus, a hundred and forty strong. It was so pretty to watch Mendelssohn and his lovely wife, before the music began, doing the honours for the various guests, and taking care that every one had refreshments offered them. Here is the programme :—

FIRST PART.

The two 'Leonora Overtures,' gloriously performed.

Mendelssohn's '42nd Psalm.' A noble work. The Solos excellently given by Madame Frege.

'Hommage à Handel.' Played with fraternal enthusiasm by Felix and myself.

SECOND PART.

'Overture to the Hebrides.'

My 'G minor Concerto.'

"The orchestra, conducted by Felix, played splendidly; there was not a slip. I played 'con amore,' Chorley declares, better than ever I did before. Applause deafening. S. Bach's 'Triple Concerto' with Madame Schumann, Felix, and me—judge how it went. To wind up I played some 'Studies.'

"The day I started, kind Madame Mendelssohn wanted us to dine at 12.30; but what with leaving cards, and preparing for my journey, I had often to get up from table, and finally to leave my pudding unfinished; a help of it however was handed me into the railway carriage; Felix and Chorley escorted me to the station. Truly the hospitality of the Mendelssohns knows no bounds.

"At Dresden, I visited Schröder-Devrient, who inquired kindly for you and the children."

"Prague, 24th October. Evening.

. . . . "To my intense delight, my dear mother, who had been kept indoors for several weeks past, walked out with me; she had to lean on my arm, but was sufficiently bright in the evening to play the part of hostess to a family party, which she actually ventured on giving. Since that day she has got much better, and one evening when the youngsters wanted to dance, and I had to play Strauss' Waltzes, who should attempt to dance but my juvenile mother? It was a pleasure never to be forgotten, I could laugh and cry over it."

On the 31st of October he writes: "I have just played for the benefit of the Charitable Institutions of the town, but decline all other concerts. I was recalled five times—all other particulars when we meet.

"To-day I have many congratulatory visitors after my success of yesterday; amongst them Dionys Weber, who is loud in my praise. He organized for my special sake an orchestral performance by his pupils at the Conservatoire, and took me to the library, where, in accordance with his suggestion, the authorities have put up a marble bust of Mozart, of whose works they have a collection."

The next letter is from Hof in Bavaria: "The dreaded event of my departure from Prague had been so well and skilfully managed that my mother did not break down as hopelessly as I feared she would. By various innocent devices, I kept her mind intent on anything

but the approaching hour of separation. I made her help me to pack my things, and diverted her thoughts all the while by all manner of jokes; she couldn't help laughing, and I could scarcely suppress my tears. To blurt out 'Auf Wiedersehen," to kiss away the tears that *would* come, and to rush downstairs—all this was the work of a moment! . . . . My people are the worst off, I have you to look forward to."

"Würzburg, 5th November.

"My fellow-travellers, a brewer, a commercial clerk, and an exciseman, were such dull people that even Walter Scott could not have drawn them out."

"Frankfort, Friday Morning, 4 A.M.

. . . . "I wonder if the last political squib about Paris has travelled as far as England. In Magdeburg, where there was an illumination in honour of the King of Prussia, some one showed a transparency, on one side of which was an eagle in full flight, on the other a cock crowing, and under it these words, 'Honour the eagle, and don't mind the chattering of the little Thiers' (Thiers being the German equivalent of 'animal')."

Writing to Hamburg from London, where his family and numerous pupils so impatiently awaited his arrival, Moscheles says: "I am so glad you are in the presence of that rare art-phenomenon, Liszt; he is a connecting link in the chain of art-development, and his extraordinary powers are sure to be appreciated amongst you.

I have always stood well with him. . . . . You ask about myself. Well, I have a great many irons in the fire. A series of German Lieder is to be brought out by Kistner; the 'Méthode des Méthodes,' by myself and Fétis, must be published in a fortnight from hence. I have therefore to correct, not only these proof-sheets, but also those of the Beethoven Biography, which are pressingly demanded by the publishers."

In the midst of all these occupations, Moscheles and his wife are gladdened by the following letter from Mendelssohn:—

"DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—I am now thinking of Moscheles once more at home with you, 'comfortable at the fireside' (that can't be said in German), and I must now write and tell you how much, how often, and with what heartfelt gratitude, I recall the time just gone by. After we parted from you at the London Post Office, we had some delightful days, which M. and Chorley have described to you at length in their letters; but the quiet peaceful time since Moscheles started in the railway, and Chorley in the mail-coach, is no theme for description; in fact happiness cannot be defined, and certainly, I ought neither to have nor to express any wish, seeing that I happen just now to be hard at work, with my wife and children in good health and spirits around me. We were all of us, however, very grieved to receive a letter from Moscheles, in which he announces definitely that he is not coming.

During his few days with us, he had become just like a member of the family, so that we all felt his departure. My wife, too, he seems to like—at least, if it be true that such sympathies are usually reciprocal, for that she liked him I knew the first day. When will my old prophecy at last be realized, that you too are to love my Cécile, and become confidential and feel at home with her? I'm afraid this can't be next spring, and it is still a question whether Germany has made so favourable an impression upon Moscheles that he would like to renew it. Still I do hope that he has thoroughly felt, what we all had very close at heart, what each one of us would gladly have shown and expressed (were not demonstrativeness and outspokenness the weak side of us Germans), what he can find nowhere stronger than amongst us here—I mean the most intense respect and affection for him personally, and his art as well, and the sincerest gratitude for the intellectual feasts he has given us. These are daily the subjects of our conversation, even little Carl lets no day pass without asking: 'Papa, how does Uncle Moscheles play?' And then I try, as well as I can, to imitate his fist playing in 'E flat major 6-8 time,' but it's a miserable failure. Now comes a song.* . . . . I will now hand over the pen to my wife, merely adding my best greetings for Emily, Serena, Felix, and Clara; be sure and remind the dear children of me

* This is the Shepherd's Winter Song: "O Winter, schlimmer Winter."

occasionally. The letter is partly for Moscheles. I needn't say how delighted I was with his success at Prague; may he too sometimes think of us as a friend, and not keep us too long waiting for the news of his happy arrival home. Farewell, dear Mrs. Moscheles.

"Always your devoted

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

CHAPTER VI.

1841.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY — MOSCHELES AS CONDUCTOR — GENEROSITY OF LISZT — THE KEMBLE FAMILY — MADAME VIARDOT — GERMAN AND ITALIAN ARTISTS — MENDELSSOHN'S "LIEDER OHNE WORTE" — MENDELSSOHN AND SPOHR — RACHEL — THOROUGH BASS — PIANOFORTE PRACTICE — SOME WEEKS IN BOULOGNE — MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

DURING this winter the peace of the musical world was much disturbed by the proceedings of the Philharmonic Society, where injudicious counsels, and a too rigid conservatism on the part of the Directors, had resulted in a poor subscription list and inadequate performances. Most of the performances, notably that of the "Lobgesang," were found fault with. In deference to public opinion, which called loudly for novelties, Berlioz's overture to the "Francs Juges" was given, but most unfavourably received. "Was the composition, or was the bad performance to be held responsible for that chaos? I can't settle that question after one hearing."

Again we read: "Strangely enough, the 'Melusine' was coldly received, the music was not understood, and failed to kindle any enthusiasm, perhaps for

the want of a brilliant finale. Suffice it to say that the jealous and thick-headed are already glad to talk about failure, whilst we are up in arms against them."

There was a loud call for the Ninth Symphony, and Moscheles, who this year had not been re-elected as one of the Directors, was now requested to conduct it.

He writes in his diary: "A truce to selfishness. If I can make this gigantic work accessible to the public, it is my duty to do so." How successfully he performed this duty, we may gather from the following passages in the *Times* of the 4th of May: "Artists and amateurs now are glad to own that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is as much remarkable for majesty and grandeur as for simplicity. For this recognition we are in a great measure indebted to Moscheles, who conducted the work with great care and conscientiousness. As a conductor he surpasses almost all our musicians, for whenever he swings his bâton he leads the orchestra, whereas others are led by it. Nothing would so much tend to elevate the character of these concerts as the permanent appointment of Moscheles as a conductor; he is one who inspires the orchestra with a respect due to him, and would always lead it onwards to new successes."

At the eighth concert the attention of the audience was entirely centred upon Liszt. "When he came forward to play in Hummel's Septet, one was prepared to be staggered, but only heard" (we quote the

diary) "the well-known piece which he plays with the most perfect execution, storming occasionally like a Titan, but still, in the main, free from extravagance; for the distinguishing mark of Liszt's mind and genius is that he knows perfectly the locality, the audience, and the style of music he brings before that audience, and uses his powers, which are equal to everything, merely as a means of eliciting the most varied kinds of effects."

After the season Liszt made a tour with Lavenu in the provinces; this scheme proving unsuccessful, the generous pianist released the entrepreneur from his pecuniary obligation. Liszt and Moscheles were heard several times together in the "Preciosa" variations, on which Moscheles remarks: "It seemed to me that we were sitting together on Pegasus." When Moscheles showed him his F sharp and D minor "Studies," which he had written for Mechetti's Beethoven Album, Liszt, in spite of their intricacies and difficulties, played them admirably at sight. He was a constant visitor at Moscheles' house, often dropping in unexpectedly, and many an evening was spent under the double fascination of his splendid playing and brilliant conversation. "The other day he told us: 'I have played a duet with Cramer; I was the poisoned mushroom, and I had at my side my antidote of milk.'"

The Kemble family was a favourite topic with Moscheles. "What an interesting and gifted family the Kembles! Charles Kemble, for so many years

one of the chief glories of the English stage, has two daughters—the eldest, Mrs. Butler (illustrious in her maiden days as Fanny Kemble), and the youngest, Adelaide, gifted with a glorious voice, which she uses with equal success in Italian bravuras, German Lieder, or old classical music. She is so thoroughly versed in languages that when she sings you can fancy you are listening to an Italian, French, or German; she is gifted with an extraordinary musical memory. Kemble and Mrs. Butler read to the family circle scenes from Shakspeare's plays; no wonder such intellectual reunions attract the most select and cultivated audiences. The other day Kemble, after reading some scenes from 'As You Like It,' ended by way of a joke with the words, 'Come, let us sing, cousin;' whereupon Madame Viardot and Miss Kemble set the example, and we other musicians followed.

"Miss Kemble's version of the 'Erl-King' at her own concert, accompanied by Liszt, was really thrilling. In the following winter her 'Norma' and other characters won for her the reputation of being the first singer and actress of the day. A worthy scion of the Kembles!"

The gifted Viardot is thus referred to: "Viardot is a musician to the core; she not only knows and understands the classical masters, but overcomes all the technical difficulties of modern 'fioriture.' One can justly apply to her the French expression, 'Elle crée son rôle.' I seem to realize and understand

a character after seeing Viardot in it—not before; she is a linguist and composer as well; in a word, she is one of the greatest phenomena of our time." Persiani performs incredible difficulties, but, says Moscheles: "Her high, thin voice is like a violin with very thin strings; I can't say I care much for her 'Beatrice di Tenda.' Madame Dorus Gras, in the matter of organ and flexibility of voice, is in reality a second Persiani; Meerti an excellent and sympathetic concert-singer, and so simple and amiable: Our Germans, Frau Stöckl-Heinefetter, Staudigl, and Haizinger, were perfect in 'Jessonda' and the 'Zauberflöte.'"

"Staudigl often sings in our house," writes Mrs. Moscheles; "his sound German style is the healthiest antidote I know of for the mawkish sentimentality of the Italians."

Although separated from one another, Mendelssohn and Moscheles were constantly in communication. Moscheles, referring to Mendelssohn in one of his letters, observes: "It is refreshing to my mind and heart that I have to revise the proofs of the fourth book of 'Lieder ohne Worte;' I play them and the 'Variations Sérieuses' over and over again—each time I enjoy their beauties afresh." When Moscheles in return sends his friend copies of his two new MS. Studies in F major and D minor, he remarks: "Felix will play them at sight quite as well as Liszt."

Not only was there a constant interchange of compositions, but also of home news. Mrs. Moscheles had alluded in one of her letters to a newspaper article, in which some busybody had indulged in ill-natured comparisons between Mendelssohn and Spohr. To this Mendelssohn replies: "The only thing that vexes me in your charming letter is that you have taken any interest in the strange comparisons and the 'cock-fights' which have been started in England between Spohr and me. These things are unaccountable, and I heartily deplore them; in truth, not the slightest idea of such a competition or comparison has ever entered my mind. You will smile, or be angry with me for answering so seriously such a ridiculous matter; but something serious lies at the bottom of it all, and this competition, suggested Heaven knows by whom, does good to neither of us, but injures both—let alone the fact that I never can or should like to be pitted as an opponent to a master of Spohr's standing. Even from boyhood I have had far too deep a respect for his character and person (this has not bated a jot with my riper judgment) to choose to enter the lists with him now. Pardon, as I said, this dreary tone in answer to so amiable a letter, but it all occurs to me involuntarily, whenever I think of the cross-grained T. and his behaviour generally."

Moscheles writes: "A Mr. B., one of my most zealous pupils, came to me to-day with the request that

Spohr, Mendelssohn, and I would each write for him a psalm with orchestral accompaniments, and he offers to pay 20*l.* for each. Mendelssohn chose the 13th, I the 93rd Psalm, and Mr. B. wishes them to be published with the utmost care.

"We saw Rachel in 'Les Horaces.' How noble, how grand is her declamation, appearance, and movement; she inspired me with awe, and in writing about her genius, I feel the insignificance of my praise. What I most admired in her was her power of rising gradually to a climax, an element in any art production, and yet so seldom met with. As she stands leaning against a pillar, motionless as a statue, one has time to admire her classical profile, and the no less classically arranged folds of her drapery; during the story of the battle she becomes a living being, her features betraying every shade of emotion, and, when at last she speaks, her tones peal forth like a solemn measured hymn; as she proceeds she seems to gather inspiration, the measured 'Tempo' becomes a 'Vivace,' then a 'Presto,' and then a 'Tempo rubato.' But throughout this scene the voice retains its full power, articulation, and clearness; not a syllable is lost, and it is only when she stops that one is sensible of having followed her breathlessly."

Moscheles writes from Boulogne: "Here we are. I breathe freely, and can say with pride I am a free man. There is a noise below in the harbour, tricolors and flags are waving in every direction to celebrate

the anniversary of Louis Napoleon's abortive attempts to land; but all honour to the first Napoleon, whose birthday, on the 15th of August, is to be kept with great festivities."

How earnestly Moscheles interested himself in his children's music we gather from the following letter: . . . . "Whilst writing this, I hear Emily playing my 'Nursery Tale' and 'Reconciliation,' and am happy to say that she gathers my intentions from the slightest hint, and can be left to practise without fear of her adopting a fault. As to my little Serena, she has learned her scale in C as a surprise to me, and I, to try her as a timist, have accompanied her in the bass in different rhythms; as this does not put her out I augur well of her taste for music. Thus I take great delight in my children's education, my own, I fear, being past praying for. They must play before company; one can't get them too early over that dilettante shyness which borders so closely on affectation; one must teach them not to think of their own petty selves, but of the greatness of the work of art they are to interpret." . . . . "You ask me if your daughters ought to learn thorough bass? I say yes. Of course no practical application can be made of the study unless it be pursued for a number of years, yet even when followed in a dilettante way, it helps to the better understanding of good compositions and the rules of their structure; being the grammar of the art of sound, it

is an indispensable aid to the deeper comprehension of music. The reading of a figured bass is necessary, as a step to the reading of scores. Choose for your teacher a good theorist or organist."

Writing to a friend in Vienna, he observes: "In reply to your question about your children's technical studies, let me advise you to bestow particular attention to the working of the fourth and fifth fingers, which are naturally the weakest, and ought to acquire the firmness of the others. The 'hand-guide' (Handleiter) I consider quite unnecessary. The pupil must from the first be made to hold the arms and hands in a natural manner, neither raising the elbows or wrists too high, nor allowing them to drop too low. A careful teacher will attend to this, and of course the children must work up to good models; time and expression should be cultivated also, a little later, however. Variations and fantasias upon operatic airs are less fitted for the cultivation of individuality of style, because in such music the ear depends too much on well-known forms; original works by good masters are more useful. But if all that is practised with the 'hand-guide' (as Kalkbrenner recommends, and still daily uses), all feeling must be dormant, whilst the hand moves with admirable accuracy and stiffness. What would have become of us older pianoforte-players, and of Thalberg and Liszt, if they had used the 'hand-guide!' Would art have stood higher?"

During these weeks at Boulogne Moscheles wrote his "Tarantella" (dedicated to his daughter Emily), the "Serenade" (for the two works and arrangements Chappell gave the sum of 80*l.*), besides these, the "Romanesca," two very difficult "Studies," a small Barcarole in D flat major, "to remind me that I am at the sea-side." He also arranged Beethoven's Septet as a pianoforte duet.

CHAPTER VII.

1842.

THE BUNSEN FAMILY—PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE KING OF PRUSSIA—A TRYING TIME—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MADAME MOSCHELES—ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER"—CONVERSATION WITH NEUKOMM—FAMILY TRIALS—REHEARSAL OF SPOHR'S SYMPHONY—ANTON RUBINSTEIN—DEDICATION OF A WORK TO PRINCE ALBERT—PRESENTATION TO THE PRINCE—GREAT FIRE AT HAMBURG—CONCERT IN AID OF THE SUFFERERS—JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

AT the beginning of this year Moscheles alludes to his acquaintance with Bunsen, at that time the representative of Prussia in England, and the recognised centre of all that was distinguished in politics, science, and art. At the end of January Moscheles, at a party given by the Bunsens, plays before the King of Prussia on an Erard piano. "I chose it by command of the King; it is to be sent to Berlin, and I was glad the King approved of it. Neukomm played on the 'orgue expressif.' Alexander von Humboldt, and other famous compatriots in attendance on his Majesty, took a very friendly interest in my performances."

February was a month of severe trial for Moscheles and his family, for the scarlet-fever broke out in the house. Remembering Dickens's words: "They sat together and talked of their illnesses," we shrink

from inflicting a dreary story on our readers. Suffice it to say that Moscheles was obliged to leave the house, to avoid spreading infection amongst his numerous pupils. Between his lodgings and the sick-room innumerable letters passed, and from these we extract a few passages. "I trust to Providence and your strength of mind; if your strength to bear our separation increases, I will fancy myself on a journey, returning home, the road a rugged one, the diligence dragging lazily along, and occasionally stuck fast in the mud, the arrival home delayed, until finally the conductor calls out, 'You are now at the last stage,' and the custom-house officer, 'You can pass.'" .... Sometimes he forgets his office as consoler, and strikes another key: "A cell in Newgate couldn't be so repulsive to me as a lodging separated from you." A more favourable bulletin suggests the remark: "This was sent to me at the 'Singverein,' and in the joy of my heart I immediately ordered a 'Gloria' to be sung. Tell Felix I shall empty a whole cask of wine to his health. Since we parted, Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' which we were so anxious to hear, has become known to me, and Benedict and I are now studying it with our class. It is, as you may imagine, a model of 'singableness' (if I may say so), but it is not sufficiently church-music to my taste; his solitary fugue is clumsy. The criticisms on the work are very various, some agree with me, but the majority delight in the captivating

Italian phrases, which I admire too, but which I cannot think are in the right place. Now, I hope the time is not so far distant when you will again take part in the class, and become acquainted with this work. . . . Pray, let us settle as to the exact time when I can see you at the window; certainly it is a plague of Tantalus, but whenever I look out for you, and you are not there, I feel as if I had missed a correct Tempo."

He often tries to amuse his wife by telling stories of his friends and acquaintance. "I heard B. M play a piece of his own composition, but it was a paraphrase of Thalberg and Döhler, consequently dilution twice diluted." . . . . "How my ears suffered at a soirée, where Rode's Variations and Weber's 'Concert stück' were played in amateurish fashion. At last I determined on scaring away all these unpleasant sounds by playing myself." Speaking of a very small and overluxurious house, he says: "It seems to me like a child who has put on his grandfather's court dress. . . . . At a dinner the lady of the house gives her orders, the husband his, the sons issue fresh ones, and two poor inexperienced maid-servants run about like sheep which find themselves separated from their flock, and are driven together by dogs." . . . . "I had a curious conversation with Neukomm, and played him my Psalm (93); he said repeatedly, 'Fine! Good, good!' and declared that the second number, a chorus full of melody, was his favourite.

I asked for criticism, and he showed me some harmonic progressions, which he declared were too bold. I thought how useful they would be to his classically correct but often monotonous compositions, but merely said: 'The unapproachable Beethoven has ventured still further.' He added: 'There you follow a bad example.' To this assertion I would only give modest evasive answers, and young Bunsen came in most opportunely to interrupt us." . . . . "Last Saturday we sang some of Neukomm's music, a vocal piece in sixteen parts, for which Bunsen had written a commentary. Neukomm has in this music harmonized and arranged Chorales, a 'Miserere,' by Palestrina, and the Liturgy of Passion Week (with pianoforte and organ accompaniment). I sang my bass part only a trifle weaker than Lablache."

His gratitude for the preservation of his son and the recovery of his wife, his deep sorrow on receiving the news of his mother's death, and his resignation to the Divine will—all these feelings find expression in the following lines: "This blow has almost stunned me. Never was a son loved more affectionately. Never has a son more heartily responded to such love than I did. This gap must remain unfilled. But God has wonderfully preserved to me wife and children. To Him be thanks!"

During this saddest of winters, Moscheles had, by express wish of the composer, to study and rehearse Spohr's Symphony for double orchestra,

which was to be performed at the Philharmonic Concert.

"The work," says Moscheles, "has all the great qualities which one knows and loves in Spohr: beautiful treatment of the subjects, admirable modulation and instrumentation, but there is a want of novelty in the leading ideas, and I should like more episodes and contrasts; so much unity leads to monotony. It may satisfy the harmonist, but there is too much sameness throughout. The orchestra played zealously and 'con amore,' but the work was only moderately applauded."

This season was memorable for the deluge of foreign artists. Amongst them was the youthful Anton Rubinstein. "This Russian boy," says Moscheles, "has fingers light as feathers, and with them the strength of a man." Native artists, too, were on the alert. Blagrove gave quartet evenings, Bennett published his Sestet in F sharp minor; and the Royal Academy of Music performed Spohr's "Last Judgment." About this time Bunsen secured for Moscheles the permission to dedicate his great "Pianoforte School" to Prince Albert, and on the day fixed by the Prince for receiving the presentation copy, Moscheles finds himself in Buckingham Palace, where he writes to his wife as follows:—

"Ante-chamber, Buckingham Palace.—It is now a quarter-past one, and I have been sitting all alone here since twelve o'clock, giving audience to my

thoughts without keeping them waiting as long as the Prince does me, or I do my pupils. On one side I am warmed by the sunbeams as they pour through the large window, and on the other by a large fire—isn't that bliss? But freedom! golden freedom! would you were mine once more, and that I was sitting at home instead of looking at these bleak walls! Luckily I found writing materials, and can thus prove to you in black and white, that on all occasions I think of you . . . . . Two o'clock.—At last Dr. Schenck appeared in my prison, and told me, with an air of great embarrassment, that owing to the forgetfulness of one of the pages, the Prince, who happened to be busy when I arrived, had not been reminded that I was in waiting. He said the Prince would certainly reprove the page for his neglect . . . . Five o'clock.—I am back again to what I, poor exile, call my home, and must give you the sequel of my Court adventures. The Prince walked in after Dr. Schenck, made his excuse, and said he was vexed I had lost so much of my time. He was so amiable that my impatience vanished. I handed to him the 'Pianoforte School,' and he turned over several of the pages, saying he thought he would have to work at the easiest of the 'Studies;' to this I naturally answered, that he had only to command me, whenever he might want to hear me play him the difficult ones. He answered me kindly, but a page entering the room with 'Her Majesty the Queen is ready,' the Prince took a hasty

farewell of me and Dr. Schenck; I too hurried off to my lessons."

In May Moscheles received the news of the great fire at Hamburg. When all anxiety about the safety of his relations was over, and it became evident that the misery of the thousands left without a roof to shelter them required immediate assistance, he conceived the plan of giving a grand concert for the benefit of the sufferers. The selection of a day and place, and the means of reducing the expenses of preparation, were matters for anxious deliberation. The ball for the Spitalfield Weavers, the number of impending concerts, the Director of the Italian Opera, with his enormous demands, were serious obstacles, but Lablache most kindly came to the rescue, promising his own assistance, and that of all his compatriots. German and English artists also joined, but the Hamburg Committee tried to hamper Moscheles with doubts as to the success of the scheme, and hinted at the advisability of another well-known Pianist sharing the enterprise; this he steadily refused. The admission tickets had a rapid sale, and at the eleventh hour Mendelssohn appeared in England and eagerly joined. When all the tickets were disposed of, the orchestra was converted into stalls; the boxes let at high prices: some of the Royal Family attended, and for the accommodation of crowds unable to get admission, tables and chairs were ranged like seats in an ampnitheatre, at the entrance door. Moscheles wrote

for the occasion a Study in F major, 2–4 time, always after this called the 'Hamburg Study.'

We give the sum total of receipts and expenditure:

	£	s.	d.
Lumley, director of the theatre	50	0	0
Refreshments for the Artists	2	10	9
Extra seats	2	3	6
Police	1	8	6
Porters and Billposters	4	7	0
Paper-hangers—Joiners	8	8	0
Advertisements	23	0	0
	£91	17	9
Gross Receipts £735 2 3.			
Surplus	£643	4	6

"Of this sum I asked the Senate," says Moscheles, "to allow me 1000 marks for distribution amongst families selected by myself. The Town afterwards presented me with a medal made of the molten bronze of the Church bells; it bore the inscription 'Hamburg thanks.'"

Mendelssohn's hopes that his Cécile would not belie the anticipations raised by his letters were abundantly realized. Mrs. Moscheles writes: "At last my ardent wish is fulfilled; I have learnt to know the charming and beautiful Cécile. Mendelssohn was quite right in anticipating that we should learn to understand and love each other; I for my part had not to learn this, for to see her was to feel at once attracted towards her. We spent some delightful days with them at her aunt's; in fine weather we had running matches in the garden, when

Mendelssohn's feet proved to be as active as on the organ pedal. We performed charades too, Felix acting as stage-manager, and Moscheles doing the orchestra. But when the time came for serious music, then were the two M.'s in their real element; then did they give us their very best, winding up as usual with a grand improvisation à quatre mains. Then followed such remarks as these: 'How insane of you to bring in my madcap Scherzo whilst I was just fairly launched in your A flat major Study, which I wanted to do ever so sentimentally;' or, 'Isn't it a wonder it went at all? Upon my word, we have been too reckless to-day!'"

"One must congratulate the excitable and effervescent Mendelssohn that he has met with a wife so gentle, so exquisitely feminine; they are perfectly matched." Moscheles says: "He played me his Choruses from 'Antigone,' singing or humming the voice parts; even with this hearing I see plainly that the work is grand and noble. The Bacchus Chorus is in the true genuine spirit. His new A minor Symphony is a gem; the subscribers to the Philharmonic are quite ready to acknowledge it as such, how much more then we artists!"

The Handel Society, of which Moscheles was a member, was founded for the purpose of publishing an improved edition of Handel's works, and the scheme necessarily involved a number of meetings and consultations. "The children were differently

occupied," Mrs. Moscheles writes; "we have a novelty more interesting to them than Christmas trees—I mean Jullien's new Promenade Concerts. Drury Lane Theatre is converted into a large room, in which the 'one shilling' public freely circulates, regardless of the music; the boxes are filled by the 'haute volée.' Jullien directs a good orchestra, sometimes with a bâton, sometimes playing a 'flauto piccolo,' which with its shrill tones marks the rhythm. After each piece he throws himself back as if he were exhausted, on a red velvet arm-chair; his dress-coat discovers half a mile of white waistcoat; his dance tunes, strongly spiced with drum, bassoon, and trumpet, are attractive to all, but specially to the schoolboy, who would not think it Christmas if he did not go to Jullien's concerts."

Moscheles, whilst enjoying with his children this kind of entertainment, was contemplating for them a musical pastime of a very different description. "Since I accompanied my little girl in the C major scale, I have had an idea running in my head of making a 'harmonized work on scales.' This is to make the dry mechanical practice of the different scales pleasant to the pupil, and form her taste by hearing a melody; it will also make her a good timist. Such a work might possibly become useful to the world of pianoforte-players; the sooner the purely mechanical part of study is put into the background, the higher will

be the cultivation of the artistic element." The idea of writing this new work was soon realized.

We quote from the diary :—" I advise the pupil to practise the scales with both hands, and that too 'con amore;' the master, who has the responsibility of listening to his pupil whilst he practises his scales, should not weary over his work, as too often happens; both should be agreeably employed, the master in reading his own part and paying attention to that of his pupil, the latter in hearing a rhythmical piece, a melody, and accustoming himself to count, instead of having to run up and down the bare scales. You wouldn't believe," says Moscheles, " with what enthusiasm the children rush at every newly finished piece of the work on scales; Emily naturally acts as Professor,; they must play it all even before the ink is dry, and 'La Danse des Fées' is their favourite."

CHAPTER VIII.

1843.

OPERATIC ARRANGEMENTS—JOHN PARRY—MRS. SHAW AND CLARA NOVELLO AT EXETER HALL—HALLÉ THE PIANIST—INAUGURATION OF THE LEIPZIG CONSERVATOIRE—ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK—SIVORI AND ERNST—SPOHR IN LONDON—CONCERT BY HULLAH'S PUPILS—ANECDOTE OF FONTENELLE—MUSIC AND DRAWING—HEINRICH LEHMANN—PLAYING TO THE BLIND IN PARIS—VISIT TO HALÉVY IN PRISON.

MOSCHELES has, early in the year, to make two books of operatic arrangements—this time on "Don Pasquale"—for Cramer; he next revises three numbers of "Fidelio," published after Beethoven's death. "We had," Mrs. Moscheles writes, "a long musical evening in Exeter Hall—too much for the German taste; I give you the programme in extenso:—Anthem, by Dr. Crotch, Beethoven's Mass in C, and the 'Lobgesang.' How did we possibly manage after this to go to Mrs. Sartoris? how could Moscheles play, and successfully too? how could we laugh even at John Parry's performances? Without him no party is thought complete; I have already told you how he sings a trio all by himself; every one laughs, as soon as he sits down to the piano, over which he has a perfect mastery; in his 'par-

lando' songs, which are for the most part in verse, he generally satirizes some folly of the day. He may truly be called the musical Molière of our time." Again: "We have had a performance of Beethoven's oratorio 'The Mount of Olives,' at Exeter Hall. . . . There was a strange scene the other evening, when the 'Messiah' was given. Those excellent artistes, Clara Novello and Mrs. Shaw, stirred the audience to great enthusiasm; it literally rained encores. Mrs. Shaw seemed willing to comply with the wishes of the audience, Miss Novello the reverse; she withstood all the shouts, clapping of hands, and other noisy demonstrations, and Phillips' song, 'Why do the heathen rage?' seemed well suited to the occasion, and was only half listened to by an audience shouting 'Miss Novello!' 'encore!' It was no good, she declined to repeat her song, and left the orchestra. At last the music was allowed to proceed without interruption, and when it came to the heavenly air 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' Miss Novello stepped forward again, this time accompanied by a member of the committee, who was about to speak, but some one shouted out 'bad temper,' and the Witch's Sabbath began afresh, so that the poor lady sang the greater part of her sublime song amidst the alternate hisses, applause, and screams of the audience. At last, however, her fine singing prevailed, and the turmoil was at an end."

At this time Moscheles, in a letter to his father-in-law, says, in reference to Berlioz's great symphony, which had just been heard in Hamburg, "I only know

this work from the pianoforte copy, and am therefore not competent to form a judgment upon it, but I shall be with difficulty won over to it, because I feel very strongly Berlioz's want of melody, rhythm, phrasing, and contrapuntal proportions. I have heard his overtures 'Francs Juges' and 'Benvenuto Cellini' performed with full orchestra, but his effective instrumentation could not compensate, in my judgment, for the loss of the qualities I have referred to, especially in passages where he attempts to be melodious and poetical, but lapses into prose. Generally speaking, I am too glad to prove to the world and my friends that I am not ultra-conservative, and know how to value the modern composers. Just now I play Chopin a great deal, nay, I try to master his music, although it is not quite my 'genre.'"

Moscheles writes: "Hallé, the pianist, has lately arrived from Paris. He is very fond of playing Chopin's music, and brings with him, no doubt, the correct tradition of the Notturnos and Mazurkas. He is applauded also for his playing of other compositions." . . . .

"Just at present the Tableaux mania is our speciality, and we are assisted by such distinguished people as Landseer, Horsley, and Westmacott. Mrs. Sartoris as the 'Sibylle' was quite classical. Her musical parties are very choice." . . . . "I expected great things from the Handel Society, but we lose much precious time in discussion, and the preliminary conferences are not

as pleasantly conducted as I should like. At last, however, matters look more business-like, for we have agreed that three Coronation Anthems are to be published as the first number of the new edition, and that later on I am to undertake the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso.' . . . . I am once more to conduct the Ninth Symphony for the Philharmonic Society."

Moscheles thus records an event of great importance in the annals of modern music: "The Leipzig Conservatoire was inaugurated on the 10th of April, when pupils were admitted for the first time. With Mendelssohn at the head, one may expect great things of the young Institution; Felix is always trying to persuade me to join him and become one of the staff of teachers. It would be a noble vocation to work in conjunction with him, to shake off the yokes of lesson-giving and dilettantism in order to educate young artists."

Alexander Dreyschock, lately arrived in London, is thus alluded to: "He is still young in the art, but his powers as an executant are marvellous; he has an exquisitely delicate touch, and performs astonishing 'tours de force' with his left hand; but, alas! his playing is restricted to twelve pieces, which he has toiled at incessantly. He has no style, and cannot read music, as our little girl discovered. You shall hear the story: he was trying over with me some 'Scale pieces,' and played the 'Pupil's part,' but was so often at fault with the

time, that Clara ran up to her mamma, calling out (luckily in English, which Dreyschock probably did not understand), 'Mamma, hasn't Mr. D. learned the scales?' You may imagine my horror at the 'enfant terrible.'"

Sivori gave four crowded concerts, earning golden laurels, especially in his "Carnaval de Venise." Ernst also appeared, charming every one with his grand tone and fine German reading of the great masters. At a concert given for the benefit of the newly opened German hospital, Ernst first displayed his great and versatile powers before an English audience, selecting such music as Spohr's "Gesang Scene," the "Carnaval de Venise," and variations from "Otello."

The arrival of Spohr, the king of violinists, created a considerable sensation in London, where his great artistic gifts met with a very wide spread recognition. The musical societies in London vied with each other in welcoming the great musician. His "Macbeth," his "Weihe der Töne," and the oratorio "The Fall of Babylon," were performed under his own direction. "We artists, making up a party of ninety, gave him a grand dinner at Greenwich; I was placed next to him to interpret the proceedings and numerous speeches; I also accompanied him in three of his manuscript duets. In my improvisation at a later period of the evening I endeavoured to be completely 'Spohrish,' and worked up themes out of his Symphony,

'The Consecration of Sound.'" A grand party in his honour was given by the Moscheles, and another by Mr. Alsager. The music was Spohr throughout, and Moscheles played his Quintet. He says: "You know our friend is not demonstrative, but after the first movement he came to the piano to shake hands with me. Hallé turned over the leaves, whilst all the native and foreign pianists in London formed the audience. Spohr's 'Nonet' was a great treat! so finely played too by the author, now a man of fifty-nine years of age!"

Hullah's pupils gave a grand performance at Exeter Hall, when Moscheles' four-part song "Day-break" was well given by the admirably trained choir, and encored.

Moscheles says: "They tell me that some newspaper has sharply criticised my song; I can't help being reminded of an anecdote of Fontenelle, who all his life long was the King of humour, and worshipped by the million as an elegant and refined writer. There was a little room in his house, that was always kept locked, no one ever entered it but himself. When it was opened after his death, it was found crammed full to the ceiling with all kinds of newspapers and periodicals, containing attacks upon him, and this laconic comment upon them: 'I have never read a line of these. I have never answered them.' I too am ready to endorse Fontenelle's views."

"In August Moscheles writes from Boulogne:

"Our good ship *Harlequin*, when crossing the Channel certainly bounded like his namesake, but that's all forgotten now. We have been very kindly received here. . . . . In watching my children at their studies, I discover that they are as fond of drawing as of music. In my young days I was just like them, only my profession tied me exclusively to music, by which I was to earn my bread, so that pencils and paint-boxes were soon laid aside."

The family leave Boulogne for Paris, and we read: "Our cousin Heinrich Lehmann has become a famous painter. His frescoes in the church of St. Mary, his ornamention of the Chapelle des Aveugles, are very fine." This artist has executed many important works in churches and public buildings; the most deservedly celebrated of these were destroyed at the burning of the Hôtel de Ville, during the days of the Commune. His brother Rudolf lived many years in Rome, where he produced his well-known pictures of Italian life. "When we went to see the frescoes," says Moscheles, "I was asked to play something for the poor blind people in the hospital. They stood round me, and their enthusiasm deeply affected me; not only did they thank me, but kissed my hands with an earnestness that brought tears into my eyes. We have passed many happy hours in Paris with Meyerbeer, Ernst, Hallé, &c."

On the 3rd of October we read: "I was extremely amused with my visit to Halévy, who, having been guilty of some breach of duty as a 'garde national,' was locked

up for eight and forty hours. Many famous painters before him must have endured the same fate in the same place, for artistic sketches and eccentric caricatures were drawn and painted on the walls. We chatted as easily 'Aux Haricots' (the nickname of the prison) as we should have done in his own house; all the more as his young wife was present." Balzac's drama, 'Pamela Rigault,' and a representation by Madame Georges, who was famous even in the days of the Empire, are marked as specially interesting, but on returning home to London, Moscheles' first exclamation is, "What a delight my Erard and my Collard give me! They are not even out of tune; my new 'Study' in C sharp minor, 6–8 time, sounded well."

This winter Mr. Hullah gave at his own house an excellent performance of Mendelssohn's "Athalie," which Moscheles accompanied on the piano; Balfe produced his opera the "Bohemian Girl." "Jullien still thrives; he has actually taken to Beethoven's Symphonies, and by way of contrast we are favoured with Roch Albert's Tone-picture, the 'Destruction of Pompeii,' with storms, crashes, prayers, Bacchante dances, oracles, utter darkness, and then a blaze of fireworks; great and small effects, for great and small children! . . . . Jullien is witty too, for he pretends to have discovered an echo on some Irish lake which repeats the final notes the wrong way round, as for instance:—

Other similar effects are produced, one and all equally bewildering to a musician."

Moscheles ends the year with the following commentary on a reporter who from an opponent had become an admirer, "I am always the fortunate Prince, my detractors cannot do me any harm, so they are obliged at last to become my friends."

CHAPTER IX.

1844.

NEW YEAR IN AUSTRIA AND ENGLAND—JOACHIM—TEACHING THE THEORY OF MUSIC—MENDELSSOHN IN LONDON—GOLDEN HOURS—MOSCHELES VISITED BY NESSELRODE—VISIT TO GERMANY—CONCERT AT FRANKFORT—CHAIRS FOR THE CONCERT—AUERBACH—KAULBACH—THE ARTIST'S STUDIO—KING LOUIS—MUSICAL LIFE AND DOINGS IN VIENNA—ERNST PAUER—AN IMPOSING SCENE IN VIENNA—COURT CONCERT—LEIPZIG.

THE following is the entry for the 1st of January: "I was struck with the contrast between the modes of celebrating this day in Austria and England. There it is a regular holiday, here a day of business. To do at Rome as the Romans do, I worked at the Pianoforte edition of the 'Allegro and Penseroso' for the Handel Society. A proposition was made to Mendelssohn to undertake the editing of the 'Messiah,' but he felt scruples on account of Mozart's additional accompaniments, and therefore the 'Israel in Egypt' was offered to him instead."

The arrival of one who since those days has become world-renowned, is thus briefly recorded: "Joachim, a boy of thirteen years of age, has come to London, bringing with him a letter of recommendation from Mendelssohn; his talent, however, is his best intro-

duction. We organized a small party expressly for him; I listened with delight to him and Emily playing in Mendelssohn's lovely 'D minor trio;' after that I was fairly taken by surprise by Joachim's manly and brilliant rendering of David's 'Variations' and De Bériot's 'Rondo.' Mendelssohn is right, here we have talent of the true stamp."

. . . . "At Drury Lane Theatre, I heard Benedict's opera 'The Brides of Venice;' there are fine orchestral effects and the vocal parts are well treated, and worthy of special commendation. The music was well received, and the composer called for. . . . Incredible, and yet true. At Caradori's morning concert I accompanied some twenty-two vocal pieces, in which the concert-giver and a host of vocalists took part; the legion of instrumentalists was headed by Joachim, who played Ernst's 'Otello' Fantasia in the most masterly way. Of the newest pianist importation, Leopold von Meyer, I can only say he thundered forth a Fantasia of his own upon 'Lucrezia Borgia,' with immense force and execution; but where was the soul?"

Mrs. Moscheles writes: "Fancy what we went through the evening after Caradori's concert: first of all Sivori's concert, then the quartet party given by Macfarren and Davison, the chief feature of which was Ernst leading Beethoven's posthumous quartet in C sharp minor, and lastly, Mrs. Sartoris's musical soirée, which we were unable to enjoy—we had had too much of a good thing."

The one incomparable delight of this season was

the presence of Mendelssohn, who conducted five of the Philharmonic Concerts, and a full rehearsal of the Schubert and Gade Symphonies, which were heard for the first time in England. "When Mendelssohn appeared in the orchestra," Moscheles writes, "he was received, as he deserves, with raptures and enthusiasm. With him for a permanent conductor the Philharmonic Concerts must improve. The mediocre performances were often a source of annoyance and regret to me, and the one remedy, the appointment of a permanent conductor, was unwisely from time to time postponed; now I feel quite relieved. Once more, to my great delight, I heard Mendelssohn's 'A minor Symphony,' with its fine piquant and original instrumentation. His 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music, given at the fifth, was repeated at the sixth concert, when the Court was present; last of all we had the 'Walpurgis Night,' all the more delightful to me as I had studied its beauties in the pianoforte score. The 'Suite of Bach' is a most interesting novelty—this too, we owe to my dear friend. He played himself Beethoven's 'G Major Concerto,' improvising splendid cadenzas, and introduced his young friend Joachim in the same great master's Violin Concerto—both performances were triumphant. Of course Felix was the bright star of my birthday party on the 30th of May. He brought a most welcome contribution to my album. It was a sequel to the illustrated catalogue of my works, the first page of which he had filled in 1832; the present con-

tinuation is as witty and clever as its predecessor. At the bottom of the page he had written the words, 'God willing, to be continued.' It was decreed otherwise."

After a performance of the oratorio "St. Paul," we find an allusion to a conversation on the subject of the publication of Mendelssohn's works, and Moscheles endeavoured to impress Felix with the necessity of dealing fairly by himself, instead of undervaluing writings the sterling worth of which was everywhere acknowledged. Mrs. Moscheles writes: "Mendelssohn is the amiable friend we have ever known him. He gave out that after conducting the last Philharmonic Concert, on the 8th of July, he should leave England, but he arranged with us to meet our common friends at our house, and at Klingemann's, on the 9th. You may imagine how delighted 'nos intimes' were, and what glorious instrumental music we had; Mrs. Sartoris, too, was in splendid voice. Our guests were so grateful and happy, not happier than the hostess herself, for those were golden hours indeed!"

In the record of this year we find the names, more or less famous, of politicians, authors, and artists, who became acquainted with or brought letters of introduction to Moscheles. One visitor was the son of the illustrious C. M. von Weber; he came to London charged with the sad duty of superintending the removal of his father's remains from Moorfields' Chapel to their final resting-place in Dresden. We read, too,

of the painters Magnus and Jacob, of Berlin, Mrs. Jameson, the accomplished authoress, and the distinguished Nesselrode, who expressed a wish to hear Moscheles, and honoured him with a visit. He was attended by Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador. Mrs. Moscheles writes: "The great man was very amiable, and called on Moscheles to play several of his own compositions; Emily also was made to play, and Nesselrode not only paid elaborate compliments to father and daughter, but expressed an earnest hope that he would meet us in Russia." The invitation was endorsed by Michael Vielhoursky, called by Moscheles "one of the first amateurs in St. Petersburg." The project of going to Russia, which had almost been determined on, was abandoned in consequence of the death of the Grand-Duchess Alexandra. Mrs. Moscheles writes: "I really think a man like Nesselrode can't sneeze, without the fact being noticed in the newspapers; his visit to Chester Place is not only recorded, but prettily embellished, by a highly imaginative reporter, in the *Morning Post*. I suppose a blank had to be filled up with some gossip."

The journey to St. Petersburg being abandoned, Moscheles realized the project of taking his wife and daughter with him on a visit to "dear old Vienna." Halting awhile at several German towns for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," and exploring the beauties of "Father Rhine," they reach Frankfort, and, to their great delight, find that the Mendelssohns are at Soden,

"only half-an-hour from us." "There is a regular congress of pianists here, and in spite of that people insist on my giving a concert." Mendelssohn insisting too, a concert was arranged for the 25th of September, and the two friends played the "Hommage à Handel" to a crowded audience.

An amusing incident is described in a letter from Moscheles' daughter:—"The room, long before the concert began, was crammed full, but still people came; there was a small empty room adjoining. 'What will the Frankforters say when they find no seats?' said Mendelssohn to Rosenhain. 'Let us be off together and hire chairs, without bothering Moscheles just before the concert." Our good friend Rosenhain jumped at the proposal, but it was no such easy matter to get chairs, for it was the time of the fair, and there were none to spare in the crowded hotels. At last they found four dozen in a small pothouse. 'These must be sent immediately,' says Mendelssohn. 'But who is to pay?' inquires the landlord. 'A great artist —Moscheles—who is giving a concert, and the room is so full that more chairs are wanted; your money's safe.' 'Those artist gentlemen,' says the canny landlord, 'often give concerts, pocket the money and bolt— I must have something down.' Our two friends empty their pockets, which happened to be poorly filled. The landlord, however, is satisfied; they then mount a 'Droschke.' Mendelssohn shoves two of the chairs inside, and two more in front of the driver, and then

calls out, 'Now, off with you as fast as you can drive to the Mühlens'schen Saal.' When they get there, the other chairs are sent after them, and all the audience are seated, although Madame Mendelssohn, mamma, and I had to make shift with two between us. What pleased Mendelssohn far more than the history of the chairs, was my father's addition of the deep bass C in his A flat 'Study.' 'You surprised me with that,' he said, 'it has a splendid effect, which ought not to be forgotten; I will write it in Mrs. Moscheles' album at once.' He did so, drawing at the same time a picture of the Droschke, Rosenhain, and himself, and the chairs and all, but only half a horse. 'I can't draw that by heart,' he said."

"Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, are all visited in turn, and at the latter place the Grand-Duchess (a Wasa), a truly amiable and gifted princess, delighted in playing pianoforte duets with me and Emily. Here, too, we made Berthold Auerbach's acquaintance, and were struck with the originality of the extracts he read to us from his works." At Stuttgart the public insist upon a second concert. "At Augsburg," Moscheles writes, "I went to the theatre to engage some vocalists. They were just rehearsing 'La Clemenza di Tito;' to me too, the 'Tito' was 'clemente.' Vitellia smiled condescendingly, Sesto, in her costume (more becoming at a distance), claimed acquaintance as an old Viennese friend, whilst the chorus director embraced me, and Hummel's son offered me his services as accompanist.'"

From Munich Mrs. Moscheles writes: "Here the feet of Fanny Elsler are in opposition to Moscheles' hands. It is impossible to secure hand or public, as she is for ever dancing. When Moscheles talks of leaving without giving a concert, his friends, with Kapellmeister Lachner at their head, are up in arms, so he has made up his mind to stay till the 9th of November."

During the interim we have frequent notices of visits to Kaulbach's studio. "He comes repeatedly in the dusk of evening to my hotel when I am practising, and sits by my side a rapt listener." Mrs. Moscheles describes a comical adventure that took place in Kaulbach's studio: "The artist's atelier consists of several rooms. In one, the largest, he is just now painting his great picture of 'The Destruction of Jerusalem.' It is nearly finished, and we so delight in watching the great artist putting the final touches to this masterpiece. In an adjoining room stands the piano; there Moscheles was playing away to his heart's content, when suddenly King Louis, who is quite at home in any artist's studio, and more especially in Kaulbach's, walks in. With ready wit, he says, 'Ah! came to see one artist and find two!—and the ladies?' The ladies were duly introduced to him, and had to stand the fire of his abrupt but friendly conversation.

"Moscheles has to play and be complimented, and when H. M. has left, Kaulbach tells us how the King

was much displeased at his working for 'the Prussian,' and had severely taken him to task for it. (The picture is one of the series executed in Berlin)." Asher, a pupil of Kaulbach's, makes a hasty sketch of this scene for Emily's album. Count Pocci presents us with some of his inimitably beautiful pen-and-ink sketches; and Kaulbach gives Mrs. Moscheles one of his original and masterly drawings for Schiller's "Robbers." This is so elaborately finished that it requires a practised eye to tell it from an engraving.

The Munich Concert is described as a most brilliant one. The Court attended; the King between the parts made (as usual) the round of the room. The young ladies are not a little in awe of His Majesty, for he will come up to them and ask, "How old?" They have to shout their answer, as he is very deaf, upon which he will retort, "What! no husband yet!"

Moscheles is impatient to reach Vienna. He writes to Frau von Lieben:

"My heart beats, dear friend, when I think of the prospect before me, that of once more seeing my old Viennese life reflected as in a mirror. With God's help, you and I will revel in the memories of happy days and old associations.

"Until then, as ever, your old friend,

"I. Moscheles."

From Vienna Mrs. Moscheles writes: "Moscheles, when visiting old friends and brother-artists, is received

with open arms, and Emily and I share this kind reception. This journey, never intended as a professional tour, has become one, we scarcely know how; but we rejoice in the fact, for the hearty reception he has met with, being in no way inferior to that experienced in former days, has refreshed him in body and mind."

His busy life in Vienna leaves him little time to devote to his diary. We give a summary of his short entries: "I heard Haydn's 'Seasons,'—'Hasselt-Barth excellent.' Instead of Beethoven, Donizetti is now the sun of the music world. That sun does not warm me, nor does it light me forward on my path. . . . . There was an evening party at Court yesterday, where the Improvisator, Professor Wolff, of Jena, was the attraction. There was music as well; Klatke, on the Jew's-harp, and Moreau on the guitar. . . . Frau von Cibbini still lives, a remnant of the good old times, and the Baroness Erdmann, *née* Erdödy. I was not to be put off, and insisted on hearing Beethoven's C sharp Minor Sonata, which she played splendidly as of old. She is an interesting relic of the great days of real pianoforte-playing. . . . . To-day I had a delightful reminder of my youth, in Frau von Beer's highly successful trial and performance with me of my Rondo in A for four hands, which I wrote for her when she was Fräulein Silny. . . . . Aloys Fuchs visited me for the purpose of showing me Handel's MS. Cantate con Stromenti,

'Hero and Leander,' written in Rome for Cardinal Ottoboni in the year 1709. It came into Fuchs' possession in the year 1834. It begins thus:

"Jaell brought me his marvellous boy Alfred: he is only ten years old, and played my 'Nursery Tale' wonderfully well. Heard Nicolai's opera 'Die Heimkehr der Verbannten,' good in a dramatic point of view, but too much Italianized. At Saphir's concert Heindl opened with his flute variation—Furore. I played my 'Serenade,' without applause, 'Nursery Tale,' ditto, 'Hungarian March,' vehemently encored. Saphir wound up with a speech full of humour and wit, giving us to understand that his best points were cut out by the public censor—he only hoped he might live to recover his capital so cruelly withheld."

"After some passing remarks on new and unimportant operas, we find severe strictures on the constant usage of the Tyrolese or Italian cadence, whilst great eulogy is bestowed on a performance of "Don Juan" with Hasselt and Draxler. Young Strauss's playing of dance-music is allowed to equal that of his father. "At the 'Concordia,' I find again many of the old Ludlamists, amongst them the celebrated poets Castelli and Grillparzer, with several others of note. Fischhof, the great collector

of manuscript music, brought me, to my great delight, 'Bach's MS. Concertos,' which we tried over. He promises to let me have some of his treasures for production in London."

At his three concerts in Vienna, Moscheles played the old favourite pieces, and many of his new compositions as well; amongst the latter was the "Hommage à Handel." "This time the applause pleased me more than ever, for it was shared by my young and highly gifted friend Ernst Pauer." Mrs. Moscheles writes: "People laugh when we talk of a three weeks' stay here. 'A Moscheles,' they say, 'who has not been in Vienna for eighteen years, could just as well pass a winter here as Liszt.' It rains concerts; to-morrow, for instance, there are five.

"I must tell you of a splendid fête we attended lately, where the youthful Archdukes, who looked charming in blue and white satin, were made 'Knights of the Golden Fleece.' Ferdinand, the poor, puny, weakly Emperor, when about to invest the youths with the accolade, could only lift the massive old-fashioned sword with the help of his Kollowrat. The Imperial family in their box, the Hungarian 'Noble Guard,' covered with jewels, the picturesque turbans and mantles of the knights of the order, made the whole scene a very imposing one."

After much deliberation, it had been decided that Moscheles should prolong his stay in Vienna, and that his wife and daughter should precede him to Ham-

burg. Moscheles writes: "I chained myself to my piano, in order to scare away my melancholy and sense of loneliness. You are now driving out into the cold night; I am just home from the Court concert, and will sit up with you, in order to give you particulars about it. . . . . Suffice it to say the Imperial family were kind as ever; they inquired for you both, and reminded me of the concert at Prague after my illness. I nearly came to grief with my extempore performance, for, on asking their Majesties for a theme, they chose something out of Donizetti's 'Linda di Chamouni.' Of course I was forced to confess my ignorance of that 'most glorious of all operas,' so they proposed to me 'the old-fashioned perruque,' out of Mozart's operas. I took 'Batti, batti' and the 'Champagne' song, and afterwards, with an eye to the heroic, Archduke Carl wound up with 'See, the conquering Hero.' In answer to the Emperor's question, 'Wasn't the last the march from the "Vestalin?"' I said, 'Something similar, your Majesty,' and the Empress quickly interposed a question, 'Had I studied in Vienna or Prague?' At 10·30 the Court withdrew, ices were handed round, and I put some sweetmeats in my pocket for the children. Good night."

On the 13th of December Moscheles writes: "It is well that we have made up our minds to this temporary separation, for my stay here seems to me endlessly protracted, as the Archduchess Sophie wants

me to play at her concert on the 19th. My improvisation on Handelian themes seems to have impressed her and the Archduke so favourably that they now wish to hear me treat subjects from Gluck's operas. In addition to this, they request me to give a regular 'menu' of my compositions, with the 'Nursery Tale' as dessert. I had a funny conversation with Count Moritz D——, of which I give you a faint outline; it would require a Hoffmann to describe it properly. After some hemming and hawing, he said: 'I have to hand over to you, as a fee for your glorious playing at Court, this small roulcau of ducats; there are sixty of them.' I pleaded for a souvenir instead. He cried down such presents as useless; but I was a match for him, for it ended in his taking back the ducats, and bringing me next day three diamond studs, for which I thanked him. My patience has been sorely tried at a performance of Mendelssohn's 'Lobgesang.' You may imagine how I delighted in hearing that music—I, a fervid worshipper of Mendelssohn—whilst the public sat listening in stolid indifference; no clapping of hands disturbed my ecstasies. The Chorale, and song, 'Watchman, will the night soon pass?' moved me even to tears. Herr Hoschek, a music-master, came up to me and said, 'Isn't this music very artificially strung together?' My sensations were those of a man pitched head foremost out of a balloon, but I smothered my anger, and said, 'That's as people choose to take it.'"

The next letter is from Prague: "Yesterday, accompanied by my brother and sisters, I visited the grave of my parents; a sweet if sad pilgrimage. On the whole, I feel greatly refreshed by my quiet time here, spent as it is with those near and dear to me, and far away from busy Vienna." The letter concludes with words of affection and advice, addressed individually to each of his children: "My dear Emily, by this time you are beginning to settle down after the harum-scarum life you have led in Vienna. Now I look forward to your devoting more time to yourself, and pioneering your brother and sisters in their studies. You, dear Serena, will regard the meeting with your mother as a happy turning-point, after the crucial time of separation, and enjoy it all the more because you have known what parting means. As for you, dear Felix, if the 'optime' marked under your exercise by your tutor relates to your general behaviour, you may feel always certain of my love and gratification; take the 'optime' as a motto to accompany you through life. As for thee, my Benjamina, I expect to find a great big girl, and take care, when you jump up to hug papa, that you don't upset him."

At Leipzig the meeting with Hauptmann, David, Gade, Joachim, and Frau Frege, has all the old fascination for Moscheles. He writes: "Here I find a genuine artistic atmosphere, where good music seems native to the place. . . . . Yesterday I had a quiet evening with David, who played me the new violin Concerto, which

Felix has expressly written for him. It is most beautiful, the last movement thoroughly Mendelssohnian, tripping like a dainty elf. Gade, a young man who conducts the concerts this season, has something in his features that reminds one of Mozart's, judging by the portraits of that illustrious man."

CHAPTER X.

1845.

DRESDEN—INTERCOURSE WITH MUSICAL ARTISTS—THE LEIPZIG CONSERVATOIRE — PROPOSED APPOINTMENT — BERLIN — THE OPERA HOUSE—JENNY LIND—ARTICLE IN A GERMAN PAPER, AND REPLY —BACH'S CONCERTOS—FOREIGN ARTISTS IN LONDON—BEETHOVEN AS A CONDUCTOR—BONN—MUSICAL FESTIVAL—MEYERBEER, LISZT, CHORLEY, SPOHR — INAUGURATION OF BEETHOVEN'S STATUE— TUMULTUOUS BANQUET AT THE "STERN"—PARIS.

MOSCHELES writes to his wife :—

"Leipzig, 1st January, 1845, 7 A.M.

"May every happiness and blessing attend you in the new year! Last night I wrote to you; to-day I will add an important postscript. Schleinitz talked to me about my taking a post in the Conservatoire, and gave me a letter bearing on the matter to the Saxon Minister, Von Falkenstein. Of course, I could only answer that, being unprepared for so sudden a proposal, I must take time to consider. . . . . The concert is over; this is my first spare moment. This morning, after rehearsing my Trio with David and Wittmann, I heard Bach's glorious Motet (G minor, 3-4), and dined at David's with Gade, Hauptmann, and Joachim. I send you our Gewandhaus programme of this evening :—

Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm.

Overture—Gluck's Iphigenie.

Beethoven's C minor Symphony; the piano passages marvellously done by the orchestra.

Miss Lincoln, a relation of the Dilkes, sang twice, and beautifully. My G minor Concerto very well accompanied, and as well received. After the concert, went to David's with Gade, Schleinitz, and others."

"January 2nd.—I went to Dresden—attended Döhler's concert. He played beautifully, and so did Piatti. After the concert spent a pleasant hour with Hiller."

"January 3rd.—Paid interesting visits to Madame Schröder-Devrient, Wagner, and R. Schumann. At 2 o'clock, back to Leipzig, and in the evening played my Trio with Wittmann and David."

"January 4th.—Back again to Dresden, immensely pleased with Gutzkow's 'Urbild des Tartuffe;' Emile Devrient excellent in the part of 'Molière."

"January 5th.—My room was as full of visitors as at Vienna, and, there being many 'prodigies' amongst them; I am glad I had no piano. Hiller gave me a grand Matinée; we played my E major Sonata together; I followed with several solos, all of which were enthusiastically received. In the evening went with Hiller, Lipinsky, and Reissiger to hear Marschner's new opera, 'Adolf von Nassau.' I'm afraid he has helped himself to Spohr and Donizetti."

"January 6th.—I passed a sad hour with Weber's widow; she has my deepest sympathy, for quite recently she has lost a son; poor soul! After such trouble as she has already gone through. My visit seemed to please her."

"January 7th.—My concert to-day was beyond all measure brilliant, Court and audience equally enthusiastic, the 'Nursery Tale' encored; my extempore performance, they tell me, better than ever; recalled after each piece, and one recall here is equivalent to half a dozen in Vienna. Bach's Triple Concerto made a great sensation; Madame Schumann played a Cadenza composed by me, Hiller and I extemporized ours. . . . . Tea at Hiller's. . . . . I forgot to tell you that Minister von Falkenstein, after reading Schleinitz's letter, received me in the most friendly manner, and corroborated everything my friend had said to me about the Leipzig Conservatoire; nothing, he said, was more ardently to be desired than that Mendelssohn and I should take the joint direction of the Conservatoire, only that the funds hitherto raised were inadequate for the proposed appointments. He and Schleinitz would submit the plan for the King's approval. I think that both are well-disposed towards me, so I have the prospect of once more becoming a German artist and ridding myself of the fashionable teacher and all conventionalism."

The next letter is from Berlin: "January 10th,

1845, 2 P.M.—To-day I played at Härtel's, before some artists and connoisseurs, my manuscript Studies, which I leave for publication with Kistner; they are intended for the 'Mozart Stiftung.' . . . . I got to Berlin in time for Meyerbeer's opera, 'The Camp of Silesia.' The magnificence of this opera-house defies all description; the house, the piquant music, costumes, dancing, decorations, completely took away my breath. Jenny Lind has fairly enchanted me, she is unique in her way, and her song with two concertante flutes is perhaps the most incredible feat in the way of bravura singing that can possibly be heard; I shall have a great deal to tell you about this. Unfortunately I could not get a word with Meyerbeer, who was forced to hurry straight away from his desk as conductor to the bedside of his daughter Bianca, who was very dangerously ill. All our friends here have received me with open arms, and as usual wish to detain me, but a concert would cost me too much time, and at present the King and all the aristocracy are absent. . . . . How lucky I was to find Jenny Lind at home! What a glorious singer she is, and so unpretentious withal! . . . . I had an hour with Meyerbeer, who was kind as ever, and would gladly detain me at Berlin, but cannot clear away the difficulties; I am glad to tell you his daughter is on the way to recovery. He talked with me about Mendelssohn's intimacy and friendly relations with the King. . . . . If railways

and coaches suit, I shall be with you all in Hamburg the day after to-morrow."

In pursuance of this plan, Moscheles arrives in Hamburg, where he spends a few days with his family; on their return to London, Moscheles is glad to find that Mendelssohn's music to the Antigone of Sophocles is being rehearsed at Covent Garden.

"My friend Hullah helped me by bringing some of his choir to our house for a performance of some of Felix's music; we actually ventured, too, on some numbers of Bach's Passion music. Sir Henry Bishop is elected permanent conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts. How is it possible to prefer him to Bennett, who is so immeasurably his superior? The experience of such anomalies confirms me in my intention of retiring some time or other to Germany, but for the present I cling in gratitude to Old England. After all, in Germany, too, I have my annoyances! Witness this article which I enclose, although I am afraid it will vex you. As for my detractors I feel towards them like a general, not afraid of small wounds, if only he can keep to the field of battle; nor should I have answered my calumniator, if the Hamburg correspondent had not taken up the wretched gossip. Please send him the article and the reply."*

* The article alluded to was this: "Moscheles, during his last stay in Germany has lost exactly as much as he made on the occasion of his first visit—viz., 800*l.* (9600 florins). This sum has been spent partly in travelling expenses, and partly in unsuccessful

About this time Moscheles had the misfortune to lose his brother; it was a severe blow, and only by degrees, and under the influence of his art, does he recover from it. . . . . "The thought of my loss is interwoven with everything I undertake, and yet when I played yesterday at Alsager's I felt the power of art both to soothe and elevate; they made me play four

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concerts. He himself writes to a friend in Prague:—'Liszt costs me a great deal; I couldn't believe that now-a-days people form a different opinion of pianoforte playing; it is unfortunately true. I was in Germany to experience the fact that, since Liszt, I have become "rococo." Happily, I have so much money that the loss doesn't hurt me, and my talent is quite as much as is required for England. What pains me most of all is that I have not succeeded in Vienna; there, where I lived such happy days, I had not contemplated dying.'"

Here is the reply:—

"London, March, 1845.

"When some German friends sent me the above article, I intended to pass it over with that silence which I take to be the most proper reply to such a production; finding, however, that since its first appearance in an obscure paper, it has found its way into other publications, I consider it to be my duty towards all the courts in Germany, which during last autumn and winter received me with so much distinction, as well as to the public of the various towns where I was so kindly welcomed, hereby to declare that the whole contents of the article are untrue. In the course of last September, October, November, and December, I gave concerts at Aix, Frankfort, Darmstadt, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Augsburg, Munich, Vienna, Dresden, and Leipzig, and have had as little opportunity of complaining of the damage said to be done to me by my friend Liszt, as was the case some years since, when we gave our concerts in London at the same time. As regards the attack against England, I, as a man of honour, should not be capable of expressing myself so ungratefully towards a country where I have lived and prospered for the last twenty-two years, and I therefore repeat my entire disavowal of the article above named. "I. MOSCHELES."

of Beethoven's Sonatas and an Improvisation, and I was glad that my powers did not fail in the B major Sonata. In the Adagio in F sharp minor my feelings were most powerfully moved, but in the fugue it pained me to find so many extravagances. It contains more discords than concords, and Beethoven seems to me all the while to be saying, 'I intend working up a subject in a learned manner, it may sound well or not.' "

Professor Fischhof, of Vienna, sent the promised G minor Concerto of Bach, which (with the Concerto in D major) Moscheles introduces at his Matinée for classical pianoforte music. The Duke of Cambridge came to Moscheles' house for the express purpose of hearing Bach's music. "The Duke, accompanied by his groom, rode up to our door, and came in quite unceremoniously. He seemed in great delight with the music, applauded enthusiastically, and behaved so kindly to my children. He asked Felix what profession he was going to follow. The answer was, 'I'm going to be an architect.' The Duke replied, 'Well, you'll be too late to do anything else for me, but you can build me a mausoleum.' On leaving us he expressed his gratitude in the most friendly way, adding that it had been one of the most enjoyable hours he had spent for a long time."

Moscheles soon after this receives the Royal command to play at a concert in Buckingham Palace, and shares the honour with other artists. "There is a legion

of them here this season," Mrs. Moscheles writes; "you ask me who is best? I don't know; Vieuxtemps is admirable, so is Sivori; Teresa Milanollo is certainly astonishing; as German vocalists, Pischek, Staudigl, and Oberhoffer are rivals, and of pianists, we have two of murderous capacities. Vocal France is represented by Viardot Garcia, Dorus Gras, &c. &c."

Moscheles writes: "I heard Félicien David's 'Désert,' with its piquant original melodies and harmonies illustrative of Oriental life. The 'March of the Caravans,' with its Clarinet Obligato, and the descriptive scene with the sunrise pleased me, but on the whole the subject is treated in the light Frenchified manner. I have heard also a 'Quadrille and Polka Opera,' by Verdi, for voices, key-bugles, trombones, and big drums; it is called 'Ernani.' The next evening, by way of a contrast, we had at the Antient Concert a 'Concerto by Emilio del Cavaliere,' composed in the year 1600, for the violino francese, chitarra, teorbo, arpa, organo, violino, &c. The well known 'Romanesca of the 15th Century' reminded me of hoop-petticoats and powder."

Sir Henry Bishop had directed the first three Philharmonic Concerts, the remaining five were entrusted to Moscheles, who, at the rehearsal, addressed the band to the following effect: "Gentlemen, as we are here assembled together, I should like to compare your performances with the fingers of an admirably trained pianoforte-player's hand. Now, will you

allow me to be the hand which sets these fingers in motion, and imparts life to them? May I try to convey to you all the inspirations I feel when I hear the works of the great masters? Thus may we achieve excellence." Another time, when a Beethoven Symphony was to be played, he tells the band how he heard this and other great works of Beethoven when they first came out, and how he has kept the traditions of the "Tempi," which at that time were given by Beethoven himself. At last he amuses his hearers exceedingly by imitating Beethoven's movements as a conductor; his stooping down more and more until he almost disappeared at the "piano" passages, the gradual rising up at the "crescendo," and standing tiptoe and bounding up at the "fortissimo." Moscheles does not forget to add: "Inasmuch, however, as I cannot emulate the great man in his works, I abstain from copying him in his attitudes; with him it was all originality, with me it would be caricature."

At the last of these concerts, Moscheles played Bach's "D major Concerto," and is gratified with the marked improvement of the orchestra in the "piano" passages. "In time I should educate these clever fellows to observe even still more light and shade."

Moscheles, at the end of the season, sets off for the Musical Festival at Bonn, and writes to his wife from Cologne: "The unsettled and gloomy weather

resembled my frame of mind, for the separation has disturbed my equanimity. My philosophy must aid me. . . . . I have visited Meyerbeer here, and met him alone with Pischek. Mutual kisses were the beginning and prelude to a number of inquiries after you, and then we talked of the festival. Meyerbeer is beside himself with the press of business; by to-morrow he must begin the rehearsals of the Court Concerts. The best of the vocal music is to be without orchestra, and only with pianoforte accompaniment; in the interval between the rehearsals, Meyerbeer will go to Bonn to hear the performance there." On the 10th of August, Moscheles comes to Bonn and writes: "I am at the Hôtel de l'Etoile d'Or, where are to be found all the crowned heads of music—brown, grey, or bald—all wigged or lackered pates; this is a rendezvous for all ladies, old and young, fanatics for music—all art-judges, German and French reviewers and English reporters, lastly, the abode of Liszt, the absolute monarch, by virtue of his princely gifts, outshining all else. Dr. Bacher, from Vienna, offers me a share of his room—no small boon when the streets are crowded with houseless travellers, like the roofless after a great conflagration. Gentlemen and ladies, several English amongst them, with a whole army of porters and band-boxes, are begging for a shake-down in hotels or private houses, friends and acquaintances meet one another, flags of various colours are waving—such a hurry-scurry every-

where. I have already seen and spoken to colleagues from all the four quarters of the globe; I was also with Liszt, who had his hands full of business, and was surrounded with secretaries and masters of ceremonies, whilst Chorley sat quietly ensconced in the corner of a sofa. Liszt, too, kissed me, then a few hurried and confused words passed between us, and I did not see him again until I met him afterwards in the concert room. We sat down about 400 of us to dinner, and the first concert took place, under Spohr's direction, in the new Beethoven Hall. The Grand Mass in D major gave me certainly exquisite, although not quite unalloyed pleasure, for occasionally I could not help feeling that the composition diverges from the genuine church style, and thereby loses that unity of colour which I prize so highly in other works of the master. The 'Ninth Symphony,' which followed afterwards, was given almost faultlessly, the soprano part in the choruses not only better than in London, but better than I have ever heard anywhere. Staudigl inimitable, but the kettledrums not better tuned than in London. Mr. Jäger, a member of the committee, gave me a place of honour amongst the artists; Liszt behaves to me with marked kindness whenever we meet. I write you these lines after the public supper in the hotel, by way of preparing myself pleasantly for a night's rest, meanwhile I remain con amore languendo, poco a poco agitato, ma sempre Giusto, yours." . . . .

From the Diary.

"August 11th.—A new steamer was christened 'Beethoven' with great ceremony. Amid salvos of cannon, the vessel, accompanied by one other, sped merrily to Nonnenwerth, where a cold collation was in readiness. I was capitally placed between Spohr and Fischhof. Pickpockets active. We escaped untouched."

"August 12th.—From eight o'clock this morning the streets were alive with bands of students, guilds, &c. Waited at the Rathhaus, and afterwards managed to get into the Cathedral with the throng. Beethoven's Mass in C gave me exquisite enjoyment. From the Cathedral went to the galleries which are erected around the Beethoven monument. I was exposed for a long time to the burning rays of the sun—a great annoyance—released at last by the arrival of the distinguished guests upon the balcony of the Fürstenberg House. These were the King and Queen of Prussia, Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert, with a numerous suite. Speech by Professor Breidenstein. I was deeply moved when I saw the statue unveiled, the more so because Hähnel has obtained an admirable likeness of the immortal composer. Another tumult and uproar at the table-d'hôte in the 'Stern' Hotel. I sat near Bacher, Fischhof, and Vesque, Liszt in all his glory, a suite of ladies and gentlemen in attendance on him, Lola Montez among the former. At five o'clock the Concert. Dr.

Breidenstein asked me if I would accompany the 'Adelaide' at the morning concert. As Madame Pleyel was to play a concerto on that occasion, I thought it infra dig. to perform an inferior service, so I refused."

"August 13th.—Last day of the festival, which began with Liszt's Cantata. It has much that is well thought and felt, as, *e.g.* the introduction of the Andante of the B major Trio, which is cleverly managed; there are also some good instrumental effects; as a whole, however, it is too fragmentary. Liszt, who was vehemently applauded, received an orchestral flourish. The Court arriving late, the Cantata was repeated. and the King made a selection from the programme of the concert, which he stayed to hear. Overtures 'Egmont' and 'Coriolan' admirably conducted by Spohr. Violoncello solo, Ganz. Weber's Concert Stück, Madame Pleyel. Air from 'Fidelio,' Miss Sabilla Novello. Liszt accompanied Fräulein Kratky in a song.

"Liszt's performance of Beethoven's Concerto in E flat major, almost entirely satisfied one; I can't imagine any one playing the energetic and spirited part of the work better than he did. In other parts I should have preferred a little more warmth and tenderness.

"When the Court had gone, some other pieces were performed, others omitted. At two o'clock banquet at the 'Stern.' Crowd even greater

than before. Immediately after the King's health had been proposed, Wolff, the Improvisatore, gave a toast which he called the 'Trefoil.' It was to represent the perfect chord, Spohr the key-note, Liszt the connecting link between all parties, the third—Professor Breidenstein, the Dominant, leading all things to a happy solution. Universal applause. Spohr proposes the health of the Queen of England, Dr. Wolff that of the Professor Hähnel, the sculptor of the monument, and also that of the brass-founder. Liszt proposes Prince Albert; a professor with a stentorian voice is laughed and coughed down, people will not listen to him, and then ensued a series of most disgraceful scenes which originated thus: Liszt spoke rather abstrusely upon the subject of the festival. 'Here all nations are met to pay honour to the master. May they live and prosper, the Dutch, the English, the Viennese, who have made a pilgrimage hither!' Upon this Chelard gets up in a passion and screams out to Liszt, 'Vous avez oublié les Français.' Many voices break in, a regular tumult ensues, some for, some against the speaker. At last Liszt makes himself heard, but, in trying to exculpate himself, seems to get entangled deeper and deeper in a labyrinth of words, seeking to convince his hearers that he has lived fifteen years amongst Frenchmen, and would certainly not intentionally speak slightingly of them. The contending parties, however, become more uproarious, many

leave their seats, the din becomes deafening, and the ladies pale with fright. The fête is interrupted for a full hour, Dr. Wolff, mounting a table, tries to speak, but is hooted down three or four times, and at last quits the room, glad to escape the Babel of tongues. Knots of people are seen disputing in every part of the great salon, and on the confusion increasing, the cause of dispute is lost sight of. The French and English journalists mingle in this fray, by complaining of omissions of all sorts on the part of the Festival Committee. When the tumult threatens to become serious, the landlord hits upon the bright idea of making the band play its loudest, and this drowns the noise of the brawlers, who adjourned to the open air. The waiters once more resumed their services, although many of the guests, especially ladies, had vanished. The contending groups outside showed their bad taste and ridiculous selfishness, for Vivier and some Frenchmen got Liszt amongst them, and reproached him in the most shameful way. G. ran from party to party, adding fuel to the fire, Chorley was attacked by a French journalist, Mr. J. J. would have it that the English gentleman, Wentworth Dilke, was a German, who had slighted him; I stepped in between the two, so as at least to put an end to this unfair controversy. I tried as well as I could to soothe these overwrought minds, and pronounced funeral orations over those who had perished in this tempest of words. I alone remained shot-proof and neutral, so also did

my Viennese friends. By six o'clock in the evening I became almost deaf from the noise, and was glad to escape; I assure you that a cup of coffee and some music at the Countess Almasy's were very refreshing after the events of the afternoon. I didn't go to the festival ball, preferring to write this account, and to spend a couple of hours with Fischhof, who showed me his 'Theory of Transposing.'"

In an old French poem, the following passage occurs: "Vous m'envoyez le lendemain un billet daté de la veille." Moscheles was destined to experience a similar fate when the Musical Festival at Bonn was over. He had received no invitation from Meyerbeer or Liszt for the Court Concerts in Stolzenfels and Coblentz, for which many of his art-brethren had been summoned by circulars. He travelled, therefore, on the 14th to Cologne, where he met his family and spent a couple of days, and it was not until the 17th, and consequently after his departure, that the following letter reached Cologne:

"Honoured Friend,—His Majesty the King, who has heard that you are in these parts, has commanded me to invite your attendance in the Court Concerts, which the King intends giving in his castle at Coblentz to-morrow evening, Saturday the 16th. Count von Radern has this moment commissioned me to write to you in the name of the King, but it is now midnight, the concert in Stolzenfels is just over,

and it is, therefore, impossible to forward the invitation before Saturday. I hope it will not reach you too late. In any case it will show you the friendly remembrance and the hearty esteem the King has for you. Farewell, dear friend.

"Your most devoted,

"MEYERBEER."

Mr. Lefèbre, of the house of Eck in Cologne, had added to this note a few lines expressing regret, for he foresaw that the letter would not reach Moscheles in time. When Moscheles sends his father-in-law copies of these letters, he observes: "I leave to your sagacity the fathoming of the 'why' and 'wherefore' of this transaction. Why, when I was actually in Bonn, did I not get an invitation to the Court Concerts at the same time with the other artists? How was it that the King's command did not reach me at the right time? One might suppose that a Royal messenger, despatched from Stolzenfels at an early hour on Saturday the 16th, would reach me quick enough in Cologne."

Whatever little disappointment Moscheles may have felt at the time, it was soon forgotten in the quiet repose he enjoyed at Lichtenthal, near Baden-Baden. There he met his friends the Rosenhains, and Félicien David, and the pleasure of musical intercourse with them was varied by the enjoyment of frequent excursions in the neighbourhood. Of Félicien David's Symphony in E flat, he says: "The

music has plenty of flowing melody, it is not commonplace, the instrumentation is richly coloured, but the unity of style is not preserved throughout."

From Baden Moscheles goes to Paris, where he composes his "Sonate Symphonique," and is summoned to St. Cloud to play his new composition before the Court. "Accordingly," he says, "the day before we left Paris, Emily and I set off for St. Cloud, and were very graciously received by the Royal Family. When we arrived, the Queen, Madame Adelaïde, the Duchess of Orleans, with their suite, were at tea; the King came from an adjoining gallery to hear the Sonata, which Emily played to my entire satisfaction; she had to play a solo too. I improvised à la Grétry, the King's favourite 'genre.' Our Royal listeners were evidently gratified."

In December Moscheles receives an important letter from Mendelssohn, who is anxious to ascertain if his friend intends to carry out the idea of migrating to Germany which they have so often discussed, and settling down at Leipzig to work with him at the Conservatoire. "What grand results for art might fairly be expected if you could make up your mind to accept the post! I don't doubt for a moment that the life here would suit you, as I know in what light you look upon your present professional life. Besides, I candidly own that from all I hear about the doings there, and from what I witnessed myself to a certain extent a year and a half ago, I can well

understand how from year to year you get less satisfied with your surroundings, and wish to escape from them. . . . . Now please, if you want in any way to move in the matter, let me know, and give me an opportunity of opening a negotiation, which possibly may become one of the most beneficial in its results that the musical world here has ever experienced."

Moscheles was from the first inclined to accept the post, but wrote to his friend, asking for time to weigh the matter.

CHAPTER XI.

1846.

LEIPZIG NEGOTIATIONS—THE APPOINTMENT ACCEPTED — BENEDICT'S "CRUSADERS"—FAREWELL CONCERT—MARRIAGE OF MOSCHELES' ELDEST DAUGHTER—BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL—MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH" — REMARKABLE EPISODE — FAREWELL TO LONDON—RECEPTION IN LEIPZIG—PROFESSORS OF THE CONSERVATOIRE — CONGRATULATORY DINNER—ATTRACTION OF LEIPZIG — EVENING WITH THE MENDELSSOHNS — EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR THE CONSERVATOIRE.

AS early as the 2nd of January Moscheles receives the formal offer of his appointment at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and Mendelssohn writes: "On the day that you accept, I intend drinking my best wine and a glass or two of champagne into the bargain." After giving particulars relative to the cost of living, household expenditure, &c., in Leipzig, he continues: "The universal wish of the people in Leipzig, and their joy at the prospect of your coming, although honourable to yourself, are in no way commensurate with the honour you would confer on them by your settling amongst them; but such an interchange of feelings must be fruitful of good, and is the earnest of a happy future. In a word, I wish you would come!" Moscheles writes to his father-in-law on the 21st of January: "You will understand,

from the enclosed copies of letters just received, the progress of my Leipzig negotiations. I feel more inclined than ever to give up my position here.* . . . Of course, my wife and I fully discuss the all-important point; we are completely agreed in this, that in the matter of material comforts we shall not expect to find London in Leipzig, but these luxuries we shall not miss, if I realize all I anticipate from the art atmosphere, and in my new vocation I shall find some compensation for the many dear and kind friends we leave behind. Parting from them individually, and, indeed, from the English nation generally, will cost us a bitter pang, for twenty-four years of unswerving kindness has laid upon us obligations which we can only pay with life-long gratitude. On the other hand, we shall come nearer to you all—that will be delightful. My acceptance of the post must, however, be weighed well, as I am the father of a family. I beg you will continue your duties as President of the Council on the Moscheles interest, and send me the protocol of each sitting; but don't let us worry ourselves upon the matter, for, whatever fortune may have in store for us, my wife and I are such a happy pair that we should be quite content to live in a cottage, as long as we could educate our children so well that they may never feel the want of great riches. With regard

* As a proof that Moscheles, in abandoning his brilliant position in London, was actuated by his desire to serve the cause of art, it need only be stated that his salary as professor of the Leipzig Conservatoire was 800 thalers (120*l.*) per annum.

to yourself, I shall ever remain the same in London or Leipzig, "Your faithful son-in-law,

"I. MOSCHELES."

On the 24th of January Moscheles receives a letter from Mendelssohn, which is so satisfactory an answer to all his questions that on the 25th we read in the diary:—"To-day I sent my letter of acceptance to the directing body of the Leipzig Conservatoire. I have crossed the Rubicon." Mendelssohn was not long in sending the expressions of his joy. "When you do come, I'll have some houses painted rose-colour, but your arrival alone will give a rose-coloured tinge to the old place." Before the news had spread through the musical world, Moscheles received an offer from Birmingham to direct the grand musical festival there in September. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was to be the only work given under the composer's own direction. Nothing could be more flattering or honourable to Moscheles at the close of his residence in England, and he gladly accepted the offer. He wished to secure the services of Mlle. Jenny Lind and Pischek, but unfortunately they had other engagements.

In the course of this season Benedict's new opera, "The Crusaders," was published. "The music is pleasing, and often dramatically effective; the work gorgeously put upon the stage. Cramer, Beale, and Co. published it, and Benedict wanted me to make a pianoforte arrangement of the most favourite airs. This, however, I declined, seeing they had refused to

publish my 'Sonate Symphonique,' on the ground of its being too *serious* a work."

Moscheles' "Four Matinées for Classical Pianoforte Music" were brilliantly successful, but before long he was absorbed in the cares and anxieties of preparations for his farewell concert. He wished to show the public on this occasion that to the last he would act consistently with the creed he had adopted throughout his professional career in England—there should be no "concert monstre," with a host of Italian singers and a crowd of rival instrumental players; he would be no slave to fashion; the programme, therefore, was short and pithy. With Madame Pleyel as a coadjutor in his "Sonate Symphonique," and Pischek, and a few vocalists to assist him, he augurs well for the result, and on the 19th of June he writes to his father-in-law:—"The outburst of enthusiasm every time I appeared, the waving of handkerchiefs, the cheering—every one standing upon the benches—all this affected me, and when I came to make my parting bows, I could hardly restrain my emotion; I remained another hour surrounded by friends and acquaintance; really my public farewell could not have taken place under more favourable auspices." "And," adds Mrs. Moscheles, "we are pleased to find that our real friends think Moscheles acts well and wisely in electing to fill a public situation, with his dear friend Mendelssohn for a colleague. Besides this, he needs some repose after his many laborious years in London."

During the summer months, however, Moscheles is

busier than ever, for there are the Birmingham programmes to be made, and many public engagements to be attended to. Moscheles gives a farewell party, and over 200 invitations are accepted.

"I usually get to bed about one or two o'clock; thank heaven, my constitution seems made of iron, otherwise I could not stand the day and night work. Yesterday, or rather this morning, I saw the sun rise at four o'clock, as I was going to bed. It is now eight o'clock, and we are up and writing. Our party last night began with music, and ended with dancing. I, old as I am, tripped it lightly with the youngsters. To-day I have six lessons, and at 5 o'clock I must be in the Freemasons' Hall; to-morrow, besides the lessons, I have to conduct a concert a mile long for a pupil.

Mrs. Moscheles writes: "Since the farewell concert, the newspapers never cease trumpeting Moscheles' praises, and deplore the loss that art will sustain by his leaving England. Chorley has used the occasion for suggesting a question which seems to me very near to the point: 'Could not the great City of London, as well as the small burgher-town, offer the great artist an appointment which should be made so advantageous and desirable as to keep him permanently fixed in England?"

This year was an eventful one to Moscheles in more ways than one, for his eldest daughter, Emily, was married to Mr. Roche, who had long been a friend of the family, nd had already made a reputation as a Professor of French Literature.

At the end of the season, Mr. Bartholomew, the

translator of the German text of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," brought to Moscheles the score of the first part.

"The beauties of the work become more apparent to me each time I sit down to the piano to study it; doubly so at the preliminary rehearsals." The first rehearsal, under Mendelssohn himself, took place at Moscheles' house on the 10th of August, and the two others, with full band, follow shortly afterwards in the Hanover Square Rooms. The lady singers give Mendelssohn some trouble; one finds fault with the song, and insists on its being transposed; Mendelssohn resists with studied politeness, but afterwards, "when we are alone, most unreservedly expresses himself about the 'coolness of such a suggestion.'" The scene now changes to Birmingham, where Moscheles conducts a first rehearsal, but is so unwell that Mendelssohn takes his place at the second. He recovered however so far as to conduct the 'Creation' at the first morning performance, the second part of which consisted of numbers from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," with Grisi, Bassano, and Mario for the principal singers; after that a mixed Italian programme, which took three hours, and "thoroughly satisfied the public. In the evening I had more rehearsals of various pieces." Mrs. Moscheles writes: "On our arrival we went to the Town Hall; that splendid building greatly impressed me, and, at the overwhelming reception given to my husband by the orchestra, I was deeply moved. After

the rehearsal he studied his scores, whilst I helped Mr. Bartholomew in correcting the text, and so we went on till one o'clock in the morning. The festival promises to be a very profitable one, an unusual number of reserved seats having been sold."

On the following day Moscheles writes: "August 26th.—Mendelssohn achieved his most brilliant triumph in this day's performance of his 'Elijah.' In my opinion this work has more vividness and more dramatic variety than 'St. Paul,' and yet it is written in the purest oratorio style, and places him yet another step higher." Mrs. Moscheles adds: "Yes, Mendelssohn's triumph at yesterday's performance was something quite unparalleled and unheard of. I think eleven numbers had to be repeated, and that too amid a storm of applause and clapping of hands, demonstrations usually forbidden; but on this occasion all attempt at restraint was hopeless, the noisy scene reminded me of the pit in a theatre. Staudigl was a magnificent Elijah, Phillip, the bass singer, admirable, and Mendelssohn was particularly pleased with the singing of the two Miss Williams."

In the course of this Festival Moscheles played his "Recollections of Ireland," and with Mendelssohn his "Hommage à Handel." The veteran Braham sang the first recitative and air in the "Messiah," and Mendelssohn gained fresh laurels with his lovely music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

On the 28th August Moscheles notes the following

episode: "We had a miscellaneous selection; the chief feature consisting of pieces from Beethoven and Spohr. The orchestral parts of a short recitative, the words of which had been printed in the books for the audience, were not forthcoming; we were all in a difficulty, but Mendelssohn came to the rescue. He quietly betook himself to an adjoining room, and there, whilst the preceding pieces of the programme were being played, he composed the recitative, scored it, and copied the parts, and these were admirably played, with the ink scarcely dry, at first sight, by the band —the public knew nothing of what had happened— that's the way a Mendelssohn manages."

On the 29th August Mrs. Moscheles writes from London: "Yesterday, at four o'clock, with a final beat of Moscheles' bâton, the great Birmingham Musical Festival came to an end; in the opinion of every one present, it was one of the most brilliant and beautiful ever celebrated. The committee has, in the most flattering terms, expressed to my husband their obligation and complete satisfaction. Moscheles' short, but for the time anxious illness, was the only awkward occurrence, but it served to show us Mendelssohn once more in the light of a real friend." "Yes," adds Moscheles, "his sympathy was like that of a brother; his frequent visits when everybody would so gladly have detained him, his attentions to me with such great work before him, were most touching. When he came away from the preliminary rehearsal, which

he had conducted for me, he appeared exhausted; Charlotte handed him a glass of champagne, and the effect was magical, for it completely revived him."

The friends soon have to separate, and the Moscheles return to Chester Place, but only to bid it a last farewell. Who can wonder that a feeling of sadness crossed the mind of Moscheles, now on the eve of breaking up a home, the scene of sixteen years of happiness. To a man the master bias of whose mind was always leaning

"To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;"

the nursery where his children played, the study where he passed so many hours of joyful and conscientious labour, the rooms endeared by the memory of birthday festivals, and identified with the presence of beloved friends—to part from all these things cost him a wrench, and, however bright the future, it was a painful task to bid farewell to the old familiar scenes.

At Frankfort the Moscheles had the good fortune to hear the enchanting Jenny Lind, and arrive at Leipzig on the 21st of October. We quote from the diary: "There Felix Mendelssohn and his wife received us most affectionately: owing to their thoughtfulness, we found every arrangement made for our comfort. No courier could have catered so skilfully, none but real friends have acted so kindly." On the 26th of October Moscheles writes: "I have now probably arrived at the final chapter in my art-

career; sure as I am of your sympathy, I should like to give you the fullest information about my life in this place. It has begun, with God's help, under the best auspices, and if you ask who is the mainspring of our present happiness, we say Mendelssohn, and always Mendelssohn, my more than brother!

"On the evening after my arrival, three directors of the Conservatoire came to give me a kindly welcome, and to express a hope that I should find my new duties agreeable; they assured me they would do all in their power to meet my wishes in the Conservatoire. Next day I returned these visits, and in the evening had the great delight of hearing a Gewandhaus Concert. Mendelssohn's conducting was as admirable as ever, the band obeyed his slightest hint. Madame Schumann played Beethoven's 'B major Concerto' to great perfection; I felt this to be a real atmosphere of art. Many of the elder members of the orchestra greeted me warmly, and after the concert we supped very cosily at the Mendelssohns. Yesterday, I talked with Schleinitz about the Conservatoire, and he showed me the following list of the Professors:—

Dr. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy—Composition and Solo playing.

Organist—C. F. Becker—Organ Playing, Practice in the Art of Conducting.

David, Klengel, Sachse—Violin Teachers.

Gade—Harmony and Composition.

Hauptmann—Harmony, Counterpoint.

Moscheles—Head of the Department for Playing and Composition.

Plaidy, Wenzel—Pianoforte Playing.

Böhme—Solo and Choral Singing.

Brendel—Lectures on Music.

Neumann—Italian.

Richter—Harmony and Instrumentation.

"Through Schleinitz I heard that Mendelssohn earnestly objected to his name standing first on the list, instead of following the rest in alphabetical order. Yesterday we heard Divine service in the Nicolai Church—a good sermon and admirable organ. Afterwards I attended a dinner given in my honour by the whole body of professors, with Felix at their head. The Fête was held in Æckerlein's Cellar. I was greeted cordially on all sides, my place as chief guest marked with a bouquet of flowers, and, after a sumptuous dinner and plenty of champagne, Felix spoke to the following effect: 'Although he had no talent or gift for speaking, on this occasion he must express the feelings uppermost in his mind. It had long been his wish to see me settled in Leipzig, and in active duty at the Conservatoire, and he rejoiced in the sympathy evinced by his colleagues and the public, now that these wishes had been realized. He could never forget the impression which my talent had made upon him as a boy, how I had kindled the sacred fire within him, and spurred him to higher aims. I had always assisted and cheered him on, and he felt

proud of my lasting friendship; he was sure that those present shared his feelings, and would join with him in drinking my health.' Musical cheers were given; I felt much moved, and could only stammer out a few words of thanks in answer to one who, I said, had far outstripped me as an artist, and whom, as a man, I sincerely loved and honoured.

"By degrees we dropped the sentimental, and drank every one's health; we blew large clouds of tobacco, and the hours from one till six sped along cheerily. Then I took another long walk with Felix, and, in the course of our confidential talk, asked him why he preferred Leipzig as a residence, whilst the greatest cities in Europe were ready to do him homage. He explained his preference by saying that the art atmosphere and tendencies of Leipzig had special attractions for him, and that the Conservatoire was a subject so near his heart that, even during the composition of his last Oratorio, he had not neglected his pupils. We spent the evening at the Mendelssohns' in a social quiet way, and were joined by their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Schunck, who inhabit the same house with us. After supper we amused ourselves on two pianos, and at last had a grand improvisation together, in which Felix was so inspired that in my enthusiasm I almost forgot my own part in listening to him.

"Just imagine, this evening we hardly recognised our good friend Mendelssohn, for his children had painted on his face an imperial and moustache. He

had been playing with his children at 'Schwarzen Peter,' and had had to suffer the usual penalty. We live in the second floor in Gerhard's Garten; the Schuncks have the first, and they are charming neighbours."

On the 26th October, we read in the diary: "Felix, with his usual thoughtfulness, had prepared for me a musical performance by his best pupils to be given at the Conservatoire, and I heard some excellent pianoforte-players. Stadtrath Seeburg made a speech in which he alluded to my appointment at the Conservatoire as an important event; I replied that I only regarded myself as a single stone of the beautiful building which rested upon firm foundations," &c.

"October 27th.—Trial of candidates for the Conservatoire. Mendelssohn assisted; his feeling animated both teachers and pupils. In the evening I was at his house, where we talked a great deal about musical matters and household arrangements; he gave me much good advice. I saw a chorus he had lately composed with the title, 'To the Sons of Art.' Joachim played with him the 'Kreutzer-Sonata.'" On another occasion Moscheles admires some new and still unpublished "Lieder ohne Worte." He can hardly understand that Mendelssohn should wish, after the performance at Birmingham, to make still further alterations in his "Elijah." "I asked him if that beautiful work is intended to become still more beautiful, and he said, 'Yes,' without being quite clear in his mind what

and how much he was going to alter. I replied, 'Your genius is too exacting in its demands, it has already surpassed itself in this "Elijah;" now employ your powers upon new works.' My arguments, however, were ineffective, and he abided by his determination that changes must be made. The violin quintet in B flat major is next examined, Mendelssohn declaring that the last movement is not good; he also shows me the 'Lauda Sion.'" Later on the great composer is full of anxiety about his faithful servant Johann, who lies dangerously ill in his house. Mendelssohn daily visited the sick-room, and read aloud to him; he tended him till the hour of his death, and sincerely lamented his loss.

Moscheles and his wife often take long walks with the Mendelssohns, or meet them at supper at Æckerlein's after the subscription concerts; there they are frequently joined by a third couple, David and his wife; Mendelssohn gives in honour of Moscheles, a grand musical evening; "for a Moscheles," said he, "we take care to make good music; *he* is not everybody."

"November 16th.—Morning rehearsal. In the evening Schumann's Concert. His symphony in C major, conducted in accordance with his wish, by Mendelssohn. Madame Schumann and her younger sister played.

"December 7th.—Mendelssohn paid us a long visit, his first in our new abode, where the Erard, too, had been installed as an honoured member of the

family; he walked about the rooms, rubbing his hands and muttering, 'Nice, nice,' as he was wont to do when he was pleased with anything. He had once shocked a Leipzig friend whom he met in Switzerland, by applying the word 'hübsch' to the grand scenery before them, but with him that word meant more than any high-flown epithets."

Mrs. Moscheles writes: "We are truly happy in our intercourse with the Mendelssohns; not only he, the amiable, intimate friend, but his wife and their charming children becoming daily more and more attached to us; and what a happy household it is! The abundant means at his command are never squandered upon outward show, but judiciously spent on a well-regulated, comfortable household. Their principles and ideas are entirely in conformity with our own; they, like ourselves, love to welcome friends or interesting guests cordially, but without ceremony."

CHAPTER XII.

1847.

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN LEIPZIG—MENDELSSOHN'S BIRTHDAY—A FORGETFUL ARTIST — CHOPIN'S MUSIC—VISIT TO LONDON — MUSICAL NOTES—JENNY LIND—MEETING OF ARTISTS—JULIUS RIETZ—WALKS WITH MENDELSSOHN — MENDELSSOHN AND QUEEN VICTORIA—MADAME FREGE —ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MENDELSSOHN—EXCITEMENT IN LEIPZIG—FUNERAL CEREMONY IN LEIPZIG AND IN BERLIN—MENDELSSOHN'S CORRESPONDENCE.

ON their return home from a Christmas visit to Hamburg, the Moscheles are pleasantly impressed by the comfortable appearance of their new home. The house which they share with the Schuncks stands on historical ground. Gerhard's Garden was the scene of the most disastrous episode of the famous battle of Leipzig; it was in the Elster, a small but rapid stream, bounding the garden on one side, that Poniatowsky, in his attempt to cross with the retreating French army, met with his end. The spot is thus memorable as marking one of the greatest disasters in modern warfare. In a little summer-house, erected for the purpose in the garden, are preserved many relics of that famous day. This historical site has passed into the hands of Mr. Gerhard, well-known throughout Germany as a man of high literary attain-

ments, and as having been a personal friend of Goethe. His translation of Burns' poems is one of his best works.

Moscheles, speaking of his house, says: "Our friends seem to like it as well as we do. Some object to the small dimensions of our music-room, but I think that good music is to be made everywhere, and I have always belonged to a school which aimed rather at clearness and accent than at loud hammering—at a correct understanding and truthful rendering of music rather than at surprising effects. As for the people themselves, they load us with polite attentions, and the whirl and rush of society hither and thither would be just the same thing as in London, were it not that the earlier hours made the matter easier. I need hardly tell you that the frequent interviews with the Mendelssohns, at their house or ours, are constant sources of enjoyment. On the last occasion Joachim, our favourite, was there; Felix accompanied him in his violin Concerto, and both played the music by heart; afterwards Felix let us hear some 'Lieder ohne Worte,' written by his sister Fanny. Although close imitations of his own, they are interesting, and treated in a genuine musical spirit. He then played us that part of the 'Elijah' where the widow invokes the prophet's help. It has been remodelled, and I must confess that the part of 'Elijah' acquires more dignity and importance than it had at the performance in Birmingham, where I considered the whole work already

perfect. The angel trio is now really lovely. We had at our house (besides the Mendelssohns and Madame Frege, whose singing of his songs was indescribably beautiful) Mr. ——, with his deafening 'Fortissimos.' Happily Mendelssohn put an end to the noise by playing the first book of his 'Lieder ohne Worte,' the manuscript of which he has given to me. David's society and playing are never-failing sources of enjoyment. I am beginning to realize my dream of emancipation from professional slavery; in the Conservatoire I am engaged sixteen hours a week, at home I have but eight private lessons to give; what is that after the daily steeplechase in London?"

On another occasion Moscheles writes: "After dining with Mendelssohn, I went with him to the Berlin pianoforte-maker, Schönemann, who has brought here his new invention of octaves. By a pressure of the pedal you can add an octave to each note; a key-board on a diminutive scale can be screwed on to any piano, and enables the player to span two octaves, but this is at the cost of tone, and altogether the invention is yet in its infancy. Still, we amused ourselves alternately by playing octave passages, eight times doubled; what good are D.'s bravuras after this? Soon afterwards Mendelssohn was standing by the conductor's desk in the Gewandhaus, and I had the pleasure of hearing his overture to a 'Calm sea and a prosperous voyage.'

"Mendelssohn took good care not to miss the children's party at Moscheles' house; our conversation was purely on musical subjects, whilst the others laughed and played with the children. I had to put before him an offer from Chappell, who wanted to have the copyright of an opera which he was to write. The subject proposed was 'The Tempest,' the opera was to be in the regular Italian style, for Lumley. Not a note has been written, and yet the work is already announced for Jenny Lind's appearance in the coming season." Later on Mendelssohn completely abandons the plan of setting music to the subject, and writes to say so, to the disappointment of the Directors.

"We and the Schuncks had combined to celebrate Mendelssohn's birthday. The proceedings were opened with a capital comic scene between two lady's maids, acted, in the Frankfort dialect, by Cécile and her sister. Then came a charade on the word 'Gewandhaus.' Joachim, adorned with a fantastic wig, à la Paganini, played a hare-brained impromptu on the G string; the syllable 'Wand' was represented by the Pyramus and Thisbe wall-scene from the 'Midsummer Night's Dream;' for 'Haus,' Charlotte acted a scene she had written herself, in which she is discovered knitting a blue stocking, and soliloquizing on the foibles of female authoresses, advising them to attend to their domestic duties. By way of enforcing the moral, she calls her cook—the cook was I myself, and my appearance in cap and dress was the signal for

a general uproar. Mendelssohn was sitting on a large straw arm-chair which creaked under his weight, as he rocked to and fro, and the room echoed with his peals of laughter. The whole word 'Gewandhaus' was illustrated by a full orchestra, Mendelssohn and my children playing on little drums and trumpets; Joachim leading with a toy violin, my Felix conducting à la Jullien. It was splendid." Such was Mendelssohn's *last* birthday!

On the 17th of February we read: "I fully unburdened my mind to Mendelssohn on the subject of my refusal to play at Gade's Historical Concert, and explained to him my reluctance to appear too frequently before the public. I have played on two occasions lately to please the Directors, and proved I did not consider it a professional matter, by devoting the proceeds to the Orchestral Fund. Compositions must now-a-days have so many inches of Italian phrases, the pieces so many scores of octaves, in order to please; this is most distasteful to me, as it is to him. I could not, however, approve of *his* resolve to take no part in the performance of 'St. Paul,' intended for Good Friday, and I succeeded in persuading him to an opposite view, so that he soon began the rehearsals; but he, as well as I, would not play in the 'Gewandhaus,' and told the Directors so."

After the second rehearsal of 'St. Paul' we read: "Mendelssohn's strictness with the large amateur chorus was as great as his keeping together the entire

force by his pianoforte accompaniment was remarkable." Moscheles attends all the rehearsals, and writes after the Good Friday performance: "I have only now arrived at a perfect appreciation of this glorious work.

"Here, as in London, I am beset with a host of modern pianoforte players, all writing Arpeggios and octave passages. These gentlemen all belong to the same regiment, and wear the same uniform, the only difference being this, that their epaulettes and gold lace are more or less gaudy.

"We were in a pretty fix the other night at the Pupils' Public Concert, when four young ladies were to play Czerny's piece for eight hands: Miss F. had forgotten her music. Mendelssohn was up in arms at once. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'forget your music for a public performance, as if it were a mere trifle! This is too bad. There sits the public, and has to wait because you have forgotten your music!' &c. &c. In this dilemma I fetched the tuner out of the corner where he was waiting. 'Sit down,' said I; 'busy yourself with tuning the two pianos, and don't leave off until you see that the messenger who has been despatched brings Miss F.'s music.' He did as I desired, an awkward pause was filled up, not agreeably, but to the purpose.

"So the youthful G. has gone to Paris in order to learn pianoforte playing in republican fashion, the more so as his master is to be Chopin, who in his Mazurkas and ballads bewails the annihilation of

national freedom! Seriously speaking, he may learn a great deal that is good by listening to Chopin's playing, but in his compositions Chopin shows that his best ideas are but isolated; he leaves them fragmentary, and fails to produce a work of complete unity. In his Sonata with the violoncello which has just been published, I often find passages which sound to me like some one preluding on the piano, the player knocking at the door of every key and clef to find if any melodious sounds are at home."

Again: "I amused myself with David by trying over Hiller's six 'Studies' for pianoforte and violin. They are, even as drawing-room pieces, thoroughly piquant and effective. We played also the 'Pensées Fugitives,' by Ernst and Heller." Moscheles composes songs for single and four voices; amongst the latter "Winternacht" and "Maifeier," amongst the former, "Freie Kunst," "Die Gespielen," and "Die Botschaft," which has become a great favourite. A "Fantasia" he is writing on some Swedish songs, sung by Jenny Lind, interests him on account of the charming original melodies, as well as the memory of the illustrious songstress, whose characteristics he endeavours to depict in this composition.

The happy event, the expected birth of a first grandchild, called the Moscheles to London, where they had hoped to meet Mendelssohn, who had gone to England to superintend the performance of his "Elijah." He had, however, hurried away to Frankfort, there to hear the sad news of the death of his beloved sister

Fanny. This sad event struck him a blow from which he never recovered. "He writes to me from Baden-Baden," says Mrs. Moscheles, "and under this heavy trial shows great fortitude and resignation. It is not certain now whether the Mendelssohns will continue their journey into Switzerland or return to Leipzig; although deeply afflicted, they are, thank God, all in good health."

Moscheles writes: "Musical matters are in no way changed here. Besides Lablache and Madame Castellan, there are heaps of 'inis' and 'ettis,' with their shakes and quavers; but nowhere a full room. By Benedict's desire, I have written a piece for eight hands, expressly for his concert; it went as well as it was received, and yet I feel conscious that the ladies would have preferred a piece upon operatic airs. Besides that, think of an audience wading through nine-and-forty pieces at one concert! There are sinners who perform penance by hunger and fasting; here one does penance by gorging oneself with endless musical menus; and what a sacrifice of time! Benedict wished to play a duet with me at his concert, Willmers and Bennett also at theirs; but I refused to play in public. I heard Spohr's and Mozart's music at the Philharmonic; since my experience of the Gewandhaus, these concerts have lost much of their charm, but Ella's Matinée, where Joachim played, was a real treat to me.

"What shall I say of Jenny Lind? I can find no words adequate to give you any real idea of the impres-

sion she has made. Independent of the fact that the language of panegyric is exhausted, this wonderful artiste stands far too high in my judgment to be dragged down by commonplace complimentary phrases, such as newspaper writers so copiously indulge in. This is no short-lived fit of public enthusiasm. Everybody wants to see and hear her, or, having seen her, to see her and hear her again. I wanted to know her off the stage as well as on; but as she lives some distance from me, I asked her in a letter to fix upon an hour for me to call. Simple and unceremonious as she is, she came the next day herself, bringing her answer verbally. So much modesty and so much greatness united, are seldom if ever to be met with, and although her intimate friend Mendelssohn had given me an insight into the noble qualities of her character, I was surprised to find them so apparent at first acquaintance. I had to play her my 'Fantasia' on her Swedish songs. Mendelssohn had chosen the subjects with me; and she said many pretty things about my characteristic treatment of these national airs. We returned her visit in Old Brompton, where she lives, far from the noise of the capital and the arena of her brilliant performances."

Greatly as Moscheles enjoyed his five weeks' stay in his daughter's home and amongst old friends, he was anxious to get back to Leipzig, although by virtue of his agreement he was allowed three months' absence every year, independent of the regular holidays (the

time to be chosen to suit hisown convenience); he was always longing to get back to his pupils, and carried out to a nicety his resolve to act conscientiously and laboriously in his new sphere. In July, whilst at his post at the Conservatoire, he makes a new edition of some classical works and most carefully compares his arrangement of Beethoven's "Symphony in A," with one formerly made by Hummel. We read in the diary: "Hummel, who takes every possible liberty, wishes to improve upon Beethoven's directions to the band, as well as the notes themselves; for instance, in the beginning of the first Allegro, he gives the bass an altered rhythm.

This passage

he writes thus:

"Towards the end of the movement on the eleventh page, he cuts out ten bars!! On the thirtieth page two-and-twenty bars!!"

In August Moscheles writes: "Ferdinand Hiller's visit to us was a most agreeable diversion; for the rest, I enjoy the quiet, and even the sameness of my life, looking for novelty in books and periodicals. I am much interested in the 'Girondins' and Dahlmann's excellent History of the French Revolution.

"The Editor of the local musical journal here has called together a meeting of artists for the 13th and 14th of this month, on which occasion the 'Weal and Woe' of art is to be discussed. I don't expect much good will come of it, but allow my name to figure amongst them.

"August 13th.—Brendel opened the meeting to-day with a speech on the diffusion of classical music; Schumann, in a letter, expresses his wish that the German language may be adopted on the title-pages of music. A wise suggestion was made that some useful guide to pianoforte teaching should be published; I mentioned my 'Méthode des Méthodes.'

"Debate between me and Herr Knorr about his edition of 'Cramer's Studies,' in which he has substituted his own fingering for that of the author. I defended my opinion that it is best to give the pupil different ways of fingering, as I have done in my 'Studies.'"

Every artist passing through Leipzig made a point of calling on Moscheles, and he received them all with invariable kindness, but he writes: "I must listen to everything, but in return it is my duty to show that one can play the piano without hammering; that such a thing as a pianissimo can be obtained without a soft pedal. The pedals are auxiliaries; whoever makes them of primary importance puts in evidence the incapacity of his own fingers, and he who writes a 'Polka du Diable,' 'Valse Infernale,' 'Menuet à la Démon,'

or by way of contrast, 'Moonshine Elegies,' and 'Æolian Harp Sonatas,' seeks to attract by the title, not by original ideas. As for L.'s 'Spring is coming,' I would call it 'Autumn has come,' for the composition is as withered as autumn leaves."

On the 17th of September the Mendelssohn family return home from Switzerland. "In mind dear Felix is the same as ever, but physically he seems altered; he is aged, weakened, and his walk is less elastic than before, but to see him at the piano, or hear him talk about art and artists, he is all life and fire. To his great joy, his friend Julius Rietz is just entering upon his duties as Kapellmeister in Leipzig. Of him he says: 'Here is another earnest-minded musician, producing much that is good, and capable of guiding the performances of others to the highest pitch of perfection; his conducting must lead to great things at the Gewandhaus Concerts, and what fine music we shall have amongst ourselves! Rietz is a capital violoncello player, we shall have a glorious winter.' He then fixed on an evening when Rietz and I were to come to his house for music. My new piece for eight hands, written for Benedict's Concert, gave rise to an animated discussion; it was to bear the title of 'Jadis et Aujourd'hui;' Mendelssohn opposed this, and I affirmed 'that the introductory fugues were meant to illustrate the good old times, the lighter movements the music of our own day.' 'But why so?' argued Mendelssohn;

'are not interesting fugues written now-a-days? Surely our time produces still some good things.' 'But the fashionable taste is a vitiated one,' I replied, 'people will only listen to light music and easy rhythms.' 'Yes, they will,' Mendelssohn broke in, eagerly; 'but they shall not. Don't you and I live? Don't we intend to write good music? We will prove that our time is capable of good; so please give up this title.' This request was not to be withstood, and therefore for 'Jadis et Aujourd'hui,' we substituted 'Les Contrastes,' with which my friend declared he was satisfied."

We read again: "October 3rd.—After the Mendelssohns had dined with us, Felix and I amused ourselves at the piano with fugues and gigues by Bach; he then gave us an admirable imitation of the town musicians at Frankfort, whose Polkas he had been condemned to listen to hundreds of times.

"October 5th.—Delightful afternoon at Mendelssohn's, and had much friendly talk about art-matters. He played me his last quartet, all four movements in F minor; the passionate character of the whole, and the mournful key, seem to me an expression of his deeply agitated state of mind; he is still suffering and in sorrow for the loss of his sister. He also showed me some of her manuscript Lieder—everything deeply felt, but not always original.

"October 7th.—Mendelssohn came to take me out for a walk, although it rained; we strolled along in

the Rosenthal, having such an interesting conversation that the hours flew unheeded by.

"October 8th.—Examination at the Conservatoire. Mendelssohn wrote on a slate, with a piece of chalk, a thorough bass exercise, to test the pupils; whilst they worked it out, he made some charming pen-and-ink sketches. What a sleepless genius! . . . . In the afternoon and evening we were at his house. He played with Rietz, his D major Sonata with Cello, and the two by Beethoven, op. 102; with me, my 'Sonate Symphonique;' Emily and I played 'Les Contrastes.'

"On the 9th of October Mendelssohn came to see us; we watched him as he walked slowly and languidly through the garden on his way to our house. My wife felt much concerned, and in answer to her inquiry after his health, he replied, 'How am I? Rather shady' (Grau in grau)! She assured him that a walk and the fine weather would do him good, so we—Charlotte, I, and our Felix—went to the Rosenthal, and certainly during our strolls he became so fresh and animated that we forgot his previous words. Charlotte said, 'You have never told us all about your last stay in London,' and this remark elicited from him much about our common friends that interested us. Then he gave us an account of his visit to the Queen. She had received him very graciously, and he was much pleased with her rendering of some of his songs, which he had accompanied; he had also played to the Queen and the Prince. She must have been pleased,

for, when he rose to depart, she thanked him, and said, 'You have given me so much pleasure, now what can I do to give you pleasure?' Mendelssohn deprecating, she insisted; so he candidly admitted that he had a wish that only her Majesty could fulfil. He, himself the head of a household, felt mightily interested in the Queen's domestic arrangements; in short, might he see the Royal children in their Royal nurseries? The Queen at once entered into the spirit of his request, and in her most winning way conducted him herself through the nurseries, all the while comparing notes with him on the homely subjects that had a special attraction for both.

"Talking of Cécile's birthday, he told us of a mantle he had bought her for a present; he had a second and priceless gift in store for her, for when he and Klingemann had made a tour of Scotland together, they both joined in keeping a diary, Klingemann jotting down their adventures in verse, Mendelssohn illustrating them. These fugitive pages, arranged and bound, were to be presented to his wife, but alas! he had already been attacked with deadly illness before the next day dawned.

"We parted about one o'clock in the most cheerful mood. That very afternoon, however, Felix was taken very ill in Frau Frege's house; he had gone thither to persuade her to sing in the next performance of his 'Elijah.' 'She is afraid of appearing in public,' Mendelssohn had said some days before, 'and of not being in

good voice; but no one can sing at all like her; I must go and encourage her.'"

We are indebted to Frau Frege for the following account of what occurred in her house on the 9th of October: "These were his words when he entered the room, 'I come to-day, and intend coming every day, until you give me your consent, and I now bring with me again the altered pieces (of the "Elijah"); but I really feel miserable, so much so that lately I actually cried over my Trio. To-day, however, before we talk of "Elijah," you must help me to put together a book of songs; the Härtels are pressing me so to publish it.' He brought the book, Op. 71, and as a seventh Lied, the old German Spring Song, 'Der trübe Winter ist vorbei,' which he had composed in the summer of this year, but had not written out until the 7th of October. I knew pretty well," said Frau Frege, "how he would wish the songs to follow, and arranged them in order, one by one, upon the piano. After I had sung the first, he was very much moved, and asked for it again, adding, 'That was a somewhat serious birthday present for Schleinitz on the 1st of October, but it is quite in accordance with my state of mind, and I can't tell you how melancholy Fanny's still unchanged rooms in Berlin made me. But I have indeed so much to be thankful to God for—Cécile is so well, and little Felix, too' (his youngest son, who was often out of health). He then made me repeat all the Lieder several times, and I still clung to my

opinion that the 'Spring Song' was a little out of place in the book. He then said, 'Be it so; the whole book is serious, and serious it must go into the world.' Although he looked very pale, I had to sing him the first song for the third time over, and he thanked me most kindly and amiably. He continued: 'If you are not tired, let us try the last quartet out of the "Elijah."' I left the room to order lamps, and on my return found him in the next room on the sofa; his hands, he said, were cold and stiff, and it would be better and wiser to take a turn out of doors, he really felt too ill to make music. I wanted to send for a carriage, but he would not allow me, and after I had given him a saline draught, he left about 5.30. When he got into the air, he felt it would be better to go home instantly; once at home, he sat down in the corner of the sofa, where Cécile found him at 7 o'clock; his hands were cold and stiff as before. On the following day he suffered from such violent pain in the head, that leeches were applied; the doctor thought the digestive organs were attacked, and only at a later period pronounced the disease to be the result of an overwrought nervous system. Ever since Fanny's death I had been struck with his paleness when he conducted or played; everything seemed to affect him more intensely than before."

The news of Mendelssohn's illness created quite a panic in Leipzig, but as he seemed so rapidly to recover, all fears were for a time allayed. "On the

15th October," we quote from the diary, "I had to tell Felix a great deal about Hiller's new opera 'Conradin, der letzte Hohenstaufe' the favourable reception of which delighted him heartily. David, Benedict, and I had gone over to Dresden to hear it; Wagner and Tichatschek took the leading parts. The performance was a remarkable one, the music, I thought, full of dignity and passion."

In the course of a few days Mendelssohn so far recovered that his friends find him not only cheerful, but actually making his plans for conducting his "Elijah" in Vienna. To Madame Frege, who visited him, he said: "Well, I must have given you a pretty fright the other day—a cheerful sight I must have been!" On the 28th he felt so much stronger that he took a walk with Cécile, and felt inclined to go out again. At her persuasion, however, he abandoned the idea; but alas! shortly afterwards he suddenly broke down. It was declared to be an attack of apoplexy. The anxiety of all Leipzig cannot be described. Once more he seems to rally, but only to relapse into a state of feverish excitement; his mind wanders, and he talks in English. On the 3rd of November, at half-past two in the afternoon, a third attack supervenes and deprives him of all consciousness.

The bulletin was read again and again by anxious crowds. Thus the 4th of November dawned. We give Moscheles' own words, just as he wrote them in Mendelssohn's house on the morning of the fatal day.

"Nature! demandest thou thy rights? Angels above, in heavenly spheres, do ye claim your brother, whom ye regard as your own, as one too high for intercourse with us ordinary mortals? We still possess him, we still cling to him; we hope, by God's grace, to keep still longer amongst us one who has ever shone upon us, a pattern of all that is noble and beautiful, the glory of our century! To Thee, O Creator, it is known why Thou hast lodged those treasures of heart and soul in so frail a tenement, that now threatens to dissolve! Can our prayers win from Thee the life of our brother? What a glorious work hast Thou accomplished in him! Thou hast shown us how high he may soar heavenwards, how near he may approach Thee! Oh! suffer him to enjoy his earthly reward—the blessings of a husband and father, the ties of friendship, the homage of the world!" . . . .

"Noon.—Drs. Hammer, Hofrath Clarus, the surgeon, Walther, all take their turn by the bedside; Schleinitz writes out a bulletin which gives no hope. Dr. Frege and his wife, David, Rietz, Schleinitz, my wife, and I, are waiting anxiously near the sick-room. The doctors say that if no fresh attack on the nerves or lungs supervenes the apparent calm may lead to a happy turn, even to ultimate recovery. This calm, however, was in reality only the utter prostration of all physical power!

"Evening.—From two o'clock in the afternoon, at the hour when another paralytic stroke was dreaded, he gradually began to sink; he lay perfectly quiet, breathing heavily. In the evening we were all by turns assembled around his bed, contemplating the peaceful, seraphic expression on his countenance. The memory of that scene sunk deeply into our hearts. Cécile bore up with fortitude under the crushing weight of her sorrow; she never wavered, never betrayed her struggle by a word. The children had been sent to bed at nine o'clock. Paul Mendelssohn stood, transfixed with grief, at the bedside of his dying brother. Madame Dirichlet and the Schuncks were expected in vain; Dr. Härtel had travelled to Berlin to fetch them and Dr. Schönlein, but they could not arrive in time to witness the closing scene.

"From nine o'clock in the evening we expected every moment would be the last; a light seemed to hover over his features, but the struggle for life became feebler and fainter. Cécile, in floods of tears, kneeled at his pillow; Paul Mendelssohn, David, Schleinitz, and I, in deep and silent prayer, surrounded the deathbed. As his breathing gradually became slower and slower, my mind involuntarily recurred to Beethoven's Funeral March, 'Sulla Morte d'un' Eroe,' to that passage where he seems to depict the hero as he lies breathing his last, the sands of life gradually running out.

The suppressed sobs of the bystanders, and my own hot tears, recalled me to the dread reality.

"At twenty-four minutes past nine he expired with a deep sigh. The doctor persuaded the widowed Cécile to leave the room. I knelt down at the bedside, my prayers followed heavenwards the soul of the departed, and I pressed one last kiss on that noble forehead before it grew cold in the damp dew of death. For several hours we bewailed together our irreparable loss; then each one withdrew, to sorrow in silence.

"What poor consolations are funeral honours, however grand and impressive, how miserably inadequate as expressions of grief for the loss of my beloved friend, whose memory will be sacred to me for the rest of my days."

All Leipzig mourned; the Gewandhaus on this 4th November did not give its usual concert; the soul of music seemed to have fled! who would have cared for concerts at such a time? Moscheles, during the next few days, meets with his friends to consult about the funeral, and scores for the sad occasion Mendelssohn's "Lied ohne Worte" in E minor. The body was soon afterwards carried to Berlin; a service takes place on the 7th November, in the Pauliner Church.

The Berlin *Staatszeitung* gives the following account of the funeral in Leipzig: "On the 6th November Mendelssohn's body was brought to the Pauliner (University) Church, preceded by a band of wind instruments, playing Beethoven's 'Funeral March.' The procession consisted of the members of the Gewandhaus orchestra and the pupils of the Conservatoire; the pall-bearers were Moscheles, David, Hauptmann, and Gade. The professors of the Conservatoire, with Mendelssohn's brother as chief mourner, and several guilds and societies from Leipzig and Dresden, followed the coffin. After the pastor's funeral oration in the church, an organ prelude and chorales out of 'St. Paul' and Bach's 'Passion' were played by the orchestra, under Gade's and David's direction. During the service the coffin remained open; the painters, Bendemann, Hübner, and Richard, of Dresden, made drawings of the great man with the wreath of laurel upon his brow. At ten o'clock at night the coffin was closed and carried by the pupils of the Conservatoire to the station of the Berlin Railway. A torchlight procession of more than a thousand persons followed the funeral train through the crowded streets of Leipzig, and similar honours, accompanied with funeral music, were paid to the dead at Cöthen, Dessau, and other towns on the road to Berlin, which was reached between seven and eight o'clock in the morning. There the coffin, adorned with ivy leaves and a large wreath of laurel, was carried on a hearse drawn

by six horses, draped in black, to the churchyard of the Holy Trinity. Thousands of people followed the bier, and Beethoven's 'Funeral March' was again played. Two clergymen and other friends of the deceased pronounced orations at the grave, and a chorus, consisting of six hundred voices, sang a hymn by Groeber, 'Christ and the Resurrection.' It is impossible to describe that mournful scene; the men threw earth, and the women and children flowers, on the coffin when it was finally lowered into the grave. Mendelssohn sleeps near that beloved sister whose death so fatally impressed him."

The King of Prussia had sent Mendelssohn a letter, in appreciation of the "Elijah," the first performance of which he had heard in Berlin; unfortunately, however, this letter reached Leipzig a day after the death of the great master. At the Gewandhaus Concert, on the 11th November, the performance was as follows:—

First Part: Overture to St. Paul. Motet, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace;" "Vergangen ist der lichte Tag," beautifully and feelingly sung by Frau Frege. Overture to "Melusine."

Second Part: Beethoven's "Eroica."

The dreary sense of isolation, now that Moscheles had for ever lost his art-colleague, made the idea of residence in Leipzig almost intolerable to Mrs. Moscheles; the object of all ambition seemed annihilated; Moscheles, however, argued otherwise:

"He invited me to take part in an institution that was so dear to him; to have laboured there with him would have been a daily joy and satisfaction, to work on there without him is my duty, which I regard as a sacred trust committed by him to my keeping. I must now work for us both."

Bent on carrying out this resolution, Moscheles once more resumes his classes at the Conservatoire on Monday the 7th of November, and derives from the conscientious performance of his duties some comfort in his deep sorrow. "In spirit, though not in presence, Mendelssohn is with us throughout the dreary winter. The constant visits to Cécile and the dear children, the reading over of his beautiful letters to us both, the perusal of his music, from the 'Kinderstücke' that Clara learns, to the duets I play with Serena, and his great pianoforte works which I study myself—such are the consolations which he has bequeathed to his sorrowing friends."

The King of Saxony is present at a performance of the "Walpurgisnacht" in the Gewandhaus; the fragments of the "Loreley" are also given. Many sketches of Mendelssohn's life appear, but none represent him so faithfully as his own letters. In these we find reflected the noble mind of the man, and his unswerving devotion to all those that he loved. He regarded art as a gift from heaven, as a glorious possession which he must cultivate and guard, and whilst so many of his contemporaries wrote for the world and

the prevailing taste and fashion of the public, he strove, singly and solely, to clothe his poetical and majestic thoughts in the noblest and loveliest harmonies. He, too, had his detractors—who has not? But none could reproach him with ever having been unfaithful to his art-convictions.

CHAPTER XIII.

1848—1849.

COMMEMORATIONS OF MENDELSSOHN—CONCERT IN AID OF A PENSION FUND—PERFORMANCE OF THE "ELIJAH"—POLITICAL AGITATION—PRAGUE AND VIENNA—NESTROY THE ACTOR IN LEIPZIG—CHANGE IN MUSICAL TASTE—THE VOLUNTEER GUARDS—ANNIVERSARY OF MENDELSSOHN'S DEATH—A MENDELSSOHN FOUNDATION—MARK OF ROYAL FAVOUR—SCHUMANN—MENDELSSOHN'S "ATHALIE"—MADAME DULCKEN—LINDLEY—LISZT'S PLAYING—VISIT TO PRAGUE—MUSICAL EVENTS.

IT would be no exaggeration to say that in Germany and England, if not throughout Europe, Mendelssohn's death was regarded as a public calamity. In Leipzig, the scene of so many of his great achievements, there were famous artists still left to carry on the work of the Conservatoire. There remained such men as Hauptmann, David, Rietz, Cossmann, and Joachim. The mere mention of these names will suffice to show that art, so far from being paralysed, was sure to develop all its best energies under the care and skill of men of European eminence. Friedrich Schneider, Besker, Reinecke, Griepenkerl, and others, joined in upholding the reputation of Leipzig as a musical centre, and, to crown all, Robert and Clara Schumann gave an historical éclat and interest to the Gewandhaus Concerts of the winter of 1848. "And

yet," says Moscheles in one of his letters, "we live daily in the memory of Mendelssohn. We are constantly with his dear children, and Cécile has the courage to be present at all the performances where her husband's works are executed, and to listen to such deeply touching compositions as the last quartet in F minor, and the 'Nachtlied,' sung as only Frau Frege can sing it. On the 3rd February, his birthday, the 'Elijah' was given for the first time here. I have attended all the rehearsals, and Emily and Serena sang in the chorus. A medallion executed for this special occasion by the sculptor Knaur, had been fixed in its place over the orchestra. Behr sang the part of the Prophet with earnestness and energy; Frau Frege, with her clear intonation and fine expression, rendered the music of the widow in her own pure and expressive style, and Fräulein Schloss was an excellent contralto. Gade's conducting, generally speaking, was painstaking and effective, except in certain 'Tempi,' which Mendelssohn had taken differently in Birmingham, where the organ had frequently enhanced the orchestral effects. The concert, given for the benefit of the 'Pension Fund,' was, strange to say, only two-thirds full, and the silence with which the work was received, left it doubtful whether the audience had been duly impressed. Certainly some papers headed what was actually an opposition. We were all indignant at so equivocal a reception, and even my Felix was not to be

restrained from writing on the subject to the papers, and protesting against it.

. . . . "Cécile asked me yesterday to revise the orchestral parts of Felix's A major Symphony, for it may possibly be given at the last Gewandhaus Concert. I have been to the theatre to hear a new opera, which was a complete failure, the music so bad and commonplace that it actually disturbed me in a nap. David, the picture of misery, frequently looked up to me from the orchestra for a sympathetic glance. I pitied him."

The political storm which had so suddenly burst in Paris, the Revolution which cost Louis Philippe his throne, found an echo in several parts of Germany. That Moscheles was no passive spectator of these events, we gather from many passages in his diary: . . . . "Robert Blum, a Radical, is elected a member of the German Parliament, and gladly accepts. . . . . Schleswig-Holstein is in a most excited state. God forbid there should be a war! I read the sad accounts the newspapers give of petitions, barricades, and tri-coloured flags. . . . .

"It was odd that I should find in the *Wiener Zeitung* an article, taking the King of Prussia to task for refusing civil liberties until he conceded them over the dead bodies of the citizens. And this from Austria! What a state of things we have come to! Do you recollect seeing in the Ballet that quaint, old-fashioned gentleman who suddenly turns round and

displays a figure all youth and bloom—Austria seems to me as double-sided as that figure !. . . . The States appear to me to be affected with cancer, whilst a consultation of surgeons is held at Frankfort. Artificial arms, legs, eyes, and noses are being substituted for the decayed members of the mutilated State-body, and our age unhappily is destined to look on at these operations ; it is a hard trial, but God wills it so ! I am not carried away by the hue and cry for liberty, I should like a monarchical 'juste milieu,' without coming under Nicholas' scourge or seeing my neighbours writhing under it. And my old Vienna, with her triumph won over the corpses of her citizens ! My light-hearted, musical Vienna ! it costs me much more of an effort to realize her in a state of fermentation than Berlin, where the tragedy is deepening, and becoming more and more terrible. Heaven preserve us from a repetition of the Reign of Terror ! On Friday evening we and all our friends heard the debates at the patriotic meeting ; Laube, who had just arrived from Vienna, spoke well on the state of things in Austria; Flathe proposed emigration as the only remedy for a distressed population ; Zestermann defended his fellow-citizens, the people of Zittau, whose patriotism had been suspected. All the discussions were carried on amid clouds of tobacco, rather bad for the ladies, but better anyhow than the smoke of gunpowder." " In the midst of this crisis," Mrs. Moscheles writes, " art and professional avocations are a real

comfort, and my husband can be serenely happy in the midst of all the turmoil round him." "Whenever I play, I forget everything," adds Moscheles, "but I certainly cannot now-a-days concentrate my thoughts enough for composing." On a visit to some friends at Lützschena, he moralizes thus: "How beautiful the world is, after all; this misery will pass, and liberty will dawn upon us! May we soon see her make her entrance in triumphal procession, as we have seen kings and ministers make their entrance, and—their exit."

Frau Frege, assisted by Moscheles and several artists, gives a very successful concert for the benefit of impoverished artisans. A private gallery of pictures is opened to the public for the same charitable purpose, and the Moscheles try to raise a fund for the members of the orchestra, who have been deprived of their pay owing to the troubled state of the times. Again we read of Moscheles' raptures with the Ninth Symphony: "This work revealed new beauties to me, and this I owe to certain effects and 'nuances' which with all my hearty exertions I could not succeed in bringing out with a London orchestra. The work itself stands relatively to other Symphonies like the Cathedral of Cologne to other churches. Rietz conducted in true musicianly style."

The 30th of May, Moscheles' birthday, evokes the following letter: "Your wishes were doubly welcome to me, at a time when State ties threaten to dissolve,

and family ties are loosened by those dreadful politics. Nothing was omitted in my family circle to make me forget the gloom of the present time; accordingly, I allowed myself patiently to be led blindfold by the children to the birthday table. What gave me the greatest delight was a water-colour drawing of Mendelssohn's study, painted on the spot by my Felix, exactly as it was left at the time of his death—every detail, even to the most insignificant, faithfully represented. Cécile presented me with an apparatus for striking a light (Zündmaschine), which her husband had used; a precious souvenir, like everything that comes from him."

Nestroy, the famous comic actor from Vienna, comes upon the gloomy days of Leipzig, with his "Freiheit in Krähwinkel," exactly at the right time, to inspirit every one. Moscheles says: "None but a Nestroy could parody government reform and liberty without becoming wearisome or giving offence. Formerly this piece would have given him free admission to the 'Spielberg' (the State-Prison); now he can actually introduce Metternich as a comic figure, without any fear of the Censor or police."

At a concert for the destitute artisans, Moscheles plays his E major Concerto, and says: "Germany has my good wishes for such unity as was displayed by the orchestra under Rietz and David. I thank God that I am not now obliged to begin to earn my bread by my art; I should certainly have to turn rope-

dancer. . . . . Formes as 'Leporello' the other night was very humorous and powerful, but I was annoyed at his exclaiming in the churchyard scene, 'This sounds like trombones.' The public liked it, but the public, when applauding that kind of thing, is like a will-o'-the-wisp—it leads artists astray. Rietz took several of the 'Tempi' too slowly, which surprised me in a modern Kapellmeister."

There are signs of Leipzig becoming infected with revolution, and as an extra precaution, it is thought necessary to organize a volunteer guard, in which Moscheles is enrolled as a member. He used, however, to joke about his want of taste for soldiering, and having one night mounted guard with Brassin (the bass singer in the theatre), he told his family when he came home that he had been very comfortable, having had a long conversation with his brother-sentinel about "Don Juan;" so that the two amateur soldiers managed to kill time very pleasantly.

"The unpublished music left by Mendelssohn is in the hands of Schleinitz, who is also guardian of the children. One of these works, the 'Reformation Symphony,' was yesterday rehearsed privately. It is in the true ecclesiastical style, and pleased me, however much Felix himself found fault with it. He was as much at home in the sacred style as in the romantic forms of his Lieder, or the fairy music of hobgoblins and dancing elves."

Moscheles mentions in affecting language the com-

memorative festival at the Conservatoire, on the anniversary of the day of Mendelssohn's death. "Only the professsors and their wives were invited, and everybody was dressed in mourning. After preliminary music, one of the Directors, standing before Mendelssohn's bust, made a speech to the pupils, exhorting them to emulate their great model, the founder of the Institution. The ceremony was very imposing, and we were particularly struck with one of the last songs of Mendelssohn, which Frau Frege gave with exquisite pathos. Joachim led the F minor Quartet admirably, and with the correct conception of the work."

Outside the art-world, the political horizon grows darker and darker. Moscheles writes: "All the reforms which the new time is to bring us seem still unripe, and I wish we could put them upon straw, as we do fruit to ripen. Perhaps such a process might obviate the necessity of deluging the soil with human blood; but then eternal peace would be like eternal spring; neither is to be found."

On the 17th December we read: "Unfortunately, in spite of my ten days' exertions and a great deal of begging, I did not succeed in securing for the blind singer, Miss A. Z., a full room at her Matinée to-day. My warmth on the subject had failed to melt the iceberg which blocked the entrance to the purses of the Leipzigers. Rietz accompanied, Joachim played Bach's 'Chaconne' admirably, and Pelz the pianist appeared

for the first time, with an Andante, all embroidery. The poor singer gave her Swiss melodies and some other pieces with much feeling, but after all she only realized twenty-six thalers, twelve of which went to the expenses."

In a letter of the 2nd of January, 1849, we read: "There is one piece of news worth telling, as a matter of importance for Leipzig. I allude to the death of an old patroness of art. She had reached her fiftieth year, having flourished in the days of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and was received on the Continent with honour and distinction. Occasionally she dealt with novelties, and retailed gossip, but her conversation was often instructive. She never travelled with hard cash, but only with notes. Her name was the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung für Musik*. In the farewell number, the editor says that art-productivity is now in such a stagnant state that material is wanting for a musical journal. Schleinitz publishes the statutes for a Mendelssohn Institute, the aim of which is to co-operate with the Conservatoire in assisting art-students, and, by scholarships and other benevolent means, to perpetuate the memory of Mendelssohn. The King has undertaken to act as patron and protector; and I am to be a joint director of the new institute. His Majesty has recently presented me with a gold snuff-box, accompanied by a letter acknowledging my dedication of the 'Contrastes;' but I don't talk about this, or it will go straight into the newspapers. . . . . On a

second hearing of Schumann's Symphony in C, I feel more and more that he follows boldly in Beethoven's footsteps, reminding me of him in daring, but scarcely in tenderness. I think his D minor Trio a composition of the most passionate character; it is based less on intensity of ideas than on his power of moving in the most varied keys. The Scherzo is the most piquant movement, the Adagio very gloomy.

"The Schumanns, Frau Schröder, and Frau Frege last night gave us lovely music, when of a sudden we heard a serenade from the garden; this was a chorus of men's voices; the strangers might well appreciate the compliment, for it rained heavily. The one great drawback I feel in Schumann's society is his extreme reticence; try as I will, I cannot inveigle him into a conversation upon art.

"Paul Mendelssohn asked me, in the name of his sister-in-law, to join Hauptmann, David, and Rietz in editing his brother's posthumous works, a service which I shall render with affection and reverence. The very next evening some movements of the posthumous quartet were tried at David's. One in F minor is, I think, the most valuable; the Quintet in B major, too, is a great work."

Mendelssohn's "Athalie" is performed, and Edward Devrient recited, between the separate numbers, some lines of his own, written as connecting links to the dramatic scenes. "Felix, when in London, had played me the whole of the music of 'Athalie,' trumpeting—

'tuting,' as he called it—every wind-instrument, especially in the 'March of the Priests,' so that I well remembered the most startling modulations. Even then the work pleased me; now, after attending the performance and rehearsals, I glory in it. In certain passages I was deeply affected, what must he have felt when he wrote it? But, strange to say, the Leipzig public remained cold, as at the 'Elijah' performance."

Family matters take Moscheles for a fortnight to London. The first letter to his wife begins in the following way:

"I remain your faithful and loving husband, I. Moscheles. I begin with the end, just as formerly I began my C major Concerto with the final cadence, because in both cases my leading idea is expressed:

"Now then about matters here. I was offered an engagement at Exeter Hall immediately on my arrival, but with a gratification bordering on self-complacency, I declared I did not wish any more to play in public. Every one receives me with open arms. . . . .

"The musicians and their publishers are still absorbed in their business; I met a congress of them at Chappell's. Osborne immediately claimed me for his new pianoforte duet in E flat minor; I ventured

to attack it, six flats and all, and I think my friend was greatly pleased. Then Dulcken appeared, and told me that his concert on the 20th (he forgot that his wife gave it) would be crowded even if the Hanover Square Rooms were three times the size. 'Why not give it in Exeter Hall?' I asked. 'Because Jenny Lind, whose intimacy with my wife dates from Stockholm days, kindly consents to sing for us, and does not like Exeter Hall.' Subsequently, when I visited Madame Dulcken, she asked me to play a duet with her in the same concert, but, for the reasons known to you, I refused.

"Beethoven's Mass in C was a rare treat, and so was Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise.' Costa wields his bâton more in Italian than German style, but he kept the 700 performers admirably together, although the 'Tempi' were not always what I am used to. My neighbour, Mr. Gladstone, asked me several musical questions. When the room was almost empty, I saw the veteran Lindley still sitting by his violoncello. This reminded me of his having been upset in a coach, when he quietly sat down in an open field to see if his instrument had received any injury. . . . . This is a long letter. You shall soon hear more by word of mouth."

Moscheles, soon after his return to Leipzig, writes: "Ernst gave a Matinée which, I grieve to say, was poorly attended. He looks wretchedly ill, but played with great energy and passionate feeling. . . . . We

had a novelty in F. Hiller's Symphony in E. major, with the motto: 'Es muss doch Frühling werden,' a work in the grand style, with excellent points in it. I recognise in all Hiller's music a composer aiming at what is true and beautiful. Liszt played part of a concerto by Henselt, and his Don Juan Fantasia, with all his gigantic power. The tossing about of his hands, which he seems to think a mark of inspiration, I still regard as an eccentricity, although it is no doubt remarkable that he accomplishes the most perilous jumps with scarcely a single mishap.

"'Christus,' the fragment left behind by Mendelssohn, is now being studied by our pupils; it consists of five or six choruses, recitatives, a trio of a dignified kind sung by the three magi, to the words, 'Say, where is He that is born King of Judah?' a chorus, 'Daughters of Zion,' and another of the people, 'Crucify Him'—these are masterpieces, and although fragmentary in character are sure to become famous. . . . The time of publication is not yet fixed on.

"Yesterday, for the first time, we saw Halévy's 'Thal von Andorra"—music of a genuine dramatic character, which has more flow of melody than his other operas. The subject is cleverly worked up and very expressive. It was so finely given, that the entire body of performers was called forward. I read Berlioz' 'Feuilleton' upon Meyerbeer's 'Prophète.' The libretto is certainly frightful, and contains sensational scenes enough to make one shudder; the music,

however, is said to be worthy of Meyerbeer, and I look forward to hearing another work from the pen of my old friend. Lortzing's opera, 'Roland's Knappen,' reminds me of the busy bee which sucks its honey out of many flowers."

The winter and spring of this year were saddened by the war in Holstein, and the revolution in Dresden. "A Schröder-Devrient, a Richard Wagner, haranguing the Dresden people! What can it lead to? Alas! we were soon able to answer that question when the barricades were raised in Leipzig, and one of the worthiest citizens, and our excellent friend, was shot dead by a ruffian."

When the storms in the political atmosphere are calmed down, Moscheles takes his children to Prague. "I will show them," he writes, "the birthplace and the house their father was born in, the graves of my own parents, the place on the 'Ring,' where I delighted, as an urchin, to hold the music for the bandsmen, the house of Dionys Weber, nay, the actual corner stone on which I smashed the wine-bottle which I was commissioned by him to carry to his friend, the worthy prelate. Lastly, I want the children to make acquaintance with their relatives." "Returning to Leipzig," he says, "I found Spohr—he played in Voigt's house, that place of rendezvous for good musicians, his Quartet in C major and Double Quartet in G minor, both from the proof sheets, the composition as interesting as ever, but Spohr unchanged; his playing is still noble and

fresh. In the Conservatoire we gave him an ovation, and his bust was covered with garlands; he played several things to a delighted audience, and our pupils gave him a serenade afterwards. A short visit from Cécile Mendelssohn, on her way through Leipzig, revived the memory of old days; I had to play to her the march from 'Athalie,' his bust looked down on us, she said but little, but was full of gratitude and tenderness."

Mrs. Moscheles had been summoned to London, where she receives the following letter:

"Leipzig, 12th July.

"Your letter found me at the Conservatoire, it put me into such good humour that from that moment I was all forbearance with false notes and bad fingering. . . . . In to-day's *Times* I read of the triumph of our old, still youthful friend, Henriette Sontag; I hope you will meet her. I have set to music a song written by our Legationsrath Gerhard, the 'Schmetterling und Liebchen.' The text is poetical, and touches a sympathetic chord, whether it deserves to be a pendent for the 'Botschaft' you will see. I shall soon join you in London."

Shortly afterwards Moscheles writes from London: "I am determined to hear the 'Prophet;' all the good places are taken, so I must put up with two bad ones, better them than none at all . . . . Madame Viardot

is not only an admirable Fides, but she has, as the French say, 'créé le rôle;' she is Kapellmeister, Régisseur, in one word, the soul of the opera, which owes one-half of its success to her. There are fine things in the work, but after one hearing it does not appear to me to come up to the 'Huguenots.' Besides, one listens at times with only one ear; in the awful church scene, in which Viardot is inimitable, the situation is absolutely absorbing. The skating scene made us envious, sitting as we were in oppressive heat."

After a month's stay at Tréport, the Moscheles visit Rouen and Paris. From the latter place Moscheles writes: "I was much interested in seeing Beaumarchais' 'Mariage de Figaro'—the original of the subject which inspired Mozart with his immortal music. The performance was, as formerly, slightly dashed with some interpolated music; instead of the beautiful romance of the Page there was a sentimental vaudeville song, at the wedding a trivial march, anything but Spanish, but as entr'acte we had the genuine Mozart Romance. Roger has reappeared in the 'Favorita;' he is an admirable singer, with a full-toned voice, but he and all his colleagues here adopt that dreadful 'tremolo,' which they in professional language call 'vibrando;' in addition to that we often hear regular bawling, and the louder it is the louder they are applauded. The last duet was repeated three times, the bawling increased each time, and with it the applause. There was a shower of

bouquets on the stage. . . . . We heard, alas! of Chopin's dangerous illness, and on inquiry found our worst fears confirmed. His sister is nursing him; the poor fellow's days are now numbered; he suffers greatly."

After the dreaded event, Moscheles writes: "Art has lost much in poor Chopin, for if not a classical writer or one who created masterpieces, he possessed the rarest gifts—a depth of feeling, tenderness (Gemüth), and individuality. Jules Janin writes, in the *Journal des Débats,* that shortly before his death he ordered a Polish national song and Mozart's 'Requiem' to be played to him."

From Leipzig Moscheles writes: "How am I to understand this? The very same public which rationally and justly was enthusiastic in favour of Schumann's great work, the B major Symphony, was now completely carried away by a lady-harpist and Parish Alvars' bravura playing! This is your so-called art-enlightened audience! Again I was displeased with the lukewarm reception given to Mendelssohn's works. O Clique! as if in a city where the genius of a Schumann is worshipped, it should be necessary to cry down Mendelssohn as pedantic, and inferior to his brother in art! The public loses all judgment, and subordinates every feeling and musical instinct to one leadership, which cozens it as much as the Radicals do the German people."

CHAPTER XIV.

1850—1851.

MOSCHELES AND HIS PUPILS — SCHUMANN'S "GENOVEVA" — PERFORMANCE OF SOME OF MENDELSSOHN'S WORKS—VISIT TO BERLIN —THE SILVER WEDDING—PAUL DAVID—BRENDEL—A MUSICAL QUARREL—BACH SOCIETY — JOACHIM — POLITICAL AGITATION IN GERMANY — OCCASIONAL CRITICISMS — PIANOFORTE PLAYERS — BEETHOVEN'S "MOUNT OF OLIVES"— LOHENGRIN—SUMMER EXCURSION — RECEPTION IN WEIMAR—DAVID—FERDINAND HILLER.

WE are confident that any one of Moscheles' old pupils who happens to read these pages, will call to mind the friendly ways and words of their former teacher, whose wise discipline was invariably tempered with kindness, and who enforced obedience by sympathy. He delighted in organizing small fêtes, where his pupils could meet him on equal terms, where the classical musician would cheerfully put aside Beethoven and Mozart, and play a waltz or polka for the merry dancers. He was a true friend, for to any deserving pupil about to leave the Conservatoire he gave credentials, which were sure to be of value to the recipient. These were honestly and scrupulously worded, and thus became the best of passports for an aspiring artist. How carefully he weighed every word in these certificates, we gather from his numerous

notes in reference to the qualifications of the pupils, and from his drafts for the framing of testimonials; a whole mass of such memoranda was found amongst his papers after his death. The diary also catalogues with scrupulous accuracy the morning and evening serenades, the tokens of affection, and proofs of gratitude which were matters of constant occurrence.

His health seldom prevented him from attending to his duties at the Conservatoire, but when indisposed and confined to the house, he would have the pupils at home rather than allow them to miss their lesson. If further proof were needed of the warm interest he took in the welfare of those entrusted to his care, we would quote the following note in the diary: "As regards my pupils, I don't allow myself to be trifled with; I have fought a battle for some of them. In the composition of the programmes for the Pupil Concerts, I will not stand any favouritism; each and all shall have their turn, according to their merits."

Moscheles, ever ready to acknowledge rising talent, took great delight in the youthful Wilhelmine Clauss, whose playing at the Gewandhaus he warmly admired. Of Schumann's opera, "Genoveva," he says: "Madame Schumann played it through to me. In dealing with the plot, Schumann is still undecided whether the final reconciliation shall take place in the desert or in the castle. In whatever way he treats the subject, this opera is sure to be interesting to any

artist; whether it will be popular, I cannot judge from hearing it once on the pianoforte." In the course of the following summer, after the first performance in the Leipzig Theatre, Moscheles writes: "First impression :—Overture excellent, full of passion; choruses characteristic, the whole vocal part passionately felt, although not strikingly developed. There is a want of intelligible, flowing, rhythmical melody; I am one of Schumann's worshippers, but cannot conceal from myself this weakness. We applauded enthusiastically, and called him forward at the end, but there was not a single 'encore.'"

"At the quartet meetings we had a great variety: In the first place, Schumann's quartet in A major, strongly Beethovenish in character; then back to one of Haydn's, by way of transition to the Mozart school, and lastly, Beethoven's quartet in B major, op. 130. In this work Beethoven storms heaven itself, and yet again what child-like simplicity and passionate grief! Now a reaction for you, worthy of record: 'Our friend Thalberg has played Mozart's concerto at the Philharmonic; there's a triumph for the old school! We had a lovely performance of Mendelssohn's 'The Son and Stranger,' at Frau Frege's. The orchestra was under Rietz, David with Joachim and other great artists assisting. Frau Frege, in the part of a naïve rustic maiden, sang and acted charmingly; Fräulein Buck and Pögner acted the old parents; Widemann was the lover;

scenery and decoration charming. We sat next to Cécile, Paul, and Frau Dirichlet, all of whom had come from Berlin to witness the performance. Cécile was alternately moved, interested, and pleased, the other guests were delighted, and all declared that this small idyll would certainly take honourable rank amongst comic operas on the public stage. The fragments of the opera, 'Lorelei,' in which Mendelssohn shows clearly unmistakeable power as a dramatic composer, seemed to intensify our sorrow at his premature death. The passionate strains allotted to 'Lorelei' were superbly rendered by Frau Frege. What a pity that so gifted an artiste should be withheld from the public! I myself may yet have to thank this gifted lady for many a melody, for the style in which she interprets my new songs delights me, and spurs me on to new efforts. We have heard Mendelssohn's 'Œdipus;' the deep pathos of the choral music, the 'ring of ancient days,' acted like magic on my senses, and I felt recalled to the classic times of Grecian poetry." The audience forgot to applaud, whether from ignorance or excess of delight, I cannot say. Cécile attended this performance, and early on the morning of the 26th of February the Moscheles travelled with her to Berlin, and were soon settled in the old house, Leipziger Strasse, No. 3, consecrated by the memory of the happy hours spent there with one now at rest. We read in the diary:—"Cécile received us in her usual charming manner, the dear children were overjoyed to see us; little Felix is well again. I could

not help sitting down at the very Erard piano the keys of which had so often responded to the master's fingers, and playing, amongst other things, his 'Frühlingslied.' It was too much for poor Cécile.". . . .

On the 27th of February the Moscheles go to Hamburg and celebrate there their silver wedding.

On the 1st of March we read: "The all-merciful God has raised me from a bed of sickness, and allowed me to spend this joyous time with all that I love best in the world. I was awoke in the morning by hearing the Chorale 'Nun danket Alle Gott,' then followed the Wedding March out of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' a sorrowful reminder of my departed friend, who would have so rejoiced in our happiness."

Moscheles, on returning to Leipzig, hears Paul David, a promising young pupil of his father, play a Rode Concerto: "He held his own bravely, just like a plucky boy riding on a big horse; he may be thrown once or twice, but he is up again in the saddle in no time. I predict a future for him."

"Spohr is still complete master of his violin, and conducted his 'Seasons' with great precision. The invention in this work is weak, but the treatment and instrumentation are as artistic as ever. The 'Coming of Spring' has a lovely melody, but art and counterpoint outweigh the poetic vein. The music drags on slowly like a cart through deep sand, one wheel creaking and groaning; the 'Autumn' has its share

of brightness, and the Rheinlied is cleverly interwoven in the movement. The contrapuntal links of the different subjects interest the thoughtful artist, but fail to elevate him as does the music of a certain Beethoven."

In addition to the sources from which we have hitherto drawn materials for our compilation, we now have Moscheles' letters to his son Felix, who at this time left for Paris. Hitherto the son's classical education had been pursued in Leipzig under the father's eye; this was now to be exchanged for the study of painting, an art to which he intended to devote himself professionally. The correspondence ranges (with some interruptions) over a period of twenty years, and we shall frequently interweave extracts from it in our narrative.

"I went through Neukomm's Mass with him at the pianoforte; he keeps me strictly to the slowest of all tempi; for an 'accelerando' or 'animato' I would have given a kingdom. These are sacrifices which one can make only for an old and tried friend. I endure a trial of patience of another kind, in arranging for four hands Chopin's 'Violoncello Sonata.' I find it a wild overgrown forest, into which only an occasional sunbeam penetrates."

In the Gewandhaus, Otto Goldschmidt played, with great success Mendelssohn's "G minor Concerto," a "Capriccio" of his own, and Liszt's "Lucia-Fantasia," with its avalanche of shakes.

"My colleagues are up in arms against Brendel (himself a professor at the Conservatoire), for having inserted an article headed 'Judaism in Music,' in his periodical. In this article the author endeavours in every possible way to depreciate Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. I say 'endeavours,' for what harm can a malicious article do to such men? Nevertheless, Brendel has given great offence, and Rietz suggests the following letter to the Committee of Directors:—

"'It cannot have escaped the notice of the honourable Directors of the Conservatoire that the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* has aimed for some time past at depreciating the state of music and the musical performances at Leipzig, and this in a tone which oversteps the limits of fair criticism. Men are attacked whose merits are recognised throughout the whole musical world, and whose works are precious to every unprejudiced artist and connoisseur. We, the undersigned, would completely ignore these matters if the editor of that journal, Dr. Brendel, was not one of our colleagues at the Conservatoire. As his views are in direct opposition to ours, and we believe they may exercise a bad influence over the pupils of the Conservatoire, we now call on the honourable Directors at once to dismiss Dr. Brendel from his post. Signed: Becker, Böhme, David, Hauptmann, Hermann, Joachim, Klengel, Moscheles, Plaidy, Rietz, Wenzel.'

"The Directors, however, only thought fit to reprimand Dr. Brendel, but much curiosity was naturally excited about the authorship of the article in question. Dr. Brendel, however, very properly refused to divulge the name, and years were to elapse before people ascertained that Richard Wagner was the author."

Moscheles writes:—"Revised, for the engraver, Mendelssohn's seventh book of the 'Lieder ohne Worte,' three songs for a contralto voice, a setting of Goethe's words, 'Ein Blick von Deinen Augen,' which struck me as very curious in rhythm, but I found it was correct when I compared it with the manuscript."

During this winter a Bach society is formed, consisting of Becker, David, Härtel, Hauptmann, Jahn, Moscheles, and Rietz, and it is determined to bring out as a first publication the B minor Mass.

Joachim, who had already become the great Joachim, left Leipzig in course of the winter, and went as 'Concertmeister' to Weimar, where he was received with the distinction he merited; Raimond Dreyschock became second Concertmeister and teacher at the Conservatoire. Mrs. Moscheles writes:—"I rejoice to tell you that the composition of the violoncello sonata my husband has just begun, completely absorbs him, and diverts his thoughts from the troubles of the day;" and Moscheles himself says, "I thank you for all the enlightenment which you strive to give me, a dilettante in politics, about the gloomy condition of Europe. I deplore this ceaseless conflict now rife

between the upper and lower classes, which unsettles our poor Germany. If you shake a bottle of good old port, the dregs will rise to the surface, and spoil the wine. I read every kind of newspaper, and could almost wish the bad old times back again, when we had only to fight with the foreign foe. But now, German against German! Fie, fie! they ought rather to have their differences settled by diplomatists, or lawyers in wigs and gowns, and write their annals in red ink instead of red blood. Here, as elsewhere, people are desponding, but I cling fast to my art, and lean upon 'Frau Musica' for support.

On the 1st of January, 1851, Moscheles, glancing over the events of the past year, says: "I thank God for the preservation of all those most dear to me, for health and strength, for power of work. . . . This being my frame of mind, the concert made a great impression on me. We had the Cantata 'Ein' feste Burg,' by J. S. Bach, a grand contrapuntal work; the hautboys, trumpets, and trombones here and there effectively doubled by Rietz; Mendelssohn's beautiful '95th Psalm,' with its pathetic Canon in C minor—the whole performance a worthy inauguration of the year.

"Schubert's Symphony in C has beautiful and well-developed motives, but there is too much repetition; one-half of it would produce double effect. . . . . 'Papa' Haydn's Symphony was as fresh and healthy as ever; nothing of the demon in that. The rehearsal

of the 'Antigone' filled me with admiration as far as the music is concerned, but I do not think it very well suited for the Concert-room. Mendelssohn's Finale to the opera of 'Lorelei' is impressive and highly dramatic, every instrument is ennobled, even to the big drum. The general impression was electrical, and even the champions of a new art-system, who hitherto have been pleased to pronounce Mendelssohn and his creations as old-fashioned and out of date, applauded enthusiastically. Should this fragment never be produced on the stage, it will always be a valuable acquisition to the concert-room; it is a gem from Mendelssohn's posthumous treasures. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, 'in the whirlwind of its passion,' carried away the audience; the performers grappled bravely with all the difficulties, and the victory was glorious; the 'Ode to Joy' found an echo in the hearts of all."

With regard to Litolff, Moscheles writes: "I admire his light-fingered bravura, his weird-like effects and 'verve;' his execution, although stormy and restless, is always piquant—he at least does not, like so many others, write sickly Italian music, half thunder, half sentiment. Schumann's 'Requiem for Mignon' does not please me so much as his more important compositions. In the 'Waldscenen,' too, which I have lately played, I thought the form too sketchy. I well understand that he, like a good poet, wishes to give an outline, and leave to the fancy of his hearers the filling in of the whole picture; but I prefer a

more definite form and elaboration to that peculiar dreaminess, that irresolution and groping about. In his symphonies he is great. At the Subscription Concerts, Castellan is creating a furore. Handsome and imported from the Italian operas in Paris and London! No wonder that with such advantages the classical Leipzigers opened their ears and hearts to the airs of all the 'inis' and 'ettis.' The enthusiasm created by the hackneyed roulades of the Rode Variations, proved that genuine Italian music can move even a German audience.

"I have finished my Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, and have already played it over with Rietz and Grützmacher; David, who heard it, wishes to arrange it for violin. I do not think of publishing it yet—I like to let my compositions lie by for awhile that they may go through the process of fermentation, that is, I like to give myself the opportunity of using the file after working with the sledge-hammer, as one does in the first heat of composition. . . . They wanted me to play it at the Quartet Concerts; I hesitated, but at last took heart, and played it with Rietz, who assisted me valiantly. . . . We have also heard at the theatre Mendelssohn's operetta, 'The Son and Stranger.' Although the idyllic character charmed the connoisseurs and artists, a few hisses were mingled with the applause when the piece was ended; these were like the occasional 'à bas' which are heard amongst the public cheers for a crowned head."

Moscheles, on being asked whether Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" had not been treated in too secular a vein, answered: "No doubt that objection has been repeatedly made to the work, but even suppose there is some truth in it, who would like to find fault with so great a man? Who, as Gottfried Weber has done in his 'Cäcilia,' would attack Mozart's 'Requiem' on the ground of its not being sufficiently severe in style? In judging such beautiful music, one ought not to draw a hard and fast line between the ecclesiastical and dramatic element."

In the month of May after hearing the opera of "Lohengrin" in Weimar, he remarks: "Liszt directed the admirably trained orchestra; the singers were excellent. From the very first note of the Introduction, with its high violin passages and gradation effects, the instrumentation seemed to me to be strikingly original, in fact rather too original in its harshness. There is much dramatic life in this music, but I do not like the predominance of recitatives; I should prefer more rhythmical melodious phrases or movements in the ordinary form. Wagner's treatment frequently wearied me, from being too monotonous and too overloaded; for one leading theme well worked out, for one well-sustained vein of thought, I would gladly have bartered many of his bright but transient effects; for all that the work interested me extremely. One must have heard it, and one must hear it again, to form a correct judgment.

"My reception in Weimar was of the most cordial description; the Grand-Duke showed me the art-treasures of his palace. A request to write something for the 'Schiller Album' in Weimar led to my composing a Fantasia for pianoforte solo on the poem 'Die Erwartung.'

"To-day at the rehearsal of the Pupils' Concert I would have my way. 'Studies' by Chopin and Thalberg for two pianos were to be played by two pupils at once; I opposed this, and successfully. No, the piano is not an orchestral instrument like the violin; mere strictness in keeping time is not enough, and above all it will not do for Chopin's music; all its poetry would be lost if played on two pianos unisono."

For a summer excursion, the Moscheles explore the Hartz Mountains in all directions. He writes:—"Certainly many of the tavern pianos and small organs are afflicted with consumption, but try them I must, and everywhere there is a cantor, an organist, or at least a waiter or a Geheimrath, who listens with due astonishment, not to mention the fair sex, occasionally rather plain." At Alexisbad Moscheles is most cordially received by the Duchess of Bernburg, and meets with a no less friendly welcome at Meiningen. In reference to an excursion to the "Altenstein," Moscheles says:—"As I was alone with the Duke in the carriage, our conversation took a practical turn, and he commissioned me to send him one of our

best pupils from the Conservatoire, to teach his youngest daughter. Another good berth for some one."

Shortly after his return to Leipzig, Moscheles writes:—"Few of the pianists appearing at the Gewandhaus this year have found favour with the critical Leipzigers; on one or two occasions their disapproval has been most discourteously expressed. Hisses should be tabooed; have them, if you must, in the theatre, but they are out of place in the concert-room. I found Schumann's Overture to the 'Bride of Messina,' at the second hearing, full of power, character, and passion; but the audience, although it numbered many of Schumann's friends, was divided in its appreciation of the work.

"For my own special benefit, and to acquire that particular style, I play Liszt's new Concert solo, the Paganini Studies, and other modern things. As for Liszt I made a fine mistake the other day. Just before he came in, I had received Scudo's book, which had been sent me from Paris. I asked him, 'Do you know this? The first article I see bears your name.' 'Yes; it gives me some very hard raps,' said he, laughing, and began to read aloud the author's attacks. I had expected eulogy, and was at first alarmed, but soon laughed with him."

During the latter part of the year, much uncertainty prevailed amongst David's friends as to whether he would continue to act as Concertmeister in Leipzig, or would accept an appointment at Cologne.

The first letter that Moscheles pens in 1852 mentions the subject: "The best news that the new year could bring is the certainty that we keep our David here. You know he threatened seriously to migrate to Cologne; he has now come to terms with the authorities, who have not only lightened his labours but increased his salary. Ferdinand Hiller, who is in Paris, will, it is said, return to Cologne—another gain for Germany."

CHAPTER XV.

1852.

MADAME SONTAG — THE BACH SOCIETY — ST. MATTHEW'S PASSION — OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT — COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE CONSERVATOIRE — MOSCHELES AND HIS PUPILS — SILENCING A TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOUR — THE TANNHÄUSER — BERLIOZ'S MUSIC — MOSCHELES AS PLAYER AND LECTURER — MODERN PIANISTS — A MAGNIFICENT GIFT — VACATION IN SAXON SWITZERLAND.

"SONTAG appeared this winter in Leipzig," writes Moscheles; "a little older, a little less sylph-like, but lovely, kind, and unassuming, her voice still well-preserved, and her execution faultless. The growing enthusiasm for her completely upsets the good people of Leipzig—they are quite intoxicated; she is triumphant everywhere, and the students gave her a torch-procession on her way home from the theatre. We have seen her in all her great parts; the voice is still perfectly sufficient for our small Leipzig house. Comparisons are odious, but, charmed as I was, I could not forget, when looking at her quiet ladylike acting, the intense fervour of Jenny Lind, the excessive passion of Malibran. How ungrateful a creature is man! I am delighted when I hear her sing my 'Lieder,' which she does to perfection and 'con

amore.' I am now composing a bravura piece for her; it was suggested thus: I frequently play to her, and the other day when she heard my Fantasia on Hungarian airs, she was so pleased with one of the melodies that she said; 'I would like to sing that; do write me some variations on it, Moscheles.' Her wishes are commands, and so I am busy inventing something impossible in the bravura line." Shortly afterwards she left for Dresden, and Moscheles writes: "All Leipzig is still mad about her, people think and talk of nothing else; they nearly forget to start the railway trains and to wind up the church clocks." After she had sung in Weimar, there appeared in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* an article making a furious onslaught on Sontag, who was described as the "Sorceress of Song" (Gesang-Nixe). Jenny Lind also came in for her share of depreciation. This attack brought no good to Weimar; for Count Rossi wrote to the Grand-Duke, enclosing the article, and explaining that his wife would never again perform where she had been so misrepresented. She must revoke her promise, lately given, to sing for a charity at Weimar. Sontag took the matter lightly, adding: "They not only cry down my singing, but my personal appearance as well; they give me not only false teeth, but a sham throat into the bargain."

"I cannot always agree with the Bach Society; my proposition to publish the first volume with pianoforte accompaniment was outvoted; I think

that village schoolmasters, and ignoramuses unable to decipher a score, ought to become acquainted with Bach by means of the pianoforte edition. . . . . The old music-room, in which Sebastian had his practises with the pupils, has been rebuilt, and I attended the inauguration, where there was four-part singing under Hauptmann's direction—the old portrait of Bach, which has been carefully restored, seemed to preside over our meeting. One of the pupils made an admirable oration. On Good Friday the 'St. Matthew Passion' was performed. I am deeply moved by the work," says Moscheles, "and have published my impressions of this most magnificent music in the *Deutsche Allgemeine*. But what are words? Those double choruses, interspersed with majestic chorales, the moment when Peter 'weeps bitterly' at his own treachery, the air in C minor, 'Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen'—in fact, one and all of the numbers—how inadequate our praise must be! You must hear it all at the first opportunity. Schneider sang the Evangelist's part admirably, the other singers, with Rietz and David in the orchestra—all were equal to their great task. . . . . When you read this, and see me so deeply immersed in art, you will hardly expect me to give my opinion on bank-shares, Government securities, and the like. It is just as if I called on you to give me your opinion upon a score; please act for me in these matters. I gladly put myself into your hands. Talking of our friends, do

you know that one of your fellow-citizens, Otto Goldschmidt, has had the good fortune to marry our great artiste, Jenny Lind? He has won a great prize, and she has given her hand to a man of high honour; he is a thorough musician, and aspires to all that is best and purest in art."

Foremost amongst Moscheles' most loyal and devoted pupils in the Conservatoire were J. O. Grimm, Radecke, the brothers Brassin, Gernsheim, von Sahr, Jadassohn, Mertel, &c.; with such as these he delighted to draw on the past years of his artistic experience, hoping to steep their minds in the traditions of his own school. Always conscientious in his duties as a teacher, he was naturally impatient of interference. "To-day," he says, "I have spoken freely my mind—I must insist on my own classes adhering to the readings and 'Tempi' as I give them myself. . . . . What am I to say to this? One of my lady pupils, on the examination day, plays a posthumous manuscript Study in F major by Mendelssohn, a work entirely new to me; on this occasion I learn quite by chance that there still remains amongst Mendelssohn's papers much that is of artistic value, and yet I and a few others were selected specially by his widow to look through the posthumous works, with a view to their publication. So a favoured pupil is allowed the privilege of playing an unheard work of Mendelssohn's before I know even of its existence!"

This year the summer vacation is spent in Saxon Switzerland. "We arrived late in the evening at Tetschen, hungry and tired to death, and ordered supper in our room; but oh, misery! the sound of a piano suddenly breaks upon us! Just imagine, only a thin door between me and Weber's 'Invitation à la Valse,' strummed by an unpractised hand, and drawled out (to quote Mendelssohn) as 'a slow Presto.' I rang the bell, and frightened the Abigail with: 'Who, is playing there?' 'Oh, only a young man, who, being engaged all day long in business, usually plays for a couple of hours of an evening.' 'A delightful prospect this!' thought I. I tried to eat, but that was impossible, so, without saying a word to my astonished family, I seized my hat, rushed out, and knocked at my neighbour's door. The 'come in' brought me face to face with the innocent delinquent. Assuming an air of feigned politeness, I began the conversation: 'Your playing has allured me, a perfect stranger, and I venture to call. I play a little too, and happen to have studied that identical piece; would you like to hear my reading of it?' I went straight to the piano—the young man, quite abashed, made way for me—and without waiting for his answer, I dashed through the piece in the wildest style and at a tearing pace, introducing double octaves wherever I could get them in; this had its effect. 'Alas!' he said, with a sigh, 'I shall certainly never play it like that!' 'Why not?' replied I, 'if you work

hard, but—good evening to you!' My object was attained; my nightly tormentor became mute, whether for ever I can't say—at all events, I could eat and sleep in peace. My wife and children, with their ears close to the wall, listened and enjoyed the joke immensely."

In October, Moscheles hears the "Tannhäuser," given in Dresden under Reissiger's direction: "I was often surprised both by the peculiarities of the composer's genius and his original instrumentation; on the whole, however, I still feel as I did after hearing 'Lohengrin.' There are too many recitatives, too much that is fragmentary, in fact monotony, the result of shapelessness. In saying this I bear in mind passages full of genius and surprising effects; but heart and soul are not warmed by being so overloaded with passionate music."

In November Moscheles goes to Weimar, there to make acquaintance with another novelty—Berlioz's music. "Berlioz was very cordially received, his desk was wreathed with laurels; my expectations were not at a high pitch, but he certainly has surpassed them. A great deal is no doubt over-eccentric and disconnected, but there is much that is grandly conceived and carried out. In the 'Faust,' his introduction of the Rákoczy March is electrifying; this was repeated, as well as the soldier's song, and the waltz. The music given to Queen Mab in 'Romeo and Juliet,' is not only effective and charming, but

worthy of being placed by the side of Mendelssohn's works of a similar kind. Berlioz's conducting inspired the orchestra with fire and enthusiasm, he carried everything as it were by storm; I am glad to have made acquaintance with him, both as a composer and conductor."

Next day, Moscheles, Berlioz, and Liszt are invited to dine with the Dowager Grand-Duchess, and adjourn in the evening to the Theatre, where Liszt, conducts a performance of Berlioz's opera of "Benvenuto Cellini." "I was delighted by the flow of melody, and the occasionally very discreet instrumentation; a great deal, however, I find obscure, and the finale, the 'Carnival at Rome,' completely unintelligible. The audience generally was in favour of the music, although there was nothing encored. Berlioz was called for after every act. After the opera, we all met at Liszt's, it was a most interesting evening, and Berlioz the hero of it. I had much conversation with him; he is a great thinker."

At a social union of the Leipzig Professors, Moscheles appeared in the twofold character of player and lecturer. First of all he played Beethoven's Sonata, op. 53, and afterwards prefaced his rendering of the solo Fantasia, op. 77, by some remarks about its origin and character. "This Fantasia," he said, "is rhapsodical, eccentric, and on that account but little known amongst musical connoisseurs. It seems to me as if Beethoven had wished to represent

himself in this work as sitting down unprepared, and perhaps in a very bad humour, to the instrument, and then roving about without a plan in the kingdom of his fancies. I myself occasionally heard him play in such a fashion, and whenever I hear this Fantasia such moments involuntarily recur to my mind."

The winter brings a number of modern pianists. "One plays in a style cold and clear as a bright December night, and just as frosty; another, with his crashing chords, shakes, and arpeggios, is really too merciless on my unfortunate Erard, which is not only beaten out of tune, but somehow or other has been severely injured. I know the culprit; with such handling how could it be otherwise?" The damage could not be repaired in Leipzig, and Moscheles in great straits wrote to the Erards for advice. "Should he send the injured part to Cologne or Paris? How long must he be kept waiting without his Erard?" "Not long," was the obliging answer; "just long enough for one of our best grand pianos to be sent to you; you have had yours for seven or eight years already; since those days we have made great improvements, and you ought to have our very best instrument." Moscheles, all gratitude and delight at receiving this answer, eagerly looked forward to the arrival of the piano, a noble gift, and doubly valued as coming from his old friend, Pierre Erard.

CHAPTER XVI.

1853.

THE NEW ERARD—THE BACH SOCIETY—FRANZ VON HOLSTEIN—VISIT TO ITALY—SCENE IN A CHURCH OF THE TYROL—ZITHER AND VOCAL CONCERT—RESIDENCE AT VENICE—A MUSICAL ADVENTURE—CARL WERNER—SERENADE PER CANALE—FESTA DI SAN ROCCO—MILAN—THE MUSICAL CONSERVATOIRE—FUMAGALLI—THE TEATRO RADEGONDA—LAKE OF COMO—VISIT TO PASTA—ZURICH—A MUSICAL TREASURE—LISZT—DR. RECLAM—BRAHM'S COMPOSITIONS.

"THERE are sundry novelties this winter," writes Moscheles. "Gade, conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, has produced his Symphony with an obligato part for the pianoforte; the instrumentation of the work is beautiful, but the addition of pianoforte a useless innovation, as the band drowns it. The next new thing is Schumann's impetuous overture to 'Julius Cæsar,' but the newest of the new is my Erard, with which I am intensely delighted. It has the power of an organ and the softness of a flute, with a touch light enough even to satisfy me. As for the lovely case, I think of Schiller's words: 'In dem schönen Körper muss auch eine schöne Seele wohnen' —'In a beautiful body must dwell a beautiful soul.' Really I can act upon it as upon a kindred spirit, and slowly spin out the tone as upon a stringed

instrument, and that, too, without using the loud pedal; as for the soft pedal I do not require it to produce a pianissimo, and can rely solely on my touch. No wonder I celebrate the new arrival by inviting all my friends to hear it." Afterwards, when the old instrument is sent back, Moscheles writes in the following lugubrious strain: "My faithful harmonious friend, how sorry I am to part with him! We feel as though some loved being were leaving us. I looked out from the window and saw 'my friend' carted away from our door; did I see a coffin instead of a piano? Cheer up, 'Le roi est mort, vive le roi!'"

With regard to the Bach Society Moscheles writes: "I have sent in my resignation, because at a conference with the two Härtels, Hauptmann, Becker, and Otto Jahn, a proposal was made by the latter and adopted, that Becker should edit the pianoforte music. Under the circumstances I considered myself of little further use on the Committee; and so I told my colleagues; all the more zealously, however, have I worked at Bach's newly published Concerto (with violin and flute parts added), for I have been particularly requested to play it with the full band at the Gewandhaus Concert, and not as I had intended previously at the Chamber Concerts. . . . I examined a new pupil for the Conservatoire, Franz von Holstein, formerly an officer in the army; his fingers are not flexible, but he seems to have much

talent, and wishes to devote himself exclusively to music.'

"Athens on the Pleisse" (as it is often called) is besieged by artists who concentrate their fire on the Hôtel Moscheles. "All who fail to secure engagements at the Gewandhaus wish to drag me into the Scylla of their woes, whilst I strive to escape this as well as the Charybdis of their médisance. How refreshing after this to find all our troubles and joys shared by our dear friends the Geibels, in whose house we live, our two families almost merging into one.

The Moscheles this summer carry out their long projected scheme of visiting Italy—taking the Tyrol on their way. An amusing incident occurs at Gries, a village in the Tyrol. One bright Sunday morning they entered the prettily decorated church, and saw a number of neatly dressed peasants, who were all engaged in devotion; apparently some "festa" was going on. Moscheles found his way to the organ loft. The organist was in the act of playing the "Kyrie;" Moscheles slipped behind him, placed his fingers between the organist's, and taking up the organ part at the correct point, quietly ousted the surprised player. However anxious the poor man might at first have been at the intrusion of a stranger, he soon became reconciled, dictating to him what came next

* Franz von Holstein has lately achieved great successes throughout Germany with his opera, "Die Haideschacht," and other works.

in the service, telling him when to prelude, when to accompany the "Gloria," &c. At a particular moment the organist had to resume his seat, which the other vacated, bidding him "good-bye." "Do not leave me without telling me who you are," said his newly-acquired friend to Moscheles, who wrote his name on the music. The effect was half comic, half pathetic; our organist, at the sight of the name, was fain to throw himself on Moscheles' neck; his hands, however, were not at liberty to leave the key-board for an instant. Before he had finished his duties Moscheles had disappeared, and was on the point of entering his carriage (all this happening whilst the horses were being changed), when his enthusiastic friend rushed after him, and gave him the long-delayed embrace. 15th July.—"The constant rain disappointed us yesterday of our intended walk, so we allowed ourselves to be enticed to a 'Zither' and vocal concert, that was said to be national, and was not enough so for our taste. The costume was Tyrolese, the zithers also; but the worm of modern music had gnawed its way into the healthy Tyrolese fruit. We had to endure in the first part some pieces of 'Martha,' all kinds of waltzes, and a 'Strapazier Polka;' we ran off before the second part began."

The travellers are next at Venice, where they stay a month in the Palazzo Mocenigo, once occupied by no less a person than Lord Byron. The house belongs to the Contessa Mocenigo; portraits of her ancestors,

the Doges, are painted by Giambellino on the ceilings. The Countess is a picture herself; when she steps majestically into her richly-ornamented gondola, and seats herself on her gilded chair, her old servant preceding her with her breviary, we all rush to our balcony to see this embarkation—the scene carries us back to bygone ages. I have a good piano, which probably acquires a fictitious brilliancy from standing on a marble floor. Need I say that the very atmosphere breathed by Byron—the lagoon, the palaces, the moon shining down on St. Marc's, mirrored on the silvery waters—all these bright visions and associations make my improvisations run glibly from my fingers." . . . . Again Moscheles writes: "I had much wished to make myself acquainted with the state of music and its professors here; but I find on all sides shallowness and mediocrity. The 'Teatro Fenice' is closed, so also is the 'San Samuele.' The wandering musicians, who play in the Piazza of St. Marc or in eating-houses, for small coin payment, are more deafening than animating; the tone, however, of both men and women violinists has often something piquant about it, reminding one of the style of Paganini, by which I mean that the Leipzig Schneckenborg resembles Mont Blanc. At sunset we hear from the Palazzo Foscari (now a barrack) the shrill trumpet signals, which grate harshly on our ears, although the canal lies between us; we hear, too, the gondolieri of the neighbouring 'Traghetto' singing with their pretty, soft

voices their vapid Barcaroles; we are also favoured sometimes with a jingle of guitar and piano, with stale, hackneyed 'fioriture,' which I don't like half as well as good 'fritture.' The only good music we have is that of the Austrian military band, which plays three evenings in the week on the Piazza of St. Marc. Now let me tell you of my musical adventure. On walking through one of the back-streets I hear some showy pianoforte playing. 'Oho! Oho! that—that is no amateur, but a professional hand.' I pull the bell, and ask boldly if "Il Professore di Cembalo sia di casa?' 'Si, Signore,' is the answer, and I am soon conducted into a room, where a man of some thirty years of age is playing a Bravura Mazurka, by Fumagalli, the beginning of which I had heard below; near the player sits a young Abbé. I make him understand by signs that I am anxious not to interrupt him. When he has finished, I ask, 'Will you give me lessons?' and he consents. He now plays Fumagalli's 'Carnovale di Piu,' making all kinds of brilliant skips and octave passages; I repeatedly interrupt him with a 'bravissimo.' After this I am called on to try the instrument, and both teacher and Abbé follow my improvisation with increasing interest; afterwards the pianist, in a state of great perplexity, asks, 'Whose pupil are you?' 'Moscheles'!' 'Ah! I know that famous name.' 'Do you also know his compositions?' 'In Venice we don't play such serious music.' 'What music do you choose for your regular art-studies?'

'Generally speaking, the arrangements from favourite operas.' 'I will play to you a study by Moscheles,' said I, and chose the chromatic one in G major. On my rising to leave, he stopped me, 'You don't want lessons from me, that is clear, only I hope you will tell me your name; mine is Carlo Fortunati.' When I gave him my own name, he embraced me with all the impetuosity of a Southerner, and rained kisses and epithets on me; so we parted as musical friends, and shall often meet in that capacity. The Abbé too is a musical enthusiast."

"Fortunati comes, occasionally as a hearer, sometimes, too, as a player. When he brought the overture to Verdi's 'Nabucco' arranged as a pianoforte duet, to try it over with Serena, she lost all patience with his inability to keep time, whilst at every claptrap rhythm he exclaimed exultingly, 'Oh! che bella sinfonia!'" During their stay at Venice the Moscheles became acquainted with the famous water-colour painter, Carl Werner, whose works, and whose studio, with its rich decorations and art treasures, were so celebrated, and he and his gifted pupil Passini became frequent visitors at the Palazzo Mocenigo. . . . "Yesterday there was a 'Serenata per Canale.' A great wooden vessel, gaily decked with red and white cloth, and illuminated with two pyramids festooned with lamps, floats down the canal when night begins to set in; it is large enough to receive a complete orchestra, two grand pianos, and

solo performers; there is singing and flute, fiddle and pianoforte playing, but all in the commonest Italian hum-drum style, nothing for the musically-cultivated ear, everything for the beauty-loving eye; Bengal lights illuminating the canal, a complete scene out of the Arabian Nights. The brilliant vessel is closely surrounded by black gondolas; four gondolas take it in tow, and its course is often impeded by the small craft. We enjoyed the sight, first from our own balcony, then from the Rialto. . . . . On the eve of the 'Festa di San Rocco', a 'Musica a Grand Orchestra' was performed at the church; but how? Pretty waltzes and polkas were played upon the organ, then a fugue full of discordant fifths and octaves, with occasional utterances from a priest's hoarse voice at the high altar, and the tones of a wheezy and discordant organ! The Director marked each rhythm by thrashing his desk as heartily as the poor saint may have been beaten in his lifetime, often drowning the sharp metallic ring of the orchestra, and murdering the effect of the solo, which was sung by a fine tenor, with the usual 'tremolando.' Occasionally the clapping of hands, like castanets, but oftener like the crack of a postilion's whip, was heard in the midst of music. The beautiful marble pillars of the unhappy church were veiled under a covering of red damask, large wax candles dimly lighted up the oppressive atmosphere, and the olfactory nerves suffered from snuff and garlic, which rose in clouds from the dense crowd."

From Venice the Moscheles proceed, viâ Mantua and Brescia, to Milan. There Moscheles visits the Musical Conservatoire, "originally a cloister, now half barrack, half school for young musicians. The Professors show me great respect, my 'Studies' are adopted, that is all, they know of my music, of Beethoven or Mendelssohn they know absolutely nothing. I played them my 'Grande Valse' in order to give them a little of our German Bravura. Fumagalli played a song by Gordigiani, 'O santissima Vergine Maria,' very gracefully; afterwards he displayed great powers of execution and novel effects in his 'Carnevale di Più,' which in humour and dash is not inferior to Paganini's. The Teatro Radegonda has a second-rate theatre band, and singers for the most part rough and untrained; the prompter, not hidden as elsewhere, occasionally joins in the fray, the good voices are often shipwrecked in the howling storm of the finales, but at that certain passage where the prima donna steps forward with outstretched arms and rolling eyes, the public applauds vehemently. The opera was 'Luisa Miller' by Verdi; it has no overture, only some hackneyed ideas, screaming noise, and here and there one or two good vocal effects, which barely sufficed to keep me awake."

A visit to Pasta, is next recorded. "This famous 'Cantatrice' lives in a small house adjoining her own villa, on the lake of Como. Close to the door we stumbled on some prosaic matters—dirty saucepans,

kitchen utensils, and the like, not to mention the leavings of an early dinner. Amid this débris sat three unkempt girls, not one of them in love with soap and water. At my bidding one of them took in our cards, and the great lady soon appeared. We did not see her at her best, for having just risen from her siesta in which we had disturbed her, she was only half awake. We found her very friendly, and evidently gratified with our visit. Her mouth and teeth are still lovely, the great eyes full of fire, her black hair was in a dishevelled state, and her dress an extremely original medley of oddities. She never ceased talking of old times, and told us she had given up living in the villa, because both her mother and her husband had died there. She afterwards wrote something for our albums, and gave us some beautiful flowers." . . . .

After exploring the Lago Maggiore, &c., the Borromean Islands, &c., Moscheles finds his way to Zurich, where he calls on the son of his old friend Nägeli. "He possesses a treasure," says Moscheles, "in the manuscript of Bach's B minor Mass, of which his father became possessed, through Schwenke, in Hamburg. I made him show it to me, and have no doubt of its genuineness. The Bach Society of Leipzig would gladly have purchased it from him, but he stoutly refused to part with it. Besides this he possesses a still unpublished Concerto for four pianos by Bach; it is in the key of A minor."

Immediately after the return to Leipzig, we find

Moscheles receiving Liszt at the Conservatoire. "He seemed satisfied with the performance of the pupils, and spoke kindly and encouragingly to them, but would not play before them; that was a great disappointment. At David's we heard him play a pianoforte arrangement of his Fantasia on the 'Prophet,' originally written for the organ. Häns v. Bülow played the pedal part in the bass. The first and last movements consist of violent and stormy Fugues; I prefer the middle one with its quieter subject. He also played his very piquant waltz in A flat major, introducing many overstrained effects by first using the soft pedal, and then suddenly introducing strongly accentuated notes."

In a letter of the 28th Sept. we read: "To-day I write to you during the examination of our 118 pupils, who must one and all be heard in the course of this week! The Directors and Professors sit as judges, the former have their little chat occasionally, the latter, when their own pupils are not playing, while away the time as best they can, David is drawing, I am writing. . . . . I am going through several new things: Czerny's op. 800, 'Gradus ad Parnassum' with difficulties well adapted to the hand, but now out of date; Liszt's 'Rhapsodie Hongroise,' interesting as a faithful transcription of national music; I even try to take off Fumagalli in his 'Carnevale di Più.' . . . . There is some first-rate work in Grützmacher's trio."

"Our friend F., with his bumptious ways, is particularly

offensive to me; he, like so many others, comes to me for advice, advice meaning praise. How infinitely superior to such professionals are amateurs of the stamp of Frau B.! Her performance of my 'Concert pathétique' was so good, that I took to playing the piece again myself. To the best of my belief, it is not only in advance of my former compositions in form and style, but a maturer work, and yet it has remained comparatively unnoticed!"

. . . . "The heavens mourn in sackcloth and ashes; am I to do so likewise, because Eastern affairs seem threatening, or because I am laid up with a bad knee? No, let the contending Powers keep guard over Europe's equilibrium, leave me to my musical nursery, and let Dr. Reclam look out for my knee. I believe that, with his electro-galvanic apparatus, he has hit upon the right remedy to cure me. With my fingers and my advice I can still make myself useful, for the pupils come to my house, and I play a great deal."

Dr. Reclam's treatment rapidly proved effective, he himself became Moscheles' life-long friend, attending him and his family with skill and unwearied devotion. Frau Reclam, one of the best interpreters of sacred music in Leipzig, was a frequent visitor at Moscheles' house, and delighted him with her artistic rendering of his songs.

To return to the diary: "Brahms's compositions are of a really elevated character, and Schumann, whom he has chosen as his model, recommends him as the 'Messiah of Music.' I find him, like Schumann

often piquant, but occasionally too laboured. Even Beethoven's music was objected to, people say, when it first appeared, as being too far-fetched, and difficult to understand. True it is, that Beethoven's genius lured him away to paths never trodden before, which are not accessible to every one, and yet since that time it has been proved, that he not only sought but found what he wished to express in music. Let us hope that this also may be the lot of the younger composer. B.'s technical powers, his reading from sight, do him and his teacher Edward Marxsen great credit. . . . . I have heard a good deal of Berlioz, and given him my closest attention. My opinion of his music remains unshaken, I acknowledge his merit, but cannot always understand him—or is such music as the 'Witches' Sabbath,' not meant to be understood? Curious! one now listens again with pleasure to the simple opera, 'Doctor und Apotheker,' by Dittersdorf, in which Behr and Schneider sing and act so admirably; one forgets, how Rossini, in his 'Tell,' and Meyerbeer in his 'Roberto,' have crammed us with their loaded instrumentation and scenic effects, and how Wagner has gone beyond both. Les extrêmes se touchent."

The end of the year was marked by the happy event of Moscheles' second daughter becoming engaged to Dr. George Rosen, at that time Prussian Consul at Jerusalem. Congratulations from friends contrast sadly with reflections confided to the diary, on the death of Cécile Mendelssohn, the great musician's devoted partner.

CHAPTER XVII.

1854—1855.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHIMDT—FRITZ GERNSHEIM—MUSICAL CRITICS —ABORTIVE WORKS—ASIATIC MUSIC—DAVID—MUSIC OF THE FUTURE—SCHINDLER AND FERDINAND HILLER—SUMMER HOLIDAYS—MUNICH—THE THEATRE—FRÄULEIN SEEBACH—EVENING AT THE SCHAFFRATH—RAUCH—PIANOS IN THE EXHIBITION—EGERN—RUBINSTEIN—ARABELLA GODDARD—PUBLIC APPEARANCES —MENDELSSOHN'S REFORMATION SYMPHONY.

AN event, that was joyfully welcomed by all of us at Leipzig, was the appearence here of the Lind-Goldschmidts, for the first time since their marriage. Madame Lind-Goldschmidt sang for the 'Pension Fund,' and was our star at the Subscription Concert. She can tone down her glorious voice to a pianissimo whisper, and the sound, however attenuated, is distinctly audible in the remotest corner of the Concert Room; she is wonderfully versatile. After astounding every one with her 'fioriture,' and stirring all hearts with her deeply expressive singing, she becomes at once exquisitively naïve and sings a 'Kinderlied' by Taubert, or the 'Sonnenschein,' in a style that makes her hearers feel young again. Goldschmidt played us a great deal of beautiful music; in Chopin's Concerto, Mendelssohn's 'Variations Sérieuses,' a prelude by Bach and some drawing-

room pieces, he proved himself a genuine artist, earnest and thoughtful, with no straining for show or effect. I was so glad to be able to be of service to him, and to prove my great respect and esteem for him by lending him my Erard piano."

Again we read: "We have passed some delightful hours with the Goldschmidts, meeting them at a family dinner, and at a Matinée given by Preusser, where Otto Goldschmidt played his trio; a well-written, clear, and melodious composition, which gave me great pleasure. The Goldschmidts paid us a visit at the Conservatoire, and seemed perfectly satisfied with the performances of the pupils, especially that of the youthful Fritz Gernsheim, who highly distinguished himself in Mendelssohn's Serenade and Allegro. Madame Goldschmidt repeatedly expressed her esteem for an institution to which her husband owed his musical education; and this she did not only in words, but in songs as well, for she sang Mendelssohn's Psalm, 'Hear my prayer,' so exquisitely that none who heard it can ever forget the impression she created."

"I am sorry to say there are many students here who, instead of employing their time in the study of composition, abuse it by writing pungent criticisms for the musical press, a practice which always reminds me of Mendelssohn's words: 'Why on earth do they talk and write so much? let them compose good music instead!' I doubt if he would have found much good music in the pieces full of splenetic moan-

ings that I am occasionally compelled to listen to. What would he have said of the pupil who ordered music-paper with forty staves to write an opera upon? I failed to discover in the forty lines four thoughts! . . . . Hauptmann, it seems, endorses my opinion; the other day he wrote to the following effect: 'The results of the method of study adopted by Mr. —— are shown in his progressive aptitude for obscurity and confusion!' . . . . A new Sonata, thirty-two pages long! but it does not inspire me. What chaos! Thoughts, ambitious ones, occasionally glimmer through the darkness, but the whole region is as dreary as a churchyard with all its slabs and tombstones turned topsy-turvy by a shock of earthquake. Grinning skulls stare out of the open graves, amongst them one of a strictly orthodox contrapuntist, who seems to scoff at all the sacrilegious Italian roulades. The corpses of the women begin their witches' howl! When I went to bed I felt completely stunned, and passed a restless night—perhaps I should have done better, if I had sat up all night smoking, and sipping coffee, to recover my equilibrium."

A letter from Mrs. George Rosen, giving her father an account of the state of music in Jerusalem, elicits the following answer: "The unrefined Asiatic music, with its dreamy monotones such as you describe, certainly contrasts strangely with our own fixed canons of art, which are so diametrically opposed to theirs. To the natives I grant this style may be just as interesting

as Handel or Mendelssohn is to us; very likely they would be bored by the 'Eroica' Symphony. But even the European ladies who reside near you, and do not get beyond a song or a chorale, are characteristic in their way. They will find it a difficult matter to soar up to the regions of Beethoven's latest works, whereas our young Germany already considers this hero as 'rococo,' and, spreading its wings, strives to soar to higher regions above."

"I heard 'Don Juan' the other night; Mitterwurzer was admirable. I am glad to say that, instead of the dialogues, we had the original Recitatives, and the stupid scene with the messengers of justice was cut out. As often as I hear this opera, and think of the 'music of the future,' I feel as if I had suddenly emerged from a dark wood, where toads and hobgoblins make a hideous concert, and was coming forth into the sunny light of day, and Apollo playing me heavenly melodies. . . . . David withdraws from the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts, and resumes his duties as Concertmeister. The rude attacks made upon him in the public papers are so irritating that I think he is perfectly justified in declining to expose himself any more to such annoyances. I have a fellow-feeling for him in this matter, and when we discussed the subject yesterday, I handed him Schindler's lately-published pamphlet, 'On the Development of Pianoforte playing since Clementi,' in which I am very roughly handled. His egotism is the chief feature

throughout; it is 'I' perpetually; 'Clementi, Cramer, Beethoven, and I' worked together for the promotion and welfare of art. 'Hummel and Moscheles have perverted pianoforte-playing. The latter (says he) has actually had the audacity to set to metronome Tempi works of Beethoven, *whom he never heard play*'—he, Schindler, has already paid him out properly for this. He makes a dead set at Liszt, who facetiously prays for a respite of three years, that he may learn to do better, Schindler allows him four, but these having now expired, he announces that he gives him up. . . . . Ferdinand Hiller published a letter to Schindler in reply, in which he showed to demonstration the absurdity of his pretending to be the intimate friend of Beethoven, and asked him, "if he has ever got so far in his whole life, as to be able to play Cramer's first Study? Can he show him a single trace anywhere of any one composition by Schindler? or has he, as a conductor, a past history only known to himself? What are his claims to the position of Beethoven's Stadtholder and alter ego?" Hiller concludes with, Goethe's words, "Nur die Lumpen sind bescheiden,' (None but good-for-nothings are modest), therefore pray discard all modesty, and enlighten on the subject your, so far as possible, humble servant,

"F. HILLER."

"Meanwhile I employ myself," says Moscheles, "writing Cadenzas for Beethoven's Concertos, which

Senff intends to publish. Of course, self-reliant artists, able to write for themselves, have no need of these; they can follow their own inspirations. I hope, however, to make myself useful to less gifted executants. . . . .

"I have lately seen some remarkable title-pages to pianoforte pieces: 'Le Torrent'—let that pass, because it is a veritable shower-bath of notes; but others, 'From the Highlands,' 'Sunset,' 'Storm,' &c., are mere misnomers. If you give a title at all, let it cap the subject as the dot caps the 'i;' otherwise, I would much rather draw the stroke as through the 't.'"

Moscheles was only too glad to spend his summer holidays in Munich, where his son Felix was pursuing his art studies. "Such a bustle and hurry here!" he writes; "all the world topsy-turvy and Exhibition mad! It rains cats and dogs, as even the visitors to the Exhibition find to their cost, although they fancy they are safe in their promenade under the big glass dome. We have one half-ounce sunshine to a pound of rain—that's about the proportion. In spite of some drawbacks, however, we have great enjoyment; the galleries, museums, &c., are a constant resource, and well may the Munich theatre boast of its 'model performances;' there is a galaxy of all the grand actors in Germany, who condescend by turns to fill the smallest parts in the pieces represented. You can fancy what it is to hear a man like Devrient make something out of nothing, and invest even a

third-rate part with dignity. A few evenings since, we heard Fräulein Seebach read 'Hamlet' in Kaulbach's house. She is an enthusiastic student of Shakspeare, and every inch an artist. After the reading was over we danced, and I had the honour of a waltz with Madame Kaulbach; it was only due to me because I resigned myself to polka-playing for the universal good."

Moscheles describes an evening at the artists' club-house (Schaffrath): "There was a special ceremony in honour of old Rauch, who was presented with a diploma and greeted with tremendous cheers. In spite of his seventy-one years, he is most dignified and graceful in his ways; amidst foaming beer cans and thick clouds of tobacco, I made the acquaintance of all the celebrated painters here. . . . I leave the newspapers to tell you all particulars about the Exhibition; I report only of my special department—the pianos. The Commissioners allow me to try them before the public are admitted, but, however early I come into the building, I find 'their fond fathers' collected together out of the different provinces of Germany. Their name is legion, but I must notice a Klems from Düsseldorf as being marked by Clara Schumann, and André's so-called Mozart-Clavier from Frankfort. The specialities of the different instruments I discover without any difficulty, and endeavour by my treatment to bring into relief all the best points of each. You know my old

saying, "A good rider should be able to sit any horse."

To escape the dangers of cholera, which broke out in Munich, Moscheles and his family withdrew to Egern on the Tegernsee, where they were joined by many of their distinguished friends; amongst them were Baron Liebig, Professor Seibold, Stieler, David, and Bodenstedt, the well-known translator of Shakspeare's sonnets. "That dreadful cholera," Moscheles writes, "has happily as yet not reached this beautiful little spot; it is only a pity that the mountains have the bad habit occasionally, of putting on their cloud-caps and weeping over their own ugliness. To-day umbrellas are no good at all, the puddles more like wells, but in fine weather we boat on the lake, scramble up the mountains, plunge into cowkeepers' cottages, demand pancakes, sing four-part songs, and laugh in unison. If the grasshoppers only knew that we, like them, are musical, they would perhaps give us a little less chirping. . . . Mierdel, Jule, and Liese, with their dark head-gear and blond complexions, and brown feet, do double duty as models for Felix and my teachers of national songs, which I note down as being extremely pretty. Bodenstedt has written some words for me; I have set these to music, and his wife (our prima donna) sings them." This song—"Wenn der Frühling auf die Berge steigt"—has become very popular in Germany.

Leipzig.—"Rubinstein, whom we heard fourteen

years ago in London as a prodigy, appeared now as a composer of a Symphony, which he has named 'Ocean.' The clearness of the first movement had the same soothing effect on me as a calm unruffled summer sea; afterwards, however, we had all the storming and roaring that are now the fashion, and the boisterous elements became so hopelessly incomprehensible that my thoughts could find no anchorage in their unfathomable harmonic depths. I fully recognise, however, in Rubinstein a pre-eminent talent for composition. In his Concerto there are true beauties and high flights of imagination; here and there are to be found outrageous extravagancies; his shorter movements, generally speaking, are to be commended for their rational form; in power and execution he is inferior to no one. Rubinstein's features and short irrepressible hair remind me of Beethoven; I delight in his simplicity and sincerity; he is always a welcome visitor at our house, and so also is our young friend Arabella Goddard. In her very young days I heard her play in Paris, and prophesied for her at that time a brilliant future; I think events have proved the clearness of my prophetic vision. Miss Goddard conquers enormous difficulties with consummate grace and ease, her touch is clear and pure as a bell. Here, as everywhere, she found that recognition which not even the severest art critic could withhold. . . . . I will spare you the infliction of my politics, which bear the same relation to yours as an

engraving to an oil-picture. I will only add that I am pleased with the attitude of Austria, and that the King of Prussia and I are animated with the same feelings for the unity of Germany. May the Emperor of Russia learn to feel that baths in the free mouth of the Danube are more effective than blood-baths! With this wish, I speed the parting year!"

"Spohr's Symphony for double orchestra, 'Irdisches und Göttliches,' has a subject worthy of a Beethoven; but the artificial construction cramps the free outpour of feeling. . . . . It was remarkable in the Gewandhaus yesterday that, after the stormy overtures to the 'Fliegende Holländer,' not a single hand was raised to applaud, not even a single hiss heard. There is a great deal of 'Geist' in the music, but it is of the scorching kind, and to me such masses of instrumentation and such a piling up of diminished sevenths and discords of all kinds, are distracting and joyless. Gluck, no doubt, has his musical demons, and Mozart his hell in 'Don Juan,' but they do not give one a headache; and yet the papers will maintain that, just as Beethoven's latest works were not immediately understood, so it will take time to become familiar with Wagner. . . . . Every performance of Beethoven's overture in C, op. 115, is especially interesting to me, for it reminds me of the old Vienna days, when Beethoven lent it me in manuscript for one of my concerts. Yesterday it went splendidly."

In writing to his relatives, Moscheles alludes to

the severe illness of his son Felix, who was confined to the house for several months: "Sickness still hovers over our house like a heavy thunder-cloud, and we are often so depressed that everything seems dark to our eyes. But there is a silver lining to every cloud, and we have never lost our trust in Providence. My time is equally divided between my business and my dear patient; I intend to screw myself up to a public appearance." (He refers to a concert given for a charity, when he played Mozart's A minor Concerto, with his own cadenzas.) "I thank God that the powers of artistic enthusiasm enabled me to suppress many a gloomy thought; I do not think the audience noticed any change in me; nothing could be more flattering than my reception, I was cheered to the echo. I could not help saying to myself over the adagio, 'What divine music!' nor can I wonder at its giving the audience such exquisite pleasure. It gratifies me also to find that there is no necessity as yet for my hanging up my harp upon a willow-tree; publicity, however, has no longer any charms for me. I hope that to my life's end I shall retain enthusiasm and freshness for appreciation of the beauties of Mozart, which have become a part of my very self." A few weeks later he plays again for a charity. "I chose Beethoven's trio in D, and heard for the first time Fräulein Tietjen's glorious voice."

"Such a curious Fantasia I heard to-day. It was a

miserably weak commentary on the motto it bore, 'Emotion is only fit for women, man's spirit should strike fire.' Mighty Beethoven! thou couldst make women weep and inspire men, but thy imitators are more diseased in mind than ever deafness made thee! —that Fantasia in three movements, E flat minor, A major, and E flat minor, with twenty-three other keys besides, stormed and whined, and any glimmering of spirit, depth, or poetry, was diluted in the length and monotony, the hopeless want of form and evenness of construction. I don't think the young composer answerable for this; he has talent and judgment enough to do something much better in time. Why not show him, in charity, his faults, and tell him to wait patiently for the ripening of his gifts?"

"I heard Wagner's Overture to Faust, which I place higher than his other works. The demoniacal element is well worked out, and the better emotions are indicated by clear melodious thoughts. In compliance with the wish of several members of the orchestra, it was proposed to give a posthumous work by Mendelssohn, the 'Reformation Symphony.' Felix himself was dissatisfied with this composition, and did not wish to publish it; his brother, whom we consulted about the performance, left the question to be decided by Rietz, David, Hauptmann, and myself. We tried it at a rehearsal. In spite of many beauties which the work contains, we resolved not to give

it, as the whole symphony does not stand on the same high level with Mendelssohn's other compositions, and we were afraid that the work might have to encounter unfriendly criticism. We did not escape some harsh comments in England for having kept back the work of one whose music, it was considered, ought to be the heritage of the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1856—1860.

CENTENARY OF MOZART'S BIRTH—PROGRAMME OF THE CONCERT—JULIUS STOCKHAUSEN—ERNST PAUER—BIRDS OF PASSAGE—BEHR'S BENEFIT—LOUIS BRASSIN—A CHARMING PRESENT—MAX BRUCH—ARTHUR SULLIVAN—JUBILEE OF THE PRAGUE CONSERVATOIRE—VISIT TO ANTWERP—CONCOURS DE CHANT AT BRUSSELS—SCHILLER FESTIVAL—INTERCOURSE WITH LISZT—VISIT TO PARIS—ROSSINI.

ON the 27th of January, 1856, the centenary of Mozart's birth was celebrated at the Gewandhaus by a performance, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the foundation of a Mozart Scholarship, to be competed for by members of the Leipzig Conservatoire. We here insert the Programme, interesting on account of the historical dates:

Overture to the "Re Pastore." Romance and Duet out of the same Opera. Composed in 1775 in Salzburg as a Festival Opera, and performed for the first time to commemorate the visit of the Archduke Maximilian to Archbishop Hieronymus.

Concerto for Violin and Viola, composed in the year 1778, played by Herr Dreyschock and David. Overture to Idomeneo. Scene, Air, and

March out of the same Opera. Given for the first time 29th January, 1781, in Munich.

March of Priests, Air and Choruses, out of the "Zauberflöte." Performed for the first time in Vienna, 30th September, 1791.

Overture to "Titus." First performance in Prague, 1791.

Last Scene, Second Act, "Don Juan." First performance in Prague, 28th October, 1787.

Symphony in C Major, with the Final Fugue. Composed in August, 1788.

It cannot escape observation that, as a composer for the pianoforte, Mozart was not represented on this occasion, a fact in every way distasteful to Moscheles, who would gladly have shown his devotion to the great master by publicly interpreting one of his works.

"Julius Stockhausen's first appearance here has given us all great pleasure. I can pay him and his singing no higher compliment than to say that he is the worthy son of one whose gifts as a vocalist were of the highest order; his pronunciation and method are faultless. Our public, never over-demonstrative, enthusiastically applauded him."

During the winter of 1856, Moscheles writes the "Humoristische Variationen," which, as we find from the diary, were originated in the hours of a sleepless night. "Unwell and restless as I was, the intellectual employment diverted my thoughts." . . . .

' Ernst Pauer is here, a star in our musical firmament; with his light touch and light heart, he is very sympathetic to us. His stay of eight-and-forty hours was much too short for us; but how can a great London professional devote more time to an appearance at the Gewandhaus? In Beethoven's 'Concerto in G,' he developed his full technical powers, and I was much interested to find that Haslinger has allowed him to copy the original Manuscript Cadenzas by Beethoven which he had lent me on a former occasion, although he would never publish them. I do not think them up to the exalted level of the grand Concerto, and discard them in consequence. Pauer played one, without making any marked effect with it, not a soul asked who wrote it; in fact the Cadenzas do not bear the stamp of Beethoven's genius. . . . . We heard Beethoven's 'Men of Prometheus,' a work that certainly reminds one of his earliest time, but is redolent of the noble spirit of the master; then Schumann's overture to 'Hermann and Dorothea,' breathing poetry throughout.

"The influx of pianists is as large as ever. I confess I am annoyed when such birds of passage come pecking sentimentally at my Erard, or boldly smashing a chord or two. They show no curiosity to hear how I would treat the poor thing, in fact to them I am simply dead; they do not see that music is still to me as my own life-blood, and whilst they are burying me, I am quietly feeding on the Toccatas and Fugues

of old Bach, the moderns too furnish an occasional meal. I have just fetched the scores of some of Liszt's works; his 'Preludes' and 'Mazeppa,' will be performed here, and I must have studied them thoroughly beforehand." The performances alluded to are commented on in the following letter: "The Weimar folk have fought a battle with the Leipzigers; but there were no slain, only a few wounded. Liszt is reported to have said before the concert: 'I suppose they will prepare a defeat for me,' but they did no such thing. He conducted his 'Preludes,' which, although rather obscure, have many grand effects. His stormy 'Mazeppa' music, and his pianoforte Concerto, played with extraordinary power by Bülow, were warmly but not enthusiastically received.

"Behr gave for his benefit the 'Tannhäuser,' under Liszt's direction, some of the Weimar company assisting. My chief objection to the innovators is that they aspire to go *beyond* Beethoven, and altogether dethrone Mozart and Haydn, hitherto the acknowledged keystones to the foundation of music; of course, we lesser lights are to be buried under the ruins of the tottering temples, and I for my part consider myself honoured by such sepulture; who knows if we shall not some day or other be dug up like Herculaneum and Pompeii?"

"Yesterday Louis Brassin played in the Gewandhaus my G minor Concerto, with so much roundness

of touch and warmth that he earned great applause, although his amazing execution in the last movement made him run away with the 'tempo.' Concert-meister Müller of Brunswick, and Stern from Berlin, who were present, hailed him as a citizen of the musical commonwealth. They would not do as much for S., whose compositions I am just reading through, but the greedy ogres, who require enormous quantities of notes for their daily consumption, will welcome him to *their* commonwealth with open mouths."

"You know how my father *reads through*," adds Felix. "At every not quite orthodox bar he stands stock-still, leaving the guilty chord to do penance in the purgatory of his displeasure; till, after all the tortures of suspense, it is at last released, and may chime in with the loyal and virtuous chords in the Paradise of Harmony."

"New Year's Day (1858) I had a charming present—an original picture of Mozart, taken in the musician's early days in Italy. I at once stored away the treasure in my album, close to the autograph Cadenza of the master.

"We had a new overture by Reinecke, and heard his Trio and Variations on a theme by Bach, which he played at the Quartet Meetings. He is a thorough musician, and we may hope great things of him. A young composer, Max Bruch, showed me a number of Studies he has lately written. His Lieder are finely felt, and the two Cantatas, 'Rinaldo' and

'Jubilate' are fresh and original compositions. Arthur Sullivan, a lad of great promise, has been sent here for his musical education. He has already distinguished himself by winning the Mendelssohn Scholarship recently founded in London, and I feel sure he will do credit to England." We may here state that Moscheles took the liveliest interest in the career of the 'first Mendelssohn Scholar,' and treated him invariably with marked kindness. The success of the 'Tempest Music' gave Moscheles sincere pleasure, and he regarded it as the inauguration of a genuine artist-career.

David had conceived the idea of arranging for the violin the "Twenty-four Studies" of Moscheles, who himself wrote the pianoforte accompaniments. Besides this, Moscheles prepared a new edition of the Clementi Sonatas, and the "Gradus ad Parnassum" for Hallberger. "They shall not make blunders for want of a proper system of fingering, or strict marking of the expression and tempi," he used to say, "so I conscientiously consult all previous editions." He also revised the catalogue of his works for publication by Kistner."*

In July the Conservatoire of Prague celebrates its jubilee, and the sister institute of Leipzig sends David and Moscheles with congratulations; we can well

* We give, at the end of the volume, a translation of the complete catalogue.

realize the feelings of Moscheles on visiting his native city, from which fifty years before he had gone forth full of hope to begin the battle of life, and we can picture to ourselves the pride of his compatriots and the cordial way in which they received him. When the busy days of fêtes and concerts were over, the Moscheles set out for Dresden, on their way to Antwerp.

"Our journey might have been very unpleasant, for the rain poured in torrents, but what do wandering minstrels care about the weather? There is ever sunshine in art. We managed to get a coupé to ourselves, and David, who never separates from his violin, played all the finer for the obligato steam accompaniment; we had one Concerto after another, and then he tried passages from the 'Studies.' The hours flew past, and before we were aware of it we found ourselves in Dresden."

The summer holidays of this year Moscheles spent at Antwerp, on a visit to his son, and many were the valued friends who welcomed him. He was thoroughly at home amongst the art-treasures of the old city, and daily associated with such men as De Keyser, Leys, Van Lerius, Jacob Jacobs, Alma Tadema, Lies, Bource, and Heyermanns. At Brussels he was cordially greeted by Fétis, Kufferath, Léonard and others, and proceeding through the Ardennes, pays a short visit to the little town of Huy. Mrs. Moscheles says: "One can scarcely get along

in the streets from the flowers, flags, barrel-organs, and festive decorations. It was the septennial 'Fête de la Vierge.' After reading the announcement of a 'Concours de Chant,' and a Concert to be given by the famous royal band, the 'Guides du Roi,' Moscheles sent his card to the Director, to ask for tickets, which, it was said, had been all bought up. Five minutes later this gentleman arrived, and would not leave till Moscheles had promised him to preside over the 'Jury des Concours de Chant.'"

"My duty as a Juryman rather taxed my powers of endurance, as for eight hours we sat on a high platform in the open market-place with the sun scorching us. Round about us was the band, a surging crowd, and a host of fashionables; it was a very animated scene. The Choral Unions, one after another, marched up to the front, banners unfurled, and sang. Not one could be called bad; several were really good."

The Schiller Festival and the King's birthday happening to be solemnized on the same day, Moscheles was asked by the Committee if he would allow his overture to the "Maid of Orleans" to be performed on the occasion. "I refused," he says, "on account of the inferior orchestra, and proposed as a substitute that Mertke, my clever pupil, should play my Fantasia on Schiller's 'Sehnsucht,' and I promised at the same time to write a brilliant piece on Schiller's poem, the 'Tanz.'" The piece composed originally

for one performer, he subsequently arranged for four hands, and presented the copyright of the work to the Schiller "Stiftung."

"A grand musical tournament is coming off at Leipzig. The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, celebrates in June its twenty-fifth anniversary, and the faction, the principles of which are chiefly represented by this journal, has a grand gathering of artists to commemorate the event. The Riedel Choral Union is studying with great zeal the 'Graner. Mass' for the occasion, and I have accepted an invitation to become a member of the Committee of Management. Programmes of the Festival are distributed, and the performances announced in all directions. Liszt, appearing for a short visit to Leipzig in May, persuades Moscheles to join him in playing his 'Hommage à Handel' at the festival. He says that I, as one of the pillars of pianoforte-playing, am indispensable. I call myself the connecting link between the old and the new school."

Shortly afterwards Moscheles had an opportunity of returning Liszt's visit at Weimar. He writes: "Liszt sat down to the piano, and I heard, to my no small astonishment, my old Op. 42, Variations on the pretty Austrian melody

which I had consigned to oblivion for the last forty years. He played them by heart, and introduced startling effects. He then gave us his own organ Fantasia on the letters B-a-c-h, a piece full of extraordinary combinations, and stupendously played.

The next meeting was again at Leipzig. "I invited several of my colleagues to meet Liszt at dinner; it was a regular artistic gathering. After dinner Liszt, puffing his cigar, rummaged amongst my music, and found my 'Tanz' and the 'Humoristische Variationen;' he made me sit down there and then and play them with him. It was a genuine treat to draw sparks from the piano as we dashed along together. Liszt's genius seemed to culminate when he played my old 'Variations,' and finally, my 'Sonate Mélancholique.' I wish I could equally admire his style of composition, but there stands the barrier to a perfect artistic intimacy. . . . . A number of our musical visitors, with Liszt at their head, called on me the other day to hear me play; they wanted to take the measure of an old-fashioned pianist; but old-fashioned or not, my relations with Liszt are most cordial, and we know exactly how far we are on common ground; when we are harnessed together in a duet, we make a very good pair; Apollo drives us without whip."

"The crash and din of war have nearly driven out of my head the music of the future. Only last May I wrote my 'Patriotic March,' in which I introduced the Austrian 'Volkslied' and the Prussian air,

Lützkow's 'Wilde Jagd,' dealing first of all with each subject separately, and then cordially interweaving the two together. Alas! the union of our two leading states seems more hopeless than ever, so I, an old musician, have reckoned without my host. . . . . Talking of compositions, my dear Clara, I am glad to hear of your zeal and progress in the art of transposing; but do not jump from one thing to another in your attempts at composition. I recommend you always to express some one definite thought, be it serious or gay, cheerful or anxious; when you have succeeded in doing this in short pieces, you may venture upon more important ones, in which a succession of dramatic ideas may alternate. Think always of a scene taken from real life, and despise using merely mechanical means for the purpose of producing an effect. The technical power should only serve as a means to heighten the effect of the principal idea, and give it strength and individuality. Your handwriting is much improved, but I have still to set the heads of many of your notes to rights for the sake of distinctness. Avis au lecteur." . . . . "You will be sorry to hear that Rietz is going to leave us and take up his abode in Dresden; I do not know what we shall do without him. But what say you to ——, who is just arrived from Paris? I asked him if he had ever seen 'Orfeo?' Answer: 'Yes; it is a sparkling little operetta, and has had a long run.' But I mean the real 'Orfeo.' Answer: 'Never heard of it.' And

this too after Madame Viardot has sung it already half a hundred times in Paris. You know how strenuously I have always opposed the 'reviewing' in musical newspapers, to which some pupils have lately devoted themselves, also how very averse Mendelssohn was to the practice. The following poem is grist to our mill. I found it in Gutskow's 'Unterhaltungen am häuslichen Heerd':—

DEM ZUKUNFTSMUSIKER VON LUDWIG SEEGER.

Welch tolle Laune plagt den Mann
Beim Handwerk nicht zu bleiben?
Wer singen und Laute spielen kann,
Was braucht der Bücher zu schreiben?

Wer zu dem Schwerte greift, der fällt
Durch's Schwert, das merk' sich Jeder,
Wer durch die Feder sündigt, erhält
Ein Urtheil durch die Feder.

Die Zukunftsgrillen verscheuche sie,
Lass Andre sich kritisch befehden!
Dein ist die That, die Melodie,
Die Andern mögen reden.

TO THE MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.

BY LUDWIG SEEGER.

Why, hair-brained Cobbler, leave your last?
Why, Carpenter, your hammer?
Ye Singers sing, ye Players play,
Why write a Latin Grammar?

The Bobadils, who cut and slash,
Are felled by their pursuers:
A critic brains his brother; both
Are "Saturday Reviewers."

Let others "but offend their lungs
By talking" loud detraction,
Find ye in melody your balm,
And happiness in action.

In the summer of 1860 Moscheles spent his holidays in Paris. He writes, "The Erards, Crémieux, and Madame Viardot overwhelm me with kindness, and seem rather anxious to know how the Moscheles of old days adapts himself to the new style of pianoforte playing. When the people cry me up, I think to myself, 'Rabattez la moitié et marchandez sur le reste.' At my Matinée I translated into correct prose the flowery epithets heaped on me, like bouquets on a ballet-dancer. . . . . For the impending 'Concours du Conservatoire' Herz has given my E flat Concerto to the pupils to study, but alas! in what a broken, fragmentary fashion. Auber, the director, does not allow more than four or five minutes to each pupil for his playing at the 'Concours'; eight bars, therefore, are taken from the 'tutti' and the half of the first solo jumbled together with the second half of the third. How is it possible to test by such a process the capabilities of the performer? I was invited to sit on the jury with Auber, Ambroise Thomas, and others, but declined; now I am beset with troops of fair pianistes about to contend for the prize, who wish me to hear their rendering of my dislocated Concerto. Like jockeys before the race, they all hope to get the first prize, and ask for my protection, as one asks for a vote when canvassing for a seat in Parliament. . . . . I have tried many fine pianos at the different warehouses, amongst others, those of Pleyel; their quality surprised me, and I am to have an opportunity of further

appreciating them, as the firm has most liberally offered to send me one of their finest to Leipzig. George Pfeiffer, one of the partners, is a first-rate pianist, who has already written very excellent things." On one of the earliest days of his stay in Paris, Moscheles drives over with his son to Passy, to visit Rossini.

"Felix had been made quite at home in the Villa on former occasions. To me the 'Parterre Salon,' with its rich furniture, was new, and before the Maestro himself appeared, we looked at his photograph in a circular porcelain frame, on the sides of which were inscribed the names of his works. The ceiling is covered with pictures illustrating scenes out of Palestrina's and Mozart's lives; in the middle of the room stands a Pleyel piano. When Rossini came in he gave me the orthodox Italian kiss, and was effusive in expressions of delight at my re-appearance, and very complimentary on the subject of Felix. In course of our conversation he was full of hard hitting truths, and brilliant satire on the present study and method of vocalization. 'I don't want to hear anything more of it,' he said, 'they scream! All that I want is a resonant, full toned, not a screeching voice, I care not whether it be for speaking or singing; everything ought to sound melodious.' He then spoke of the pleasure he felt in studying the piano; and 'if it were not presumption' (he added), 'in composing for that instrument; in playing, however, his fourth and fifth fingers would not do their duty properly.' He

complains that the piano is, now-a-days, only maltreated. 'They not only thump the piano, but the armchair, and even the floor.' He then talked of the specialities of the different instruments, and said that the guitarist Sor, and the mandoline-player, Vimercati, proved the possibility of obtaining great artistic results with slender means. I happened to have heard both these artists, and could quite endorse his views. He told me that, arriving late one evening at a small Italian town, he had already retired to rest when Vimercati, the resident Kapellmeister, sent him an invitation to be present at a performance of one of his operas. In those days he was not yet as hard-hearted as he is now, when he persistently refuses to be present at a performance of his works; he not only went to the theatre, but played the double bass as a substitute for the right man, who was not forthcoming. This reminded me of what I once experienced to my cost at York, when the parts of the tenor and the lowest bassoon for Mozart's Symphony in D Major were missing. On the piano I showed Rossini what the effect was. He laughed heartily, and then asked for a little real music; after I had extemporized, he said: 'Is that printed? It is music that flows from the fountain head. There is reservoir water and spring water; the former only runs when you turn the cock, and is always redolent of the vase, the latter always gushes forth fresh and limpid. Now-a-days people confound the simple and the trivial;

a motif of Mozart they would call trivial if they dared.' When we talked of the Leipzig 'Conservatoire,' he was delighted to hear that encouragement was given to the serious study of organ-playing, and he complained of the decay of Church music in Italy. He was quite enthusiastic on the subject of Marcello's and Palestrina's sublime creations. Before we parted he made me promise to call on him again before the day fixed upon to dine with him. When I next came, Rossini, yielding to my request, but not without modestly expressing diffidence in his own powers, played an Andante in B flat, beginning somewhat in this style:

in which, after the first eight bars, the following interesting modulation was introduced:

The piece is what we Germans would call tame. He then showed me two manuscript compositions, an Introduction and Fugue in C major, and a sort of pastoral Fantasia, with a brilliant Rondo in A major, which I had to play him. When I added a ♮ to the

manuscript, he declared 'it was worth gold to him.' Clara, who was with me, and had already mustered up courage sufficient to sing my 'Frühlingslied' and 'Botschaft,' to Rossini's satisfaction, was obliged to repeat both songs before the singers Ponchard and Levasseur, who had just stepped in. I accompanied, and in answer to Rossini's observation that I had enough flow of melody to write an opera, rejoined, 'What a pity that I am not young enough to become your pupil!' I then had to play from his manuscripts, and that raised me 'to the kingship of pianists.' 'Whatever I am,' I replied, 'is due to the old school, the old master Clementi,' and on my mentioning that name, Rossini goes to the piano, and plays by heart fragments out of his Sonatas.'" . . . .

On other occasions Moscheles plays to the Maestro, who insists on having discovered barricades in the "humoristic variations," so boldly do they seem to raise the standard of musical revolution; his title of the "Grande Valse," he finds too unassuming. "Surely a waltz with some angelic creature must have inspired you, Moscheles, with this composition, and *that* the title ought to express. Titles, in fact, should pique the curiosity of the public." "A view uncongenial to me," adds Moscheles, "however I did not discuss it. . . . . A dinner at Rossini's is calculated for the enjoyment of a 'gourmet,' and he himself proved to be one, for he went through the very select *menu* as only a connoisseur would. After dinner he looked

through my album of musical autographs with the greatest interest, and finally we became very merry, I producing my musical jokes on the piano, and Felix and Clara figuring in the duet which I had written for her voice, and his imitation of the French horn. Rossini cheered lustily, and so one joke followed the other till we received the parting kiss and 'good night.' . . . . At my next visit, Rossini showed me a charming 'Lied ohne Worte,' which he composed only yesterday; a graceful melody is embodied in the well-known technical form. Alluding to a performance of 'Semiramide,' he said, with a malicious smile, 'I suppose you saw the beautiful decorations in it?' He has not received the Sisters Marchisio for fear they should sing to him, nor has he heard them in the theatre; he spoke warmly of Pasta, Lablache, Rubini, and others, then he added that I ought not to look with jealousy upon his budding talent as a pianoforte-player, but that, on the contrary, I should help to establish his reputation as such in Leipzig. He again questioned me with much interest about my intimacy with Clementi, and calling me that master's worthy successor, he said he should like to visit me in Leipzig, if it were not for those dreadful railways, which he would never travel by. All this in his bright and lively way, but when we came to discuss Chevet, who wishes to supplant musical notes by ciphers, he maintained in an earnest and dogmatic tone that the

system of notation, as it had developed itself since Pope Gregory's time, was sufficient for all musical requirements. He certainly could not withhold some appreciation for Chevet, but refused to endorse the certificate granted by the Institute in his favour; the system he thought impracticable.

The never-failing stream of conversation flowed on until eleven o'clock, when I was favoured with the inevitable kiss, which on this occasion was accompanied by special farewell blessings.

Shortly after Moscheles had left Paris, his son forwarded to him most friendly messages from Rossini, and continues thus: "Rossini sends you word that he is working hard at the piano, and when you next come to Paris, you shall find him in better practice. . . . . The conversation turning upon German music, I asked him 'which was his favourite amongst the great masters?' Of Beethoven he said: 'I take him twice a week, Haydn four times, and Mozart every day. You will tell me that Beethoven is a Colossus who often gives you a dig in the ribs, whilst Mozart is always adorable; it is that the latter had the chance of going very young to Italy, at a time when they still sang well.' Of Weber he says, 'He has talent enough, and to spare' (Il a du talent à revendre celui-là). He told me in reference to him, that when the part of 'Tancred' was sung at Berlin by a bass voice, Weber had written violent articles not only against the management, but against the composer, so that

when Weber came to Paris, he did not venture to call on Rossini, who, however, let him know that he bore him no grudge for having made these attacks; on receipt of that message, Weber called and they became acquainted.

"I asked him if he had met Byron in Venice? 'Only in a Restaurant,' was the answer, 'where I was introduced to him; our acquaintance, therefore, was very slight; it seems he has spoken of me, but I don't know what he says.' I translated for him, in a somewhat milder form, Byron's words, which happened to be fresh in my memory: 'They have been crucifying Othello into an Opera, the music good but lugubrious, but, as for the words, all the real scenes with Iago cut out, and the greatest nonsense instead, the handkerchief turned into a billet-doux, and the first singer would not black his face—singing, dresses, and music very good.' The Maestro regretted his ignorance of the English language, and said, 'In my day, I gave much time to the study of our Italian literature. Dante is the man I owe most to; he taught me more music than all my music-masters put together, and when I wrote my 'Otello' I would introduce those lines of Dante—you know—the song of the Gondolier. My librettist would have it that gondoliers never sang Dante, and but rarely Tasso, but I answered him, 'I know all about that better than you, for I have lived in Venice, and you haven't. Dante I must and will have.' From the sublime to the ridiculous, we came to discuss my

drawing of the Sisters Marchisio, and Rossini showed me the title-page of the duet out of 'Semiramide,' on which they are represented. He has at last condescended to receive them; they have sung to him; more than that, he has written a piece for them, and I am soon to meet them at his house. Rossini has in the kindest way composed a piece expressly for my imitation of the French horn, and written it into my album; it is exactly adapted to my voice, or rather to my blowing powers. Above is this inscription:

"Thème of Rossini, followed by two variations and Coda by Moscheles père," offered to my young friend Felix Moscheles.

"G. Rossini, Passy, 20th August, 1860."

On receipt of a copy of this piece, which was forwarded to Moscheles, he at once carried out Rossini's suggestion, and after writing the "Two Variations and Coda,' asked the Maestro's permission to dedicate to him the work in the amended form. The following answer was received:—

"Paris, Passy, 1861.

"Mon Maitre (de Piano) et Ami,—

"Permettez moi de vous remercier de votre aimable lettre. Rien ne pouvait ni ne devait m'être plus agréable, plus flatteur, qu'une dédicace de vous. Ce témoignage de votre affection est d'un prix inestimable à mes yeux, je vous en remercie avec toute la chaleur qui me reste, et qui n'a point encore glacé mon vieux cœur.

"Vous me demandez l'autorisation de faire graver le petit thème que j'ai noté pour votre cher fils;—elle vous est accordée. Rien de plus honorable, cher ami, que d'associer mon nom au vôtre dans cette petite publication, mais, hélas! quel est le rôle que vous me faites jouer en si glorieux mariage? Celui du compositeur vous octroyant à vous, le grand patriarche, l'exclusif du pianiste. Pourquoi ne voulez-vous donc pas m'admettre dans la grande famille un de plus, hein! quoique je me sois placé très modestement (mais non sans vive peine) dans la catégorie de pianiste de 4ème classe? Voulez-vous donc, cher Moscheles, me faire mourir de chagrin?

"Vous y réussirez, vous autres grands pianistes, en me traitant en Paria, oui, vous serez responsables, devant Dieu et devant les hommes, de ma mort.

"Veuillez me rappeler au souvenir de Mme. et des chers enfants, en agréant pour vous l'affection sincère de votre ami de cœur,

"G. ROSSINI."*

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* Paris, Passy, 1861.

MY MASTER (OF PIANO) AND FRIEND,—

Permit me to thank you for your charming letter. Nothing could or would be more agreeable to me, or more flattering, than a dedication from you. This testimony of your affection is of inestimable value in my eyes; I thank you for it with all the warmth that remains in me, and which has not yet frozen my old heart.

You ask me for authority to print the little melody which I have written for your dear son—it is granted. Nothing could do me more honour, dear friend, than to associate my name with yours in this little publication, but alas! what is the part you make me play in so glorious a marriage? That of the composer making over to you a monopoly of the titles: "Grand Patriarch and Master of Pianoforte

Here is an extract from Moscheles' reply: "Mon cher Maître! Savez-vous quel est mon numéro favori? C'est le numéro 4; nous lui devons l'harmonie la plus parfaite; 4 voix humaines, les quatre instruments du Quatuor, le pianiste enfin de 4ème classe, qui en lui seul représente l'harmonie de toutes les voix et de tous les instruments. N'allez pas me dire, cher Maître, que vous détestez le même numéro 4, puisque c'est la 4ème lettre que je vous écris depuis peu, puisque c'est le 4ème protégé que j'autorise à frapper à votre porte hospitalière."* . . . .

On his return to Leipzig, Moscheles says: "Reinecke has just entered on his duties as Director of the Gewandhaus Concerts, and begins well by inaugurating his reign with a programme in which the music of the old masters is conspicuous." The Musical Society

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playing." Why on earth will you not admit me one member more in the great family, although I have placed myself very modestly (but not without infinite pains) in the category of pianists of the 4th class? Or do you mean, my dear Moscheles, to make me die of vexation?

That's what you will accomplish, all you great pianists, by treating me as a Pariah; yes, you will be responsible before God and man for my death.

My kindest remembrances to Madame and the dear children, and believe me in all sincerity your affectionate friend,

G. Rossini.

* My dear Master,—Do you know what is my favourite number? It is number four; we owe to it the most perfect harmony, the four human voices, the four instruments of the quartet, and though last, not least, the pianist of the fourth class, who in himself represents the harmony of all voices and all instruments. Do not tell me, dear Master, that you detest that same number four, since it is the fourth letter that I have recently written to you, since it is the fourth protégé that I authorize to knock at your hospitable door.

of London sends a complimentary letter enclosing Moscheles a diploma of honorary membership. He composes a Toccata in F sharp minor for the Mozart album, a two-part Christmas song, and observes in a letter to a friend: "I should write music on a larger scale for my instrument, were it not that I am convinced that people now-a-days will not care to play such compositions. Only Beethoven's, Mendelssohn's, Schumann's, and Chopin's Concertos are now the fashion, Mozart and Hummel are completely ignored. Of my eight Concertos, that in G minor is becoming every day a greater rarity as an item in programmes. I flatter myself that my 'Characteristic Studies,' my 'Grande Valse," and some of my other compositions, might hold their own as Bravura pieces, that my 'Nursery Tale' and my Study in A flat could sing in competition with the modern Notturnos; but not one of my colleagues plays them in public. I no longer appear at concerts, and—to speak with Byron—'I still hold myself too good for the sexton of authorship, the trunkmaker.' Should the rats and mice want such food to gnaw, it shall not be music of mine as long as I am alive. Consequently, at intervals, I compose a piece for a charity concert, or write Lieder and smaller pieces for home use for the grandchildren. I indulge myself in this kind of desultory work, not from loss of power, but from a feeling of pride. The old year (1860) is waning, but let me whisper into your ears this my musical confession."

CHAPTER XIX.

1861—1870.

OVATION TO CONCERTMEISTER DAVID—SEBASTIAN BACH'S PRELUDES —VISIT TO LONDON — MAZZINI—THE GOLDSCHMIDTS —MODERN MUSIC—GOUNOD'S "FAUST"—A MUSICAL TREASURE—KÖRNER— ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG—WAR BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA—HANDEL FESTIVAL IN LONDON—WAGNER'S "MEISTERSÄNGER"—VISIT TO BELGRADE—ILLNESS — STRANGE DREAM—DEATH OF MOSCHELES.

A WELL merited ovation was given to Concertmeister David, on the 25th anniversary of his appointment at the Leipzig Conservatoire, and the members of the Gewandhaus joined with his pupils and friends to do him honour on the auspicious occasion. "When I congratulated him," writes Moscheles, "he showed me the letter in which Felix Mendelssohn offered him the post of Concertmeister; this, like everything from his pen, is charming both in feeling and expression. Surely his letters breathe as noble a spirit as his works, and how his youthful artistic spirit seems to brighten and expand under the genial influence of his first experiences of Italy! He enjoys everything doubly, keenly alive as he is to the beauties of the sunny south, and grateful for the parental sanction at last vouchsafed to his plans of travel. What a sensation

these 'Reisebriefe' will create. I should like to give them the title: 'School for the artist and man!"

"My pupils, Dannreuther, Lienau, and Miss Schiller give me great delight, the Trial Concerts came off brilliantly; Sullivan's music to Shakspeare's 'Tempest' sounded fresh and clear, and the composer was, as he deserved to be, unanimously called forward at the end. . . . . I cannot approve of the 'broderies' in Liszt's arrangement of the Mendelssohn 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' they are about as much in keeping as a crinoline would be on the Venus of Milo. . . . . At David's I saw six or eight MS. Quartets and Quintets by Beethoven; they belong to Paul Mendelssohn, who lent them to David to edit for Breitkopf and Härtel; they contain a precious mine of inspiration, even in the erased passages or single notes."

It was in this year (1861) that Moscheles became acquainted with Gounod's Violoncello Obligato to the first of Sebastian Bach's famous "Forty-eight Preludes." The idea, so happily treated in this instance, suggested to him the setting of some of the other "Preludes" with melodies for the violoncello; these were subsequently re-arranged with increased effect for two pianos. This work was to Moscheles a labour of love, although he was severely censured by some pianists, who questioned the propriety of making additions to Bach; the majority however of amateurs and art-judges were charmed with the orchestral

effects and the contrapuntal treatment of these compositions.

Moscheles thus states his own opinion: "I am praised or soundly rated for 'my setting of these' Preludes,' but possibly my Melodies may promote the study of these works amongst students, who, in the absence of the accompaniments, would find them dry and unattractive. If so, I shall be perfectly satisfied; a deeper insight into Bach's works cannot fail to further the progress of art. Whilst setting these melodies, I am in the same position as our romance writers, who can ventilate an important question of the day more effectively in some fictitious disguise than in a dry treatise."

During the season of 1861, Moscheles once more visits London, and, yielding to the persuasions of his old friends, the Directors of the Philharmonic Society, agrees to play at one of their concerts, giving them to understand that he wished to do so as a friend, and not as a professional. He had not appeared before the English public for fifteen years, and observing an anxious look on his wife's face as she came into the room on the evening of the Concert, he cheered her up with the words: "Surely you feel no misgivings? I intend to play like my former self, and do you honour. At the rehearsal, no doubt, I was rather upset by their affectionate demonstrations, but to-night no amount of fiddle-bow rapping, or the like, shall unnerve me, so pray do not

distress yourself." He was as good as his word. The storm of cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, when he appeared, only served to animate him, and he played so finely that his friends eagerly congratulated him on a performance quite on a level with those of his best days.

Notwithstanding the busy life Moscheles led during his stay in London, surrounded as he was by a host of friends with claims on his time and attention, he found leisure for keeping up his correspondence, a duty at all times pleasant to him. ". . . . In answer to your question about Beethoven's sentiments on the subject of religion, I am under the impression that he was a Catholic, but a free-thinker at the same time. Of his piety I have no doubt, for his music speaks to the hearts of all nations, just as the sacred works of a Bach, a Mozart, or Mendelssohn do." Talking of free-thinkers, let me tell you of my acquaintance with Mazzini. Felix is painting a portrait of him, and so I have plenty of opportunities of meeting him. I had formed an utterly mistaken idea in my estimate of one whom I had always heard cried down as a conspirator; he seems to me agreeable and unassuming; his conversation even on the subject of politics is mild and apparently inoffensive; he is keenly interested in the subject of music. As a proof of this I may tell you that his guitar is his inseparable companion, even in his hiding-places, and Meyerbeer is his favourite composer. Cavour's death,

Garibaldi's illness, the *quasi* imprisonment of the Pope—on all these matters he discourses, and ends invariably with an observation of this kind: 'Providence is sure to do all for the best.' He lives in rooms of the plainest description, in Onslow Terrace, and goes by the name of 'Ernesti;' everything about him savours of Republicanism; the only luxury he seems to indulge in is that of smoking cigars *ad libitum*. From Mazzini's rooms to Argyle Lodge, where the Goldschmidts reside, is rather a leap; elegance and comfort rule here, there is no oppressive luxury, and one feels quite at home. And then the music. With Otto Goldschmidt I played my 'Hommage à Handel,' and that too without having in any way to sacrifice my artistic convictions; on the contrary I felt that I was understood, and joined by him in my conceptions. We also played the Bach Preludes, and he warmly expressed his approval of the idea and its execution. Madame Goldschmidt's voice is as fine as ever; if anything could enhance the pleasure her singing gives me, it would be to hear her, as I did the other day, in her own drawing-room. I reminded her of her last appearance at the Gewandhaus Concert, when she electrified us with a certain Cadenza, which recurs three times in one of Chopin's Mazurkas:

"I know many think me old-fashioned, but the more I consider the tendency of modern taste, and the abrupt and glaring contrasts indulged in by many composers of the present day, the more strenuously will I uphold that which I know to be sound art, and side with those who can appreciate a Haydn's playfulness, a Mozart's Cantilena, and a Beethoven's surpassing grandeur. What antidotes have we here for all these morbid moanings and overwrought effects! When I hear one of old Sebastian Bach's glorious fugues in the midst of all these fantasias, I accept it as a kind of musical peace-offering; not that I am completely reconciled, for it is usually taken 'Prestissimo.' Here as elsewhere I miss the right 'Tempi,' and look in vain for the traditions of my youth. That tearing speed which sweeps away many a little note; that spinning out of an Andante until it becomes an Adagio, an 'Andante con moto,' in which there is no 'moto' at all, an 'Allegro comodo' which is anything but comfortable—all such anomalies mar my enjoyment.

"At Boulogne the other evening, a pianoforte-player

brought me a Notturno of so restless a description that it threatened to disturb my nocturnal rest; he calls it too learned for Paris, I call it not learned enough for Germany. I gladly allow that he and his colleagues have a special aptitude for transferring the melodious Italian element to pianoforte pieces, but such music becomes very wearisome to the genuine musician, and can only be tolerated by those whose ears and feelings are accustomed to the 'dolce far niente.' When he told me he thought the German music was too dry and learned, I played him scraps from Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; there I had him. At last he said, 'But those were men of genius', to which I replied, 'No doubt, and only men of genius ought to compose; others should study the great masters until a portion of their spirit falls upon them.'

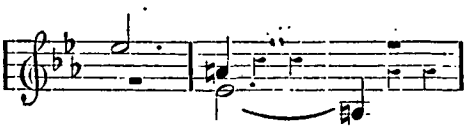
"In Gounod I hail a real composer. I have heard his 'Faust' both at Leipzig and Dresden, and am charmed with that refined piquant music. Critics may rave, if they like, against the mutilation of Goethe's masterpiece, the Opera is sure to attract, for it is a fresh interesting work with a copious flow of melody, and lovely instrumentation."

In the summer of 1863, Moscheles and his family were at Loschwitz, and found an interesting neighbour in Kapellmeister Dorn, who happened to be the possessor of Mozart's original score of the opera of "Figaro," which was ultimately purchased by the firm of Simrock, for the sum of 800 thalers. "He told me that

the father of a Mr. Schurig, a music-master in Dresden, had bought this treasure from a wandering operatic company for a mere trifle, and that it had been bequeathed to the son in the ordinary way." There before my eyes were the immortal notes, thrown down off hand upon score-paper with fourteen lines, the Italian text and Recitatives in Mozart's handwriting, the German translation written in by another hand. I longed to be wealthy enough to buy this jewel at the high price put upon it by its present possessor. The pianoforte edition (Simrock's) occasionally differs from the original, as, for instance, in the Cavatina of the page "Non so più." Curiously enough, I have just now had in my hands the manuscript of another immortal work, the autograph score of the 'Zauberflöte' which André showed me forty years ago in Offenbach. Count Baudissin asks me to examine it, and vouch for its authenticity to Count Ratzan, who is in treaty for purchasing this treasure. Every bar of the music is evidence of the divine inspiration and truth of Mozart; the alterations are very interesting, two bars of solo in the overture are erased, and in the duet, 'Bei Männern,' the Tempo is changed from 6-8 to 3-8."

Of Moscheles scrupulous conscientiousness in editing the works of great musicians, we have had many proofs in the course of this narrative; the house of Peters was indebted to him for the loan of a manuscript copy of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C, as

well as that of the Trio in A minor, by the same master, so anxious was the owner of the autograph that the public should have correct versions of the best works. His knowledge of Beethoven's music was extraordinarily accurate; we read in the diary: "Beethoven's Quintet was played the other day in the Gewandhaus; in this passage



I heard an intercalated note, which was strange to me; thus—

I examined the original score, and found that Beethoven added this quaver for the violoncello."

His powers of musical analysis were occasionally put to the test in a less agreeable way. He writes on the 26th of August: "Of course the Körner Festival interests me; it not only appeals to my patriotic feelings, but reminds me of my intercourse with Körner in old Vienna days. I knew him when he was writing his drama 'Toni,' for Fräulein Adamberger. To-day all the Guilds turned out, and I followed the procession as far as the Japanese Palace, where I heard Festival songs, festival speeches, and afterwards the anything

but festival hodge-podge made by bands of music as they marched away and interlaced each other's tune in the following edifying fashion, waves of sound crossing one another, thus—

I was utterly distracted, and pushed my way through dust and throngs of people back to the Altstadt." . . . .

Moscheles alludes to the celebration at Leipzig of the fiftieth anniversary of the great battle: "Fortu-

nately we had the best of weather for our fête; all our veterans who had served in the battle were handsomely entertained in private houses; two old Grätz artillerymen were quartered on us, and uncommonly jovial they were. The procession was really a very pretty and touching sight, for each old soldier was attended in his march through the streets by a young girl dressed in white, who walked by his side: spring and winter contrasted beautifully. As the procession came under our windows, the Pauliner and other musical societies did me the honour of waving their flags and calling me out to receive their greetings. Everything was admirably managed, the music in the market-place, the torch-procession, illuminations, &c. . . . . Talking of 'veterans,' I suppose I may speak of my fingers; I do not allow them to take it easy, but set them their daily task of difficult passages and scale-gymnastics. I thoroughly believe in Riehl's words: 'A man of fifty years of age, who allows his physical and mental energies to slacken, is sixty within a couple of years; a man of seventy, who by dint of healthy energetic work has aspired to retain all his youthful vigour, is a man in his best years.' And yet continues Moscheles, 'I am at issue with him in that part of his excellent letter where he deals with the subject of the Musical Education of the people,' since he would have the violin taught before the piano. Organ and piano offer the best opportunity for an understanding of the relations of tones, and connexion

of harmonies; and therefore I think they should be studied first of all."

Moscheles, on the happy occasion of the marriage of his third daughter, Clara, to the advocate, Dr. Adolar Gerhard, was the very embodiment of Riehl's "ideal man of seventy," for he was radiant with happiness, and took an active part in the festive proceedings. Dr. Gerhard had inherited his father's gift for poetry, and some of his verses suggested to Moscheles the melodies of two charming Lieder.

In the summer of 1866 Moscheles was in London. Two years previously he had been painfully interested by the Schleswig-Holstein question, now the absorbing topic of the day was the war between Austria and Prussia. "I will not, I cannot believe, in Germans wishing to take up arms against Germans." The occupation of Leipzig by the Prussians soon undeceived him, and the dreadful miseries that followed prompted him to join with Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt in giving a concert for the wounded soldiers. "For such a purpose I am glad once more to play in public, and will cheerfully put up with hearing myself called old-fashioned, if I, a venerable curiosity, can earn a good harvest of guineas for others. What I could afford out of my own purse is too little for these thousands of unfortunate beings. Therefore—Art *versus* War—and let us see if she, the peaceful one, cannot make head against the destroyer. Let us have harmonies, not the din of battle."

Moscheles handed over his half of the proceeds, 1400 thalers, to the Fund for the sufferers by the war.

"We were present at Mrs. Schwabe's, who gave a farewell dinner to the poet Freiligrath. Our great musical episode was the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace; Costa steered his ship very cleverly through the giant rocks of this locality, and Titiens, with her colossal voice, sang splendidly; the effect at times of the double choruses was so thrilling that I thought to myself, 'Fancy old Handel standing and conducting his gigantic works in this gigantic place!"

After all the excitement of a London season, Moscheles rejoiced to find himself at the seaside, where, surrounded by his grandchildren, and under the influence of that bright and sunny picture of happy childhood, he composes the "Familienleben!" "These small pieces for four hands are intended as a bequest to the grandchildren; to my own, first of all—after them, to all my grandchildren in art, who, I hope, will find amusement in them. Each piece depicts some incident gathered from the little world of children, some story they may listen to with pleasure; and if, whilst learning to play these pieces, their little minds are active, or their miniature feelings awakened, they will be learning to play well." At a later period he added to the twelve numbers of the Familienleben" three others: "The Little Prattlers," "Grandmamma's Night Thoughts at the Spinning-Wheel," and "The Boy on his Rocking-Horse." Moscheles' playing

would often attract a grateful crowd of rustics, who stood outside and listened by the window, and one evening the grandchildren were greatly impressed by the spectacle of a working-man, who, after mounting the shoulders of his companion and peering in at the window, called out in a stentorian voice: "God grant that gentleman for a long time the use of his hands."

At this time Felix painted his father's portrait, an engraving of which forms the frontispiece of the present work, and certainly no more favourable moment could have been chosen to do justice to the original. Moscheles both mentally and physically was at his best, and enlivened the hours of sitting by conversation on the points of comparison between the sister arts; this was always a favourite topic with him.

Moscheles spent his seventy-third birthday at Leipzig, and records that anniversary in language of simple truth and gratitude: "How can I reckon up this great number of years without thanking the Almighty for His having guided me so far under His protection, and that too by the side of my loving and beloved wife! Old age is something of everyday occurrence, but to be old and to feel at the same time young and susceptible of all the enjoyments of life, is a consciousness rarely bestowed." . . . .

The letters as well as the diary of this year testify to Moscheles' full capacity of musical enjoyment. On two occasions he goes to Dresden; on the first

he hears a performance of Franz von Holstein's opera, "Der Haideschacht;" on the second, Wagner's "Meistersänger" is the attraction. Of the former he says: "I was very much pleased with this music, after playing it on the piano from a copy of the score; the orchestral performance has completely justified all the hopes raised in my mind by that first examination. The music is flowing and melodious, the instrumentation effective, and there is abundance of dramatic force; the artists, one and all, sang 'con amore'—nay, with positive enthusiasm. I think this composer has a great future before him." With regard to Wagner's "Meistersänger," he writes: "I find more unity in this opera than in Wagner's earlier works for the stage, although the composer's views of the relation between orchestra and singers are here, as everywhere in his music, peculiar—the singers with long declamatory recitatives, and often 'parlando,' have to struggle, as best they can, with overwrought orchestral modulations and effects. I thought I caught some echoes of 'Don Juan,' in that scene where Leporello in a minuet rhythm invites the 'maschere' to the ball. Next day Rietz and I had a long conversation on the subject of the eccentricities, as well as the undeniably great qualities, of the 'Meistersänger;' we examined the printed score too, and admired the well-calculated instrumental effects. The old-fashioned lute, used by Beckmesser in the Serenade, was effectively represented by a small harp

with metal instead of the ordinary strings; the effect certainly was very good."

So little had old age begun to tell on Moscheles, that he fearlessly set out on so distant a journey as to Hungary and Servia, on a visit to his daughter Serena, whose husband (Dr. Rosen) had been appointed by the Prussian Government Consul-General at Belgrade. From the latter place Moscheles writes: "We certainly move here in European society, and indulge in European music; on the other hand, our surroundings are rather strange and primitive. We have seen the park of Topschidere, where the Prince Michael was insidiously murdered; the market-place with people in their national costumes, the Turkish quarter, with Prince Eugene's half-ruined palace, and the gipsies' street, with its squalid, half-naked denizens. Servian tailors, weavers, and shoemakers pursue their trade in open stalls; there is a brisk demand for frippery and second-hand goods of all kinds. Behind a clump of faded oleander trees, you can see people munching fruits, vegetables, and meat, and washing it all down with 'Slibowitz,' their favourite beverage. . . . .

"The other day we saw a Servian wedding procession. I counted twenty open calèches, all the occupants were dressed in different coloured costumes, even the horses were decorated with ornamental cloths, part of the wedding presents made to the newly-married couple."

Moscheles, on his return from Belgrade, visits some old friends at Pesth, where a complimentary banquet is given in his honour. At the theatre he was received with an orchestral flourish, by way of prelude to the overture of the national opera "Hunyady," and a performance of that most graceful and charming of all national dances, the "Csardas."

On his return to Leipzig, Moscheles writes: "I have, indeed, cause to be thankful, as I look back upon the incidents of my journey. I have travelled many a mile to meet with those dear to me. I have enjoyed art and nature with them, seen a country new and interesting to me, have met with the kindest reception by art brothers and friends, and now I return home hale and hearty."

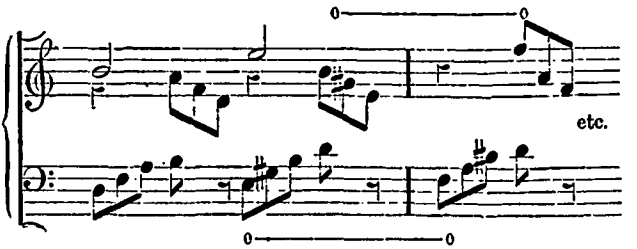
This he wrote at the beginning of August; yet when, in the following October, his four children were once more assembled in Leipzig on a visit to their parents, they observed with apprehension symptoms of debility, which, as being so unusual with their father, gave rise in their minds to anxious forebodings. In November he suffered much from want of sleep, and it was not until the following month that the skill of his friends, Professors Reclam and Wagner, gave him any relief. What his friends were to him and his wife, during that sad time, cannot be told in words. May they all, on reading these pages, feel that the poor but imperfect tribute to their sympathy comes from the heart of her who writes them! Under the date of

the 6th of December we find these few bars of music with a motto over them, both in his handwriting:

"Auflösung ist das Ziel unseres irdischen Lebens."
("Dissolution is the goal of our earthly life.")

On the 8th December, 1869: For my Diary:

"In my feverish restlessness and wretchedness last night, I could not get out of my head Mendelssohn's Capriccio (in A minor, Op. 33, No. 1); from the first to the last bar it exactly expresses my condition. That faultless piece has, however, one awkward passage which did not escape me, awkward when judged by the strictly orthodox laws of harmony; it is the sequence of the 263rd bar to the next."



On Tuesday, the 20th of December, 1869, he writes in the Diary: "Towards morning, after a restless, almost sleepless night, I had the following highly exciting dream. I chanced to hear" (I wonder where?) that, since the day of Beethoven's death in Vienna, a couple of old servants were in charge of the room in which he died, and declared that, on each anniversary of Beethoven's birthday, he could be conjured up to appear in bodily form, but only to those with whom he had been personally acquainted in his life-time. The watchers had had printed a description of his last moments, and sold it to any one for a few kreutzers. I must go there (I said to myself), and told Charlotte what I proposed doing. She eagerly caught at the idea, and begged and prayed I would take her with me. I was much embarrassed, and explained to her that such a thing was impossible, as she had not known Beethoven personally. She would not be put off, and begged hard I would allow her at least to see the Manes of the great departed; surely I could make him understand that *my* wife ought to be pardoned this act of indiscretion. After much

hesitation I consented! On the appointed day we came to Vienna, and demanded admission to the room. We sat upon the bed in which Beethoven had pronounced his last words, 'Plaudite, amici, comœdia finita est.' The servants made some mysterious movements with their hands, and soon afterwards Beethoven, in bodily form, arose slowly like a statue of white marble, the body draped in classical Grecian folds. The apparition came near, and stretched out its cold hands towards me; I clasped them immediately and kissed them. Beethoven turned his head towards me in a kindly way, as if he wanted to ask me questions; I intimated to him by signs that he could not hear my answers. He shook his head sorrowfully, withdrew his hands from mine, and vanished into the upper air—then I awoke."

"December 31st, 1869.—My thoughts were turned towards the Creator, who, after my long and laborious career, has brought me to the winter of my existence, and tended by my faithful Charlotte, linked by the chain of love to all my family, I find, although an invalid, quiet and comfort. With these words I take leave of the year 1869—Finis."

In January and February he rallies sufficiently to be able to enjoy music. "It was a great undertaking," he says, "but I have at last realized my desire to hear Cherubini's 'Medea,' with Franz Lachner's Recitatives, but the intense interest with which I followed every note was too much for me." A few days later

he gives words of counsel and encouragement to the youthful Emma Brandes, whose musical endowments had a special charm for him, as being in harmony with his own art-creed. When she had played to him, he sat down to the piano to show her his rendering of the "Concert Fantastique," but, as he wrote afterwards, "I could only play it 'Mezza voce.'"

The 1st of March, 1870, was the forty-fifth anniversary of his wedding-day, and Moscheles, making every effort to take part in the home fête, played, with his daughter and two friends, an arrangement of the overture to "Der Freyschutz," for four performers. The day afterwards, although he was palpably unfit for any physical exertion, he insisted on going to the Gewandhaus Rehearsal. This was to be his last effort.

In his last illness, Moscheles, the best of fathers, husbands, sons, and friends, faced death with calm confidence, and retained his cheerfulness unto the last moment of his life. On the 10th of March, 1870, when the angel of death hovered over the sick man's chamber, Moscheles still had an affectionate smile of recognition for the dear ones around him. His faith failed not when the hour of departure was at hand, and he died, as he had lived, in peace, and in the fear and love of God.

A COMPLETE CATALOGUE

OF COMPOSITIONS

BY I. MOSCHELES.

A.—*Compositions marked with the Number of the Work.*

Op. 1. Variations on a Theme from Mehul's Opera, "Une Folie." For Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 2. Ten Variations on a Favourite Air from the Opera, "Der Dorf Barbier." For the Piano. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 3. Polonaise for the Piano. Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 4. New Sonatine, easy and popular. For the Piano. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 5. Favourite Air, by Weigl, "Wer hörte wohl," with Variations. For the Piano. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 6. Variations for the Piano, on an Austrian National Air. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 7. Variations on a Cavatina from the Opera, "Trajano in Dacia." Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 8. Ten Waltzes for the Pianoforte. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 9. Five German Dances for the Pianoforte. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 10. Triumphal March, with two Trios, for four hands on the Pianoforte. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 11. Two Rondos for the Piano, on Themes introduced in the Ballet, "Les Portraits." Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 12. Introduction and Rondo, for the Piano, on a Venetian Barcarolle. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 13. Fantasie Héroique. For the Piano. Vienna: Spina.—New Edition. Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 14. Rondo Brilliante. For the Piano. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 15. Variations, for the Piano, on a Theme from the Opera, "The Oculist." Vienna: Spina.

Op. 16. Three Love Songs, by E. Ludwig, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (Dream and Reality, The Kiss, The Eternal). Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 17. Introduction et Variation Concertantes. For Piano, Violin, and Violoncello. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 18. Three Rondos for the Pianoforte. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 19. Polonaise, preceded by an Introduction. For the Pianoforte. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 20. Grand Duo Concertant. For Piano and Guitar. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 21. Six Variations for Piano and Flute, or Violin. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 22. Sonata for the Pianoforte. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 23. Variations for the Pianoforte, on a Russian Theme. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 24. Rondo Espagnol. For the Piano. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 25. Caprice. For the Piano. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 26. Triumphal Entry of the Allies into Paris—a descriptive piece. For the Piano. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 27. Sonata (characteristic). For the Piano. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op 28. Six Divertissements, for the Piano. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 29. Variations for the Piano on a Theme of Handel. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 30. Rondo Brilliant, for Four Hands. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 31. Trois Marches Héroiques, for Four Hands. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 32. "La Marche d'Alexandre," with Variations. For the Piano and Orchestral Accompaniment. Vienna: Artaria & Co. Arranged with Quartet; Piano solo; Pianoforte Duet. Leipzig: Breitkopf and Hartel.

Op. 33. Six Waltzes, with Trios for Pianoforte Duet. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 34. Grand Duo Concertant. For Piano and Violoncello, or Bassoon. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 35. Grand Sextuor. For Piano, Violin, Flute, Two Horns, and Violoncello. Leipzig: Hofmeister. Arranged as a Sonata for Piano, for two Pianos; for Pianoforte Duet.

Op. 36. Variations on an Austrian National Melody. For Piano and Violin. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 37. Grand Caprice, followed by a Potpourri. For Piano and Violoncello, or Violin Concertants. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 38. Fantasia (in the Italian style), followed by a Grand Rondo. For Piano. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 39. Introduction and Variations, for the Piano, on an Austrian National Air. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 40. "Les Portraits"—Ballet Champêtre et Comique. Arranged for Pianoforte. Vienna: Artaria & Co. Overture for Pianoforte Solo and Duet. Three Divertissements for Piano, on Subjects taken from the Ballet "Les Portraits." Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 41. Grand Sonata. For Piano. (Dedicated to Beethoven.) Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 42. Grand Variations on an Austrian National Melody. For Piano, Two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass, or without Accompaniment. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 43. Grand Rondeau Brilliant. For Piano, accompanied by Two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass (*ad lib.*). Vienna: Artaria & Co. For Pianoforte Solo or Duet. Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 44. Grande Sonate Concertante. For Piano and Flute. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 45. Concert de Société. For Piano, with Accompaniment for small Orchestra. Vienna: Spina.

Op. 46. Fantasia, Variations, and Finale, on the Bohemian National Song, "To Gsau Kône." For Piano, Violin, Clarionet, and Violoncello. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 47. Grand Sonate. Piano, for Four Hands (E major sonata). Vienna: Artaria & Co. New Edition, Hamburg: Cranz.

Op. 48. French Rondo. Arranged for Piano and Violin, with a small Orchestra, or without. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 49. Sonate mélancolique. For the Piano. Vienna: Artaria & Co. Berlin: Schlesinger.

Op. 50. Fantasia and Variations, on the favourite air, "Au clair de la Lune." For the Piano, with accompaniment for the Orchestr Berlin: Schlesinger. With Quartet, for Piano-

Op. 51. Allegri di Bravura (La Forza, La Legerezza, Il Capriccio). forte Solo.
Leipzig: Peters.

Op. 52. La Tenerezza. Rondoletto for the Pianoforte. Vienna: Spina. New Edition, Hamburg: Cranz.

Op. 53. Polonaise Brillante. For the Piano. Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 54. Les Charmes de Paris. Rondo Brillante. For the Piano. Berlin: Schlesinger.

Op. 55. Bonbonnière Musicale; Suite de Morceaux Faciles for Piano. Paris: Schlesinger.

Op. 56. Grand Concerto in E major. For the Piano, with Orchestral Accompaniment. Leipzig: Klemm. With Quartet, as Pianoforte Solo, Rondo Brillalla Polacca for Pianoforte Duet. Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 57. Fantasia for the Piano, on Three Favourite Scotch Airs. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Hartel.

Op. 58. "Jadis et Aujourdhui," a Gigue and Quadrille Rondeau. For the Piano. Hamburg: Cranz.

Op. 59. Grand Potpourri Concertant. For Piano and Violin, or Flute (By Moscheles and Lafont). Berlin: Schlesinger.

Op. 60. Third Concerto (G minor). For Piano, with Orchestra. Leipzig: Klemm. With Quartet. For Pianoforte Solo.

Op. 61. Rondoletto, on a Favourite Nocturne by Paër. For the Piano. Vienna: Artaria & Co.

Op. 62. Impromptu. For the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 63. Introduction, and Scotch Rondo. Concertante, for Piano and Horn, or Violin and Viola. Leipzig: Kistner. Arranged as Pianoforte Duet.

Op. 64. Fourth Concerto. For the Piano, with Orchestral Accompaniment. Vienna: Steiner & Co.

Op. 65. Impromptu Martial, on the English Air, "Revenge, he cried." For the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 66. La Petite Babillarde. Rondo for the Piano. Leipzig Kistner.

Op. 67. Three Brilliant Rondos for the Piano, on Favourite Motives from the Vaudeville, "The Viennese at Berlin." Berlin: Schlesinger.

Op. 68. Fantasia and Rondo, on an Austrian March. For the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 69. Souvenirs d'Irlande. Grand Fantasia. For the Piano, with Accompaniment for Orchestra or Quartet. Leipzig: Hofmeister. Arranged as Pianoforte Solo and Duet.

Op. 70. Twenty-four Studies for Advanced Players. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 71. Rondeau Expressif, on a Favourite Theme of Gallenberg. For Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 72. No. 1. Fantaisie Dramatique, in the Italian Style, on a Favourite Air sung by Madame Pasta. For the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 72. No. 2. Bijoux à la Sontag. Fantaisie Dramatique. For the Piano. Kistner.

Op. 72. No. 3. Bijoux à la Malibran. Fantaisie Dramatique (two books). Kistner.

Op. 73. Fifty Preludes in the different Major and Minor Keys. For Piano. Kistner.

Op. 74. Les Charmes de Londres. Brilliant Rondo for Piano. Kistner.

Op. 75. Echoes from Scotland. Fantasia on Scotch National Airs. For the Pianoforte, with Orchestra or Quartet. Leipzig: Hofmeister.—Arranged for Piano Solo.

Op. 76. "La Belle Union." Brilliant Rondo, preceded by an Introduction, for the Piano. For Four Hands. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 77. Allegro di Bravura. For the Piano (Dedicated to Mendelssohn). Berlin: Schlesinger.

Op. 78. Divertissements à la Savoyarde. For Piano and Flute or Violin. Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 79. Sonata Concertante. For Piano and Flute, or Violin. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 80. Fantasia on Airs of the Scotch Bards. For Piano, with Orchestra (*ad lib*). Leipzig: Kistner. Arranged for Pianoforte alone.

Op. 81. First Symphony in C. For Grand Orchestra. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 82 *a*. Rondeau Sentimental. For Piano. Kistner.

Op. 82 *b*. Quatre Divertissements. For Piano and Flute. Kistner.

Op. 83. Recollections of Denmark. Fantasia on Danish National Airs. For Piano, with Orchestra. Kistner. Arranged for Pianoforte Solo.

Op. 84. Grand Trio. For Piano, Violin, and Violoncello (Dedicated to Cherubini). Kistner.

Op. 85. La Gaieté. Brilliant Rondo for the Piano. Kistner.

Op. 86 *a*. Easy March, with Trio. For Pianoforte Duet. Kistner.

Op. 86 *b*. Souvenir de Rubini. Dramatic Fantasia for the Piano, on a Cavatina from the Opera "Anna Bolena." Kistner.

Op. 87. Fifth Concerto (C Major). For the Piano and Orchestral Accompaniment. Vienna: Haslinger. With Quartet for Pianoforte Solo.

Op. 87 *a*. Souvenir de l'Opéra. Dramatic Fantasia for the Piano, on Favourite Airs sung in London by Madame Pasta. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 87 *b*. Duo Concertant. For two Pianos, with Orchestral Accompaniment in the form of Brilliant Variations on the Bohemian March, from the Melodrama, "Preciosa." Composed by F. Mendelssohn and I. Moscheles. Kistner. For Two Pianos without Accompaniment. For Pianoforte Duet.

Op. 88. Grand Septet. For Piano, Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Violoncello, and Double Bass. Kistner. For Pianoforte Solo or Duet.

Op. 89. Impromptu. For the Piano. Kistner.

Op. 90. Concerto Fantastique (No. 6). For Piano, with Orchestra. Vienna: Haslinger. With Quartet. For Pianoforte alone.

Op. 91. Overture, for Full Orchestra, to Schiller's Tragedy, "Joan of Arc." Leipzig: Kistner. Arranged as a Pianoforte Duet.

Op. 92. Hommage à Handel. Grand Duet for Two Pianofortes. Kistner. Arranged as a Pianoforte Duet.

Op. 93. Concerto Pathétique. For Piano, with Orchestra (No 7). Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 94 *a*. Rondeau Brilliant on Dessauer's Favourite Romance, "Le Retour des Promis." Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 94 *b*. Hommage Caractéristique to the Memory of Madame Malibran de Beriot, in the form of a Fantasia, for the Piano. Kistner.

Op. 95. Characteristic Studies for the Piano, for the Higher Development of Execution and Bravura. Kistner.

[Passion—Reconciliation—Contradiction—Juno—Nursery Tales—Bacchanal—Tenderness—National Holiday Scenes—Moonlight by the Sea-shore—Terpsichore—The Dream—Anxiety.]

Op. 96. Pastoral Concerto (No. 8). For Piano, with Orchestral Accompaniment. Vienna: Haslinger.

Op. 97. Six Songs, with Accompaniment for the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner. Stamme Liebe der Schmied. Zuversicht—Das Reh im Herbste—Sakontala.

Op. 98. Two Studies—"Ambition—Enjoyment:" taken from "La Méthode des Methodes." Berlin: Schlesinger.

Op. 99. Tutti Frutti. Six new Melodies, for the Piano. Paris: Pacini.

Op. 100. Ballad. For the Piano. Brunswick: Spehr.—Arranged for Piano Duet.

Op. 101. Romance and Brilliant Tarantella. For the Piano. Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 102. Hommage à Weber. Grand Duet for the Piano, on subjects from Euryanthe and Oberon. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 103. Serenade. For the Piano. Kistner.

Op. 104. Romanesca. For the Piano. Kistner.

Op. 105. Two Studies for the Piano (written for the Beethoven Album). Vienna: Spina.

Op. 106. Brilliant Fantasia, for the Piano, on a Cavatina from Rossini's Opera, "Zelmira," and a Ballad from Mozart's "Seraglio." Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 107. Daily Studies in the Harmonic Scale, for Practice in Different Rhythms. A Series of Fifty-five Pieces, for Four Hands (Two Books). Kistner.

Op. 108. Two Brilliant Fantasias for the Piano on Favourite Airs from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" (Two Books). Kistner.

Op. 109. Mélange for the Piano on the "Serenade" and other favourite airs from "Don Pasquale." Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 109 *a*. Brilliant Fantasia, on Favourite Themes from the Opera, "Don Pasquale." For the Piano. Leipzig: Hofmeister.

Op. 110. Gondolier's Song. For the Piano. Rotterdam.

Op. 111. Four Great Concert Studies. For the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner. [Rêverie et Allégresse—Le Carillon—Tendresse et Exultation—La Fougue.]

Op. 112. Grand Sonate Symphonique, (No. 2) for Four Hands. Berlin: Friedlander.

Op. 113. Album of the Favourite Songs of Pischek. Transcribed for the Piano, in the form of a Brilliant Fantasia. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 114. Souvenirs de Jenny Lind. Brilliant Fantasia for the Piano, on Swedish Airs. Kistner.

Op. 115. Les Contrastes. Grand Duo for Two Pianos. Arranged for Four or Eight Hands. Kistner.

Op. 116. Freie Kunst. A Poem, by Uhland. For a Bass or Alto Voice, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Kistner.

Op 117. Six Lieder, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. [Liebeslaun schen—dem Liebesänger. Warum so stumm—Botschaft—Schäfers Sonntagslied. Frühlingslieder.] Kistner.

Op. 118. Grand Waltz. For the Piano. Kistner.

Op. 119. Six Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. [Abends—Die Zigeunerin—Strenge—Jemand—Der Liebenswündigen—Der dreifache Schnee.] Kistner.

Op. 120. Mazurka Appassionata. For Piano. Kistner.

Op. 121. Sonata. For Piano and Violoncello; for Piano and Violin; for Pianoforte Duet. Kistner.

Op. 122. "Expectation" (after Schiller). Fantasia for the Piano. Hamburg: Cranz.

Op. 123. Magyaren Klänge. Original Fantasia for the Pianoforte. Brunswick: Litolff.

Op. 124. "Longing" (Schiller's Poem). Fantasia for the Pianoforte. Leipzig: Siegel.

Op. 125. Spring Song. For a Soprano or Tenor Voice, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Cologne: Schloss.

Op. 126. Grand Concert Study. For Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 127. Scherzo. For the Piano. Leipzig: Payne.

Op. 128. Humoristic Variations. Scherzo and Variations for the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 129. The Dance. Characteristic Piece (after Schiller). For the Piano. Leipzig; Breitkopf & Hartel.

Op. 130. Symphonesque-Heroic March on German National Songs. For Piano (Four Hands). Arranged for Two Pianos. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 131. Six Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. Kistner.

Op. 132. Four Duets, for Soprano and Alto, with Pianoforte Accompaniment. [Gieb uns täglich Brod—Frühlingsliebe, Schmetrering und Liebchen—Am Meere, Inniges Verständniss, Tauz Reigen der Donischen Kosaken.] Kistner.

Op. 133. Rêverie Mélodique. For the Piano. Stuttgart: E. Hallberger.

Op. 134. Toccata. For the Piano. (In the Mozart Album).

Op. 135. Pastoral, in the Organ Style. Erfürt: Bartholomaüs.

Op. 136. To G. Rossini. "To the Rivulet." Song, with Horn (or Viola) Obligato, and Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 137. Studies in Melodious Counterpoint. A Selection of Ten Preludes from J. S. Bach's "Well Tempered Clavier," with an obligato Violoncello part added by Moscheles. Also Arranged for a Second Piano instead of Violoncello. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 138. Feuillet d'Album de Rossini. An Original Theme for Piano and Horn; for Piano and Viola; for Two Pianos. Kistner.

Op. 139. "Lied im Volkston," with Variations, on an Original Theme. Leipzig: Klemm.

Op. 140. Domestic Life. Twelve Progressive Piano Pieces for Four Hands. Two Books. Leipzig: Kistner.

Op. 141. March and Scherzo as Rhythmical Exercises. Hamburg: Cranz.

Op. 142. Three Character Pieces for Pianoforte Duet. Leipzig: Kistner.

B.—*Various Compositions.*

1. Souvenir de Belisaire. Two Fantasias for the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.
2. Fantasia for the Piano, on Motives from Balfe's "Falstaff." Mayence: Schotts fils.
3. Fantasia on Favourite Themes from the Opera "Oberon." For the Piano. Berlin: Schlesinger.
4. Fantaisie à la Paganini. For Pianoforte Solo. Leipzig: Kistner.
5. Fantasia on Motives from Balfe's Opera, "The Siege of Rochelle." For the Piano. Vienna: Spina.
6. Bouquet des Melodies. Fantasia on Favourite Airs. Hamburg: Cranz.
7. The Popular Barcarolle, "Or che in Cielo." Sung by Signor Ivanhaff in Donizetti's Opera "Marino Faliero." Arranged as a Fantasia with Variations for the Pianoforte. London: Addison and Hodson.
8. Pensées Fugitives for the Piano. Vienna: Spina. (Romance—Impromptu—Nocturne—Rhapsodie.)
9. Andante and Rondeau on a German Theme. For the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.
10. Echo des Alpes Divertissement for the Piano on three Swiss Pastoral Airs. Kistner.
11. The Tyrolese Family, 3rd "Divertissement." For the Piano. Leipzig: Hofmeister.
12. Divertissement on Tyrolese Airs. Sung by the Rainer Family. For the Piano. Leipzig: Peters.
13. Divertissement on Swiss National Airs. For the Piano. Leipzig: Kistner.
14. Rondo on a favourite Scotch Melody. For the Piano. Vienna: Haslinger.
15. Rondeau Militaire, for the Piano, on the favourite Duett, "Entendez-vous," from Auber's "Fiancée." Leipzig: Kistner.
16. Farewell March of the Emperor Alexander Regiment. Vienna: Spina.

17. Two Grand Marches for the Imperial Alexander Regiment. Spina.
18. March of the 2nd Regiment of Viennese National Guard. For the Piano. Spina.
19. Favourite March with Trio, of the Regiments Kutschera and Max Joseph. For Pianoforte Duet. Spina.
20. Rhapsodie Champêtre. For the Piano. Berlin: Schlesinger.
21. The Departure of the Troubadours. Romance with German and Italian words. Variations by Moscheles, Giuliani, and Mayseder. Vienna: Spina. Czerny's Arrangement for Two Pianofortes, for Pianoforte Duet.
22. Music Composed for the Sledging Party of the Allied Princes. Vienna: Artaria & Co.
23. Three Fashionable Waltzes. For the Piano. Artaria and Co.
24. Twelve German Dances. Complete. Vienna.
25. Six Waltzes, for the Piano. Vienna: Spina.
26. Six Ecossaises for the Piano. Vienna: Artaria & Co.
27. Six Waltzes for the Piano. Leipzig: Peters.
28. Concord (words by T. Probald). For Voice and Piano. Leipzig: Payne.
29. Fantasia for the Piano on Airs by Neukomm. London: Cramer & Co.
30. L'Elégante. Rondeau for the Piano. London: Chappell.
31. Variations on Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," for the Piano. For Four Hands. Leipzig: Kistner.

INDEX OF NAMES

MENTIONED THROUGHOUT THE WORK.

ADAMBERGER, Mlle., ii. 289
Adams, ii. 61
Aimé-Martin, ii. 55
Albert, ii. 110
Albrechtsberger, i. 9
Almasy, Countess, ii. 147
Alsager, i. 279, 288; ii. 112
Ambrogetti, i. 54
Anderson, Mrs., i. 304; ii. 37
André, Hofrath, i. 82, 277; ii. 250
Arnold, ii. 56
Artaria, i. 7
Asher, ii. 124
Auber, ii. 55, 269
Auerbach, Berthold, ii. 122
Austin, Mrs., ii. 63.
Ayrton, ii. 67

BACH, Sebastian, ii. 23
Bacher, Dr., ii. 141, 143
Bader, i. 97
Baillot, i. 39, 42
Balfe, ii. 5, 28, 114
Barbaja, i. 86
Barlow, i. 72
Barnard, Sir A., i. 278
Barnett, ii. 41
Bärnroth, i. 237
Bartholomew, ii. 155
Bassano, ii. 156
Batthyany, i. 21
Baudisson, Count, ii. 288
Bauer, F., i. 97, 102
Bauerle, i. 87
Becker, C. F., ii. 160, 214, 215, 232
Beer, Frau von, ii. 125
Beethoven, Karl, i. 182, 220
Beethoven, i. 9, 14, 28, 87, 90, 148, 183; ii. 44, 140, 284
Begasse, i. 44
Behr, Heinrich, ii. 192, 243, 260
Bellamy, i. 307
Bendemann, E., i. 275; ii. 187
Benedict, J., i. 87, 317; ii. 7, 10, 26, 27, 34, 41, 61, 97, 117, 173, 183
Benelli, i. 33
Bennett, W. Sterndale, i. 314; ii. 49, 100, 136, 173
Bériot, De, i. 198, 227; ii. 6, 7, 9, 10
Berlioz, i. 316; ii. 54, 228, 229, 242
Bernburg, Duchess of, ii. 220
Besker, ii. 191
Bishop, Sir Henry, ii. 136, 139
Blagrove, ii. 100
Blum, C., i. 44, 97, 137
Blum, Robert, ii. 193
Blume, i. 135
Boai, M., i. 245
Bochsa, i. 228
Bock, Frau von, *see* Schröder-Devrient
Bodenstedt, ii. 251
Böhm, i. 84
Böhme, ii. 161, 214
Bohrer, Max, i. 84
Bombelles, i. 35
Bonnemaison, Madame, i. 40
Bordogni, i. 59
Bott, Kapellmeister, ii. 39
Bouffé, ii. 257
Bource, ii. 263

Braham, i. 111, 122, 124, 307; ii. 5, 157, 242
Brandes, Emma, ii. 301
Brassin Brothers, ii. 226
Brassin, Louis, ii. 260
Braum, ii. 39
Breidenstein, Professor, ii, 143, 145
Brendel, F., ii. 161, 214
Broadwood, ii. 14, 23
Brunow, ii. 120
Buck, Mlle., ii. 210
Bull, Ole, ii. 14, 73
Bülow, Hans von, ii. 241
Bunsen, ii. 96, 100
Burch, Max, ii. 261
Butler, Mrs., *see* Kemble, Fanny.
Bury, Lady Charlotte, i. 269

CAMBRIDGE, Duke of, ii. 36, 138
Campani, i. 17
Camporese, i. 54, 227
Caradori-Allan, i. 307, 312; ii. 70, 117
Carpani, i. 133
Castellan, ii. 173, 218
Castelli, i. 17, 87, 166; ii. 126
Catalani, i. 54, 62
Cawse, Miss, i. 280
Cello, ii. 179
Chelard, i. 269; ii. 145
Cherubini, i. 42, 44; ii. 45
Chevet, ii. 247
Chopin, i. 295, 316; ii. 28, 43, 52, 57, 59, 171, 207
Chorley, i. 266; ii. 67, 71, 73, 76, 78, 80, 83, 146, 155
Cibbini, Frau von, ii. 125
Ciceri, i. 144
Cinti, i. 43, 61, 263; ii. 5, 41
Clarus, Hofrath, ii. 184
Clauss, Szarvady Wilhelmine, ii. 209
Clementi, i. 52, 56, 76, 109, 109, 111, 191, 216, 263
Coleridge, i. 299
Collards, i. 109
Cornwall, i. 260
Cossmann, ii. 111
Costa, i. 108; ii. 11, 202
Cramer, J. B., i. 56, 64, 69, 77, 191, 242, 293, 318; ii. 54, 64
Cramer, F., i. 65; ii. 65
Crémieux, ii. 55
Crotch, i. 73
Curtis, Sir W., i. 78; ii. 48
Czerny, C., ii. 27

DANNREUTHER, ii. 282
David, E., ii. 47, 74, 75, 73, 130, 132, 148, 160, 164, 168, 172, 183, 187, 191, 193, 196, 200, 210, 214, 218, 221, 247, 251, 255, 257, 262, 281
David, Louisa, *see* Dulcken
David, Félicien, ii. 139
David, Paul, ii. 212
Davison, ii. 117
Déjazet, ii. 57
Devrient, Emile, i. 96; ii. 133, 249
Devrient, Edward, ii. 200
Dietrichstein, Prince, i. 132
Dilke, Wentworth, ii. 146
Dirichlet, ii. 185, 211
Distins, ii. 39
Dotzauer, i. 34
Dizi, i. 52, 53
Döhler, Th., ii. 40, 63, 133
Donizetti, ii. 125
Donzelli, i. 227
Dorn, Kapellmeister, i. 134; ii, 287
Dorus-Gras, ii. 57, 90, 139
Dragonetti, i. 54
Draxler, ii. 126
Dreyschock, A., ii. 110
Dugazon, i. 44, 45
Dulcken, Madame, i. 104, 227; ii. 34, 48, 202
Duponchel, ii. 56
Duprez, ii. 56, 57

EICHHORN, i. 273
Eicke, ii. 73
Ella, ii. 173
Elsler, Fanny, ii. 41, 123
Eltz, i. 183, 187
Embden, Charlotte, i. 104
Embden, Herr, i. 152
Erard, i. 44, 59, 106, 219; ii. 230, 269
Erdmann, Baroness; ii. 125
Ernst, ii. 111, 113
Eskeles, i. 7

FALKENSTEIN, von, ii. 132
Ferdinand I. Emperor of Austria, ii. 127
Fétis, i. 226; ii. 60, 83, 263
Field, i. 251
Fink, i. 327
Fischhof, Professor, ii. 126, 138, 143, 146
Flathe, ii. 194
Fleming, i 78, 110; ii. 47
Fodor, i. 37, 59
Formes, Karl, ii. 197
Forti, i. 87
Fortunati, Carlo, ii. 237
Franchomme, ii. 27
Frege, Livia, ii. 130, 168, 181, 183, 188, 192, 195, 198, 200, 210, 211
Frege, Professor, ii. 184
Fuchs, Aloys, ii. 125
Fumagalli, ii. 239
Fürstenau, i. 122, 128

GADE, Niels, ii. 130, 132, 133, 160, 170, 187, 192, 231
Galitzin, Prince, i. 24
Gall, the Phrenologist, i. 41
Ganz, ii. 27, 144
Garcia, Pauline, i. 59, 79, ; ii. 57, 89, 139, 205, 269
Geibels, ii. 233
Genast, i. 96
Gerhard, Adolar, ii. 166, 292
Gerke, ii. 27
Gernsheim, ii. 226
Giuliani, i. 17, 21
Gladstone, ii. 202
Goddard, Arabella, ii. 252
Goethe, Frau von, i. 276
Goldschmidt, Otto, i. 213, 226, 244, 285
Goldschmidt, Madame, *see* Lind
Gounod, ii. 282, 287
Graf, i. 89
Grahl, Professor, i. 258
Griepenkerl, ii. 191
Grillparzer, F., i. 87, 132, 206; ii. 126
Grimal, i. 279
Grimm, J. O., ii. 226
Grisi, Giulia, i. 302, 308; ii. 156
Grünbaum, i. 87
Grützmacher, ii. 218
Guillon, i. 232, 239
Gusikow, ii. 14
Gutzkow, ii. 133
Gyrowetz, i. 87

HABENECK, i. 42; ii. 56
Hähnel, ii. 143, 145
Haidl, ii. 126
Haizinger, i. 87, 294, 263, 268, 269; ii. 90
Haizinger, Madame, ii. 271
Halévy, ii. 56, 113, 203
Halle, ii. 109, 112, 113
Hammer, Dr., ii. 184
Hardegg, Countess, i. 17, 25
Härtel, Dr. i. 319, 327
Haslinger, i. 311; ii. 259
Hasselt-Barth, ii. 125
Hauptmann, Moritz, ii. 130, 132, 160, 187, 191, 200, 214, 215, 225, 232, 246, 255
Hauser, i. 263, 269, 319, 323, 327
Hausmann, ii. 39, 45
Haydn, i. 34, 264
Heine, Heinrich, i. 194; ii. 55.
Heinemeyer, ii. 39
Heller, Stephen, ii. 54
Hemans, Felicia, i. 207
Hensel, Fanny, i. 330; ii. 3
Henselt, A., ii. 43
Henzler, i. 201
Hermann, ii. 214
Herz, H., i. 292; ii. 15, 40, 269
Heyermanns, ii. 263
Hiller, Ferdinand, i. 78; ii. 133, 134, 172, 175, 202, 203, 248
Hobbs, i. 307
Holm, i. 258
Holstein, Franz von, ii. 232, 295
Hope, Mr., i. 293
Horschek, ii. 129
Horschelt, i. 85
Horsley, ii. 109
Hotschebar, i. 182
Horzelsky, i. 4
Hubner, ii. 187.
Hullah, ii. 114, 136
Humboldt, Alexander Von, ii. 96
Hummel, i. 152, 199, 241, 276, 288, 293; 175

JACOB, ii. 120
Jacobs, Jacob, ii. 263
Jadassohn, S., ii. 226
Jaell, Alfred, ii. 126
Jäger, ii. 142
Jahn, Otto, ii. 215, 232
Jameson, Mrs., ii. 63, 120
Jam-hod-deen, Prince, ii. 15
Janin, Jules, ii. 207
Jeanrenaud, Cécite, *see* Mendelssohn
Jeitteles, i. 87
Joachim, Joseph, ii. 116, 117, 130, 132, 163, 167, 169, 173, 191, 198, 210, 214, 215
Jullien, ii. 105, 114

KALKBRENNER, i. 50, 52, 58, 77; ii. 57, 94
Kaulbach, W. von, ii. 123
Kaulbach, Madame, ii. 250
Kean, Edmund, i. 250
Keeleys, i. 278
Kemble, Charles, ii. 88
Kemble, Fanny (Mrs. Butler), ii. 89
Kemble, Adelaide, ii. 89
Keyser, De, ii. 263
Kiesewetter, i. 53, 69, 77, 121
Kind, F., 194
Kistner, i. 318, 322, 317
Klatke, ii. 125
Klems, ii. 250
Klengel, A., ii. 160, 214
Klingemann, C., i. 198, 258, 267, 271, 291, 315; ii. 7, 16, 34, 67, 119, 180
Knaur, ii. 192
Knorr, Julius, ii. 176
Knyvett, ii. 65
Königswarter, i. 332
Körner, ii. 279
Kramer, i. 69, 193
Kratky, Mlle., ii. 144
Kraus-Wranitsky, Madame, i. 274
Krebs, i. 84
Kreutzer, Rudolf, i. 38, 42
Kufferath, ii. 263
Kühlau, i. 231, 238
Küstner, Hofrath, i. 96; ii. 56

LABLACHE, i. 250; ii. 10, 31, 70, 102, 173
Lachner, Franz, ii. 123
Lafont, 1, 42, 43, 45, 59, 69; ii. 55
Landseer, ii. 109
Laporte, i. 228
Latour, i. 52, 53
Laube, ii. 194
Lavenu, ii. 88
Lecerf, i. 61
Lee, i. 270
Lee, Mrs. Bowditch, i. 266
Lefèbre, ii. 148
Lehmann, Heinrich, ii. 113
Lehmann, Rudolf, ii. 113
Leitgeb, i. 83
Leo, A., i. 59, 60
Léonard, ii. 263
Le Père, ii 29
Lerius, Van, ii. 263
Leschin, i. 89
Levasseur, i. 44: ii. 273
Leys, ii. 263
Lewinger, i. 7, 144
Lewinger, Frau von, ii. 62
Liebeu, Frau von, ii. 124
Liebig, ii. 251
Lienau, ii. 282
Lies, ii. 263
Lincoln, Miss, ii. 133
Lind, Jenny, ii. 135, 153, 159, 169, 172, 173, 224, 226, 244, 285, 292
Lindley, i. 262; ii. 36, 202
Lipinski, ii. 9, 14, 133
List, Mlle., ii. 78
Liszt, Franr., i. 143; ii. 21, 43, 62, 82, 87, 88, 94, 100, 137, 141, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 203, 219, 221, 229, 260, 265, 266, 282
Litolff, i. 247, 301, 316; ii. 24, 63, 217
Lockhart, i. 299; ii. 14
Logier, i. 53, 120
Lortzing, ii. 204
Louis, King of Bavaria, ii. 123
Louis Napoleon, ii. 49, 66
Louis Philippe, ii. 59, 149
Löwenstern, ii. 50
Lunin, Baroness, i. 24
Lüttichau, i. 93
Lwoff, ii. 64

MACFARREN, ii. 117
Magnus, ii. 120
Malibran, Maria, i. 79, 223, 227, 242, 288, 293, 294; ii. 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12
Mälzl, i. 60
Mantius, i. 274
Mara, i. 54
Marchisio, Sisters, ii. 276
Mario, ii. 57, 156
Mars, Mlle., i. 45, 217; ii. 57
Marschner, H., ii. 133
Marx, i. 135, 136
Marxsen, Edward, ii. 243
Mason, Monk, i. 264
Masson, Miss, ii. 28
Mathews, i. 219, 265
Matthæi, i. 30, 95
Mayer, J. A., i. 81
Mayseder, i. 23, 90
Mazzini, ii. 284
Meerti, ii. 90
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Felix, i. 79, 95, 97, 98, 101, 134, 136, 223, 266, 273, 275, 283, 291, 295, 298, 318, 322, 324, 326, 328; ii. 1, 16, 19, 34, 49, 61, 65, 67, 69, 72, 75, 79, 83, 90, 102, 104, 110, 116, 118, 121, 149. 151, 153, 156 *et seq.*
Mendelssohn, Cécile, ii. 19, 74, 80, 103, 169, 181, 185, 189, 192, 196, 205, 211, 243
Mendelssohn, Paul, i. 258; ii. 185, 200, 211
Mendelssohn, A., i. 331
Mendelssohn, Fanny, i. 330; ii. 3
Mendelssohn, Mme., ii. 2, 17
Merck, i. 17, 21
Méric, Madame, i. 269
Mertel, ii. 226
Mertke, ii. 261
Mesny, i. 40
Meyer, Leopold von, ii. 117
Meyerbeer, i. 11, 17, 266; ii. 55, 56, 113, 135, 141, 147, 203
Milanollo, Teresa, ii. 139
Milder, i. 239
Milder-Hauptmann, Madame, i. 97
Mitherwurzer, ii. 247
Mock, Mlle., *see* Pleyel
Mocenigo, Contessa, ii. 234
Molique, i. 84
Montes, Lola, ii. 143
Montgéreau, i. 40
Moore, Thomas, i. 299; ii. 62
Moreau, ii. 125
Morgan, Lady, i. 118; ii. 40
Mori, 106, 112, 254
Morlacchi, i. 35, 93
Möser, i. 135, 137; ii. 27
Mühlenfeld, ii. 27
Müller, Ivan, i. 62; ii. 39
Murray, ii. 65

NÄGELI, i. 120
Nägeli, Jun., ii. 240
Nesselrode, Count, ii. 120
Nestroy, ii. 196
Neukomm, i. 225, 247, 260, 274; ii. 27, 34, 96, 98, 213
Neumann, Louise, ii. 161
Nourrit, i. 61; ii. 5
Novello, Clara, i. 10, 61, 108; ii. 280
Novello, Sibylla, ii. 144

OBERHOFFER, ii. 139
Oehlenschläger, i. 231
Offenbach, i. 276
Omm, Mrs., i. 78
Orleans, Duchess of, ii. 149
Osborne, ii. 201
Oury, Mme., ii. 39

PACINI, i. 250
Paer, i. 42
Paganini, i. 252, 272, 293
Palffy, i. 21
Pankouké, i. 41
Pape, i. 42
Parovicini, i. 304
Parry, John, i. 289; ii. 10, 107
Pasta, Madame, i. 250, 294; ii. 239
Paton, Miss, i. 122, 124, 126
Pauer, Ernst, ii. 127, 259
Perlet, i. 45
Persiani, Madame, ii. 90
Perthuis, Count, ii. 57
Peters, C. F., ii. 288

Pfeiffer, George, ii. 270
Phillips, i. 122, 307 ; ii. 16, 61, 108, 157
Piatti, ii. 133
Pigott, i. 118
Pisaroni, i. 223
Pistaucci, i. 79
Pixis, P., i. 84, 112
Plaidy, W., ii. 161
Plantade, i. 42
Pleyel, Madame, i. 62, ii. 44, 154
Pocci, Count, ii. 124
Pögner, ii. 210
Poiféré de Cère, Baron, i. 38
Polledro, i. 33, 35
Ponchard, i. 44 ; ii. 273
Potier, i. 45
Preusser, ii. 245
Puzzi, ii. 30

RACHEL, ii. 55, 92
Radecke, Robert, ii. 226
Radezski, i. 21
Rahl, i. 101
Rainers, i. 142, 193
Rantzau, Count, ii. 288
Rathen, Baron, i. 301
Rau, i. 154, 163, 177, 186
Rauch, ii. 250
Reclam, Dr., ii. 242
Redern, Count, ii. 147
Reicha, i. 38
Reichardt, i. 20, 323
Reinecke, Carl, ii. 191, 261, 279
Reissiger, ii. 133, 228
Richard, ii. 187
Richter, ii. 161
Riehl, ii. 291
Ries, F., i. 50, 52 ; ii. 27, 37
Rietz, Julius, ii. 177, 179, 184, 191, 196, 198, 200, 210, 214, 218, 255, 267
Rigaud-Pallard, i. 42
Rigel, i. 41
Roche, ii. 155
Rochlitz, F., i. 96, 320 ; ii. 76
Röckel, i. 312
Roger, Gustave, ii. 206
Rolla, i. 93
Romberg, A., i. 76
Romberg, B., i. 96
Ronconi, ii. 30
Ronzi de Begnis, i. 74
Roscoe, i. 112
osen, F., i. 258, 272, 291
osen, Dr. George, ii. 243, 290
osen, Mrs. George, ii. 247
osenhain, Jacques, i. 27, 40, 121, 148
ossi, Count, ii. 224
ossini, ii. 270 *et seq.*
Rothschild, Madame de, i. 222
Rubini, i. 250, 302, 308 ; ii. 31, 41, 57
Rubinstein, Anton, ii. 100, 251

SACHSE, ii. 160
Sahr, von, ii. 226
Salieri, i. 10, 19, 88
Salmon, i. 45
Sandrini, i. 33
Sanklow, ii. 14
Sanson, ii. 57
Saphir, ii. 126
Sartoris, Mrs., ii. 109, 117, 119
Sassaroli, i. 34, 94
Schall, i. 232
Schauroth, D., i. 78
Schelble, i. 83
Schenck, Dr., ii. 101
Schicht, Cantor, i. 28
Schiller, Miss, ii. 282
Schindler, i. 133, 145, 151, 159, 163, 172, 179 ; ii. 73, 247.
Schleiermacher, i. 275
Schleinitz, i. 327 ; ii. 78, 132, 133, 160, 184, 197, 199
Schenk, Dr., ii. 101
Schlesinger, i. 42, 44
Schloss, Mlle., ii. 192
Schmitt, Aloys, i. 83
Schneider, Fredrich, i. 97 ; ii. 191, 243
Schneider, Machinka, i. 269
Schnyder von Wartensee, ii. 14
Schönemann, ii. 168
Schrey, Adv., ii. 321
Schröder, Mlle., i. 230
Schröder-Devrient, i. 263, 268, 270 ; ii. 5, 30, 80, 133, 200, 204
Schubert, i. 35
Schultz, i. 293
Schumann, Clara. *See* Wieck

Schumann, i. 24, 319, 322, 324; ii. 20, 74, 78, 133, 167, 176, 191, 200, 209, 217, 231, 242
Schumann, Mme., ii. 134, 160, 164, 191, 200, 250
Schunck, Mme., ii. 75
Schuncke, i. 123
Schuppanzig, i. 15
Schuncks, ii. 162, 185
Schutz, i. 227
Schurig, teacher of music, ii. 280
Schwabe, Frau von, ii. 293
Schwartz, i. 237
Scott, Sir W., i. 202, 215, 218
Seebach, Marie, ii. 250
Seeburg, Dr., ii. 163
Seeger, Ludwig, ii. 268
Seguin, E., i. 307
Seibold, Professor, ii. 251
Senff, Barthold, ii. 249
Servais, ii. 9, 14
Sessi, Mlle., i. 28
Shaw, Mrs., ii. 28, 108
Siddons, Mrs., i. 68
Sina, i. 39
Sivori, Carlo, i. 199; ii. 111, 117, 139, 198
Smart, Sir George, i. 69, 79, 128, 191, 272, 306, 313; ii. 41
Sontag, Henriette, i. 86, 133, 137, 212, 215; ii. 205, 223
Sophie, Archduchess, ii. 128
Sor, a guitar-player, ii. 271
Speier, Wilhelm, i. 83
Spohr, i. 37, 38, 39; ii. 13, 98, 99, 111, 142, 204, 212, 253
Spontini, Chevalier, i. 135
Spray, Dr., i. 118
Stadler, Abbé, i. 133
Staudigl, ii. 90, 139, 142, 157
Stepney, Lady, i. 299
Stern, ii. 261
Stevens, i. 307
Stieler, ii. 251
Stockhausen, Julius, ii. 258
Stockhausen, Mme., i. 191, 217
Stöckl-Heinefetter, Frau, ii. 90
Strauss, ii. 40, 126
Streicher, i. 8
Stumpf, i. 122, 144
Sullivan, Arthur, ii. 262, 282.
Sutherland, Duchess of, ii. 43

TAGLIONI, i. 251
Taylor, i. 286, 312
Tadema, Alma, ii. 263
Thalberg, i. 131; ii. 7, 8, 12, 19, 21, 26, 34. 40, 43, 49, 54, 61, 94, 98, 210
Thomas, Ambrose, ii. 269
Thomson, Dr., i. 207
Thürschmidt, i. 274
Tibaldi, i. 94
Tichatschek, ii. 183
Tieck, i. 94, 133
Titiens, Mlle., ii. 254, 293
Tomaschek, i. 5

VALENTINS, i. 39
Vaudemont, Princess, i. 40
Velluti, i. 215, 227
Vernet, Horace, i. 45
Vertpré, Jenny, ii. 5
Vesque, ii. 143
Vestris, Mme., i. 124
Viardot, Pauline, *see* Garcia
Vielhoursky, Michael, ii. 120
Vieuxtemps, i. 304
Vigny, Alfred de, ii. 40
Vimercati, player on the mandolin, ii. 271
Vitzthum, i. 35.
Vivier, ii. 146
Voss, Julius, i. 28
Vrugt, De, i. 304.

WACH, i. 28
Wagner, Richard, ii. 133, 204, 219, 255, 295, 297
Wallis, Count, i. 24
Walther, ii. 184
Weber, Carl Maria von, i. 61, 86, 93; ii. 119, 275
Weber, Frau von, ii. 134
Weber, Dionys, i. 93; ii. 204
Wegeler, Richard, ii. 44
Weitte, i. 96
Wenzel, ii. 61, 214
Werner, Carl, ii. 237
Westmeath, ii. 109
Weyse, i. 231, 238
Widemann, ii. 210
Wiecks, the, i. 230, 276, 319

Wiecke, Clara, i. 322, 324
Wild, i. 324
Wilkinson, Sir Gardner, ii. 63
Williams, Miss, ii. 157
Willmers, R., ii. 173
Wilson, i. 55
Winter, i. 84
Wittmann, ii. 132
Wolff, Professor, ii. 125, 145
Wranitski-Seidler, i. 97

YATES, i. 219
Young, C., i. 69; ii. 241

ZADRAHKA, i. 2
Zelter, i. 29, 84, 102, 296
Zestermann, ii. 194
Zeuner, i, 34
Zimmermann, Professor, ii. 54
Zucchelli, i. 229

THE END.

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